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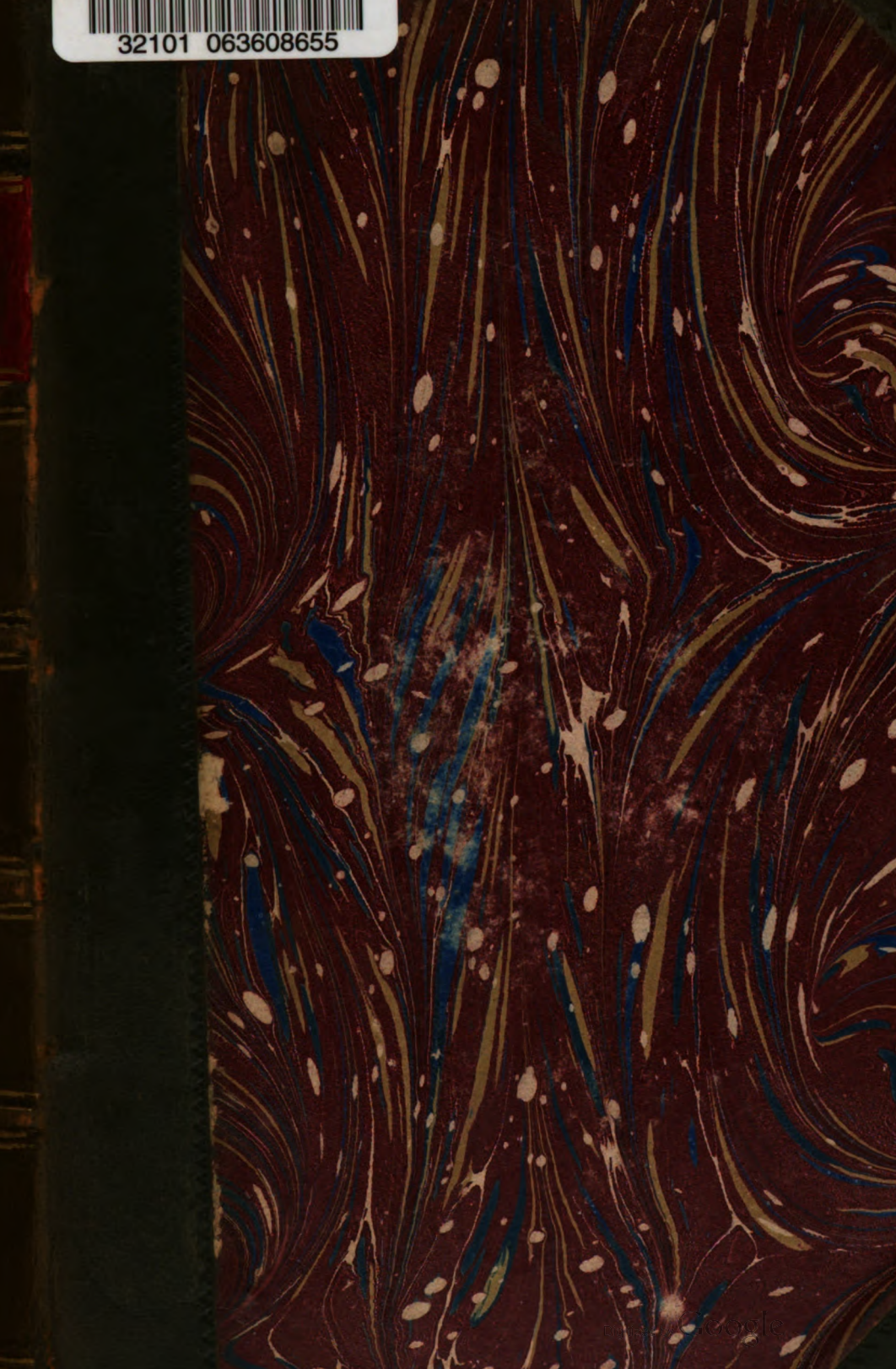
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**THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE**  
**OF**  
**SPORTS AND PASTIMES**  
**VOL. XI.**





THE  
BADMINTON MAGAZINE  
OF  
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EDITED BY  
ALFRED E. T. WATSON

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*JULY to DECEMBER 1900*



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# The Badminton Magazine

## INTO THE NORTH WIND

BY WIRT GERRARE

CUBAT'S was almost deserted, for the weather was cold even for mid-winter at St. Petersburg. Three officers of the Preobrajenski regiment were dallying with their coffee; in a corner a noisy party of lawyers drank *achishni* and made fun of the *ménu*; quite apart an Englishman sat alone—and kept the waiters busy. He had a second bottle of champagne served with the roast, and failed to notice the arrival of three of his fellow countrymen until they were abreast of his table. He shivered, and looked up, for although they had removed the outer clothing in the vestibule, in the over-heated room the intense cold of the open air seemed to cling to them yet.

‘What is wrong, Meadows?’

‘Nothing. Cold, isn’t it?’

‘Twenty-three degrees and a north wind. Do you feel it?’

‘May, before the night’s out.’

‘Where, and what, is the sport this week then?’

‘The Neva, and ice-yachting.’

‘*Kakoi!* Is Farebrother the other—“Hardy Norseman”?’

‘Haven’t the pleasure of his acquaintance.’

‘Then it must be either Simson or Weatherley?’

NO. LX. VOL. XI.—July 1900

'Wrong again.'

'Tammerlander?'

'You would never guess. It is Balchikov.'

'That giant who was bear shooting with us at Vishni?'

'The same.'

'Why he is raw Slav—an unadulterated Muscovite!'

'Undoubtedly, and therefore an interesting companion.'

'And an unsafe man for a risky adventure in weather like this. It is the third night running that bonfires have been burning in the streets to warm the *izvoshchiks*. Take care the cold does not get to you.'

'No fear of that in the rig-out Balchikov has lent me. It's fit for the Arctic circle.'

'Either you won't understand, or you don't know. To some people excessive cold is like an intoxicant.'

'Only quite different,' interrupted Wadeley.

'Well, I can't explain. Perhaps Jelliffe can.'

The man appealed to had white hair and a long beard. He lived a good deal down in the country and always wore a tweed shooting jacket, so amongst his own set became regarded as an authority on native habits. He looked up from wiping his spectacles. 'What's that? Oh, yes. It makes them do things, certainly.'

'What sort of things?' asked Meadows.

'That depends upon the character of the individual. Pass me the *ménu*.'

'Generally foolish things,' continued Hartill. 'If you see a portly, respectable-looking citizen astride a cab-horse, holding on to the *duga* whilst the driver is impotently frantic, you may assume that both have snow-fever pretty badly. Only yesterday a *gorodvoi* found a poor, amiable and staid professor of philosophy up to his armpits in a snow-drift on the Chrestoffsky, chanting an old folk-song and mad as a hatter.'

'It is the Muscovites only who get mentally frost-bitten in this way, eh?'

'Don't you make any mistake there. They are more susceptible than we, that is all. Why only last year an Englishman, just out here, walked all the way from the New Port to Schlusselfburg and had six months in St. Nicholas before he was right again. We are pretty well seasoned, but you never can tell; Hartley, after twenty winters in Moscow, got the cold one Easter and had the nearest squeak for his life that ever happened man.'



'What is the name of the ice-yacht you are going on, sir?' interrupted Jelliffe energetically.

'The *Ledories*, sir! Go on, Hartill.'

'The *Starling*—never heard of her.'

'It means ice-pecker,' said Wadeley, who was professor of English somewhere and given to pedantry.

Jelliffe at once joined issue with him and the two went deeply into philology. The hint was not lost on Hartill. 'The yacht does not belong to any recognised club,' he said, 'so be persuaded by me and do not go. It is a dangerous sport at best; the river is full of hummocks and flaws between here and Kronstadt and you must be very expert to avoid all nasty places.'

'We are not going that way, but up the river towards Schlusselfburg.'

'That is worse. There are often accidents,' Hartill continued. 'I remember a party going out some years ago—Russians and foreigners—neither they nor their yacht ever turned up again.'

'People do disappear sometimes—for other reasons.'

'But nearly always in the winter. It is when the cold comes and the nights are long and everything seems so still that Russia is most wide awake. It is then that things are done which in daylight and wherever reason rules seem——'

'My dear fellows, I'm going ice-yachting. That is all. I'm not going to talk politics nor yet catch the measles; but as I do not want to moon about all night, as long as there is a wind I do not mind from which quarter it blows. As this is possibly the only winter I shall ever pass in St. Petersburg you will forgive me if I make the most of my opportunities and enjoy myself in my own way, as you do in yours. So long.'

'We'll forgive you—on account of what you have to go through,' observed Wadeley. Hartill who was very much in earnest, bade him 'keep awake and be firm with Balchikov—especially about midnight.'

The attendants helped him into the arctic cap, the wadded shooob, and cow-hair shoes Balchikov had lent him; over all he fastened a heavy coat of reindeer skin, and when seated in his sledge felt helpless and uncomfortable. What Hartill had said disturbed him but little, but he turned it all over again in his mind for the simple reason that he had nothing else with which to occupy his thoughts. The horse, a sixteen-hands trotter from Voronesh, stepped out freely at first; the driver, a rein in each hand, sat motionless and voiceless.

The sledge whirled round a corner at which a bonfire was blazing, and all but collided with an old peasant woman, who muttered something—whether a curse or blessing Meadows did not know ; all he recognised was some mention of the north wind, and he wished that he had not heard that. Already the cold seemed to have affected every one ; along the boulevard he was almost sure he saw a man in a sable shooob felling one of the ornamental trees with a peasant's axe. Just there the horse was in a mood for pace, and, though Meadows turned at once to reassure himself, the spot was lost to sight in the gloom. When the sledge reached the river, Meadows felt the cold. So did the horse, for he rose grandly on his hind legs and for some seconds pawed the air proudly, then sped north at racing pace. Meadows put up his hands before his face to protect it from the particles of driven ice which stung his skin like pellets from a gun. He almost wished that he had not come ; but soon, under the shelter of the north shore, it was better again, and he felt pleased with himself for venturing out.

Two or three people were gathered round the yacht ; the sails were already set, and cushions spread. Balchikov greeted him effusively, having doubted whether he would risk the ride after all. Meadows hesitated just a moment when, looking up the bank, he saw the horse he had taken was a black one, his breast speckled with foam, and his eyes staring at the yacht with an intelligence that was almost human.

'Tumble into the net and make yourself comfortable, Albert Ivann'ich, and we'll away. A north wind is a good wind.'

'May it bring thee luck, Barin,' said the starost, uncovering.

Balchikov tossed him drink money and bade him cast off. Then it seemed to Meadows that the peasants, their fire, lanterns, and the shore receded ; and it was not until the mainsail filled that he realised the yacht was under way. They glided with increasing rapidity towards the southern shore, when Balchikov put about and sailed close-hauled for the point ; after rounding that they made a fair wind of it and drifted past the suburbs, leaving St. Petersburg itself far behind before tacking again. The sensation was novel and pleasing to Meadows, but tantalising also, for, just when it seemed probable that an unusual speed would be realised, they neared the shore, went about—after a momentary lull, darted forth again, or idly drifted before the wind. They then headed north and had a long beat to windward, with rough ice about Pella and some frolicsome behaviour on the part of the *Ice-pecker*. Balchikov sighed for what he

called the 'open world,' and Meadows because weary of the work. They went on and on, hoping for better ice and a steadier wind, until it was nearly midnight and they saw the lights of Schlüsselburg ahead.

'There, beyond there, is the open world, Albert Ivann'ich ! Soon, soon we *shall* go !'

'Time to go back, isn't it ?'

'No, no. Just one tack out on the lake—to show you what an ice-yacht can do. Whistle for a wind, as strong as you like ; she can't capsize.'

They left the castle to the south and stood out into the lake for a couple of miles.

'Now for the best we can do—full-and-by-the-luff !'

The speed increased ; the wind in the cordage, the runners in the frozen snow, each made music ; the framework of the yacht sprang like a salmon-rod as the wind drove the boat faster and faster across the ice. From the summits of snow drifts it took long leaps ; sometimes, when it reached a surface clear as glass, a slight increase in the strength of the wind would raise the weather runner, and then the yacht would slip forward as though floating in the air, only to be stayed by once more reaching snow. To Meadows it was delightful. With his back to the wind, his eyes fixed on the dark ice and the glistening particles, his hearing lulled by the melodious whirr of the runners and hum of the wind through the cordage, he felt that he had found the perfection of motion. The 'full-and-by' was too exacting for Balchikov. He allowed the yacht to fall away a little, and discovered that she went better so. He slipped a noose over the tiller and made fast the sheet. Then he commenced to chant songs—weird, endless, melancholic threnodies such as the boorlaks sing when towing their barges along the Tikhvin, or the plaintive ditties peasant girls lilt to each other as they rise and fall alternately at opposite ends of the swing. The gentle swaying to and fro, the rapid progress, the clear air, the darkness, the cold, soothed Meadows so completely that he became drowsy. When Balchikov stood up and, leaning against the boom, apostrophised the aurora borealis, Meadows dropped asleep.

When he awoke it was still night. He blinked his eyes, but could not see Balchikov, and when he called he heard no answer. He was so muffled up that he could not now hear the wr-r of the runners, and thought he might still be asleep ; then though his moustache, fast frozen to the fur of his shoob made

him cognisant of pain, he would have pinched himself for further reassurance, but clad as he was to pinch was impossible. As soon as he could he sat up in the net, rubbed his ears roughly with his gloved hands and roused himself thoroughly, but it was some minutes before he realised that he was alone on an ice-yacht somewhere out on Lake Ladoga. He looked round. The lights of the fortress and town could not be seen ; behind, as ahead and everywhere, was only the frozen lake. Near, white patches of snow and the momentary brightness of the tracks cut in the ice by the runners relieved the black surface and the darkness of night. The sky was starless and leaden, save where, far away to windward, it was still rutilant with northern light. The wind, strong and almost flawless, urged the yacht forward with great speed and directness, yet was its motion soft and silent as that of an arrow in its flight.

At first Meadows blamed Balchikov for having thus stepped out of the boat and sent him adrift, but when he himself tried to reach the tiller he almost slipped over the taffrail, and comprehended how Balchikov had fallen. He held on tightly, for the thought of being set down in the frozen wilderness was terrifying ; as it was, possessed of a vehicle for rapid travel, yet having next to nothing to guide him and no skill in handling the frail craft, he was nervous and apprehensive. He knew that he ought to go about at once, but he scarcely durst risk to move on to the thwart to slack the sheet or slip the snood off the whip-staff. As he groped his way, gripping the taffrail tightly, he saw that the net had been cut in places, and the bit of spun yarn that served as a lanyard to set it up taut to the taffrail had been severed. When he realised how slight was the thread that prevented him from slipping through the net on to the ice, he clung still more tenaciously to the frozen sheet and icy tiller. The solitude oppressed him, the accident that had befallen Balchikov horrified him, yet—for he thought slowly, as though his brain were numbed—he concluded that Balchikov must have intended to cast him adrift, and only accident had prevented him from accomplishing his purpose. As he comprehended this he understood the meaning of Hartill's references to snow-fever, and felt reluctant to go back on his track and encounter—the cold maddened, frenzied, gigantic Russian.

Soon he thought more clearly ; he was dependent upon his own resources, and the knowledge of this quickened his intelligence ; from being drowsy and dull he became unusually alert and his senses abnormally acute as he strained every nerve to



get a better view of what was ahead. Then as he peered forth into the darkness he heard a noise that was distinct from the hiss of the runners as they cut upon the frozen surface, and the creaking of the spars. He was sure that it was far distant from the yacht, but whence should it come to him on the middle of Lake Ladoga? He listened intently; the sound was borne on the breeze, and when he let the yacht fall off a little he heard it more distinctly. It came from the north or east—he thought the latter. What it could be puzzled him. At first he thought it might be the distant howling of wolves, but as he heard its cadences he knew that wolves it could not be, nor could he assign it to any animal or wild bird. In some ways it was not unlike faint, confused echoes of peasants' singing, but all was too shrill, for in Russia the bass predominates. This reminded him of the chanting in St. Peter's at Rome—even awakened memories of his own experiences as a chorister, and thence, by the natural association of ideas, to the classic myths learned in his boyhood. He thought of Ulysses and the syrens, of what the Russians were supposed to mean by 'the east a-calling'; and was wavering on credulity of myth. Had not Hartill warned him? He had disbelieved, but the conduct of Balchikov now inclined him to credit stories he had looked upon as silly tales, and entertain theories he had thought nonsensical. Possibly the cold had reached him too; it seemed to him possible that these sounds were not real, but were the result of his own disordered fancy. He listened again; nothing was to be heard. Instinctively he put the yacht back on the former course, as if by so doing he would recover what he missed. He looked out anxiously, and—he was sure of it—saw a light ahead. It disappeared when he shut his eyes; it was real, therefore, not a chimera. When he looked for it again he could not see it. He altered the course slightly several times, and once was rewarded by what he thought the same light, but it as quickly disappeared. Then he looked up, and about him. A white band of snow, much higher than the surface of the lake, was ahead, and another appeared in what he was sure was sky. These fascinated him, and he steered directly for them. His course was towards the east, and soon he saw things more distinctly—day was breaking. The rift in the sky was dawn showing above the forest on a low shore.

He felt relieved. There was nothing supernatural in what he had seen and heard. He was sane. He would soon be out of immediate danger. He saw that the shore was desolate;

that the most he could expect was a small fishing village with rough accommodation. He could there depend upon help in seeking Balchikov, and would have what he most needed, human companionship. He heard the crow of a cock ; it was pleasant, when repeated and answered he thought it quite cheerful. He remembered that it was Sunday morning—that accounted for the singing, but he knew of no law of acoustics which would transpose the human voice to the shrill treble he had heard.

He neared the shore but could see nothing of the village ; no church dome towered above the forest. Twice he went about and ran along the shore without discovering any trace of a habitation. He examined more closely, and concluded that the village was not upon the lake, but near the bank of a stream which ran into it a couple of miles to the south. He made for this creek, and after proceeding up the stream a short distance he rounded a bend and a poor, straggling hamlet was revealed on the north bank, the log huts almost hidden among the now bare birch trees. An unskilful attempt to follow the winding stream resulted in the abrupt termination of the voyage by the bowsprit of the *Ice-Pecker* burying itself under the frozen crust of a snow drift, and the starboard runner fouling a fallen tree on the brink of a backwater.

After Meadows had assured himself that the yacht was locked fast and beyond his strength to disengage, he cast off the sheet and, leaving his heavy furs behind, trudged through the snow towards the nearest house. There was no street, no sledge-track even, and until right up to the door he found no indication that the dwelling was tenanted. He entered unceremoniously, and passing through the vestibule saw a man making ready a samovar in the living room. At the sight of the stranger he muttered a few words and hastily withdrew, taking the samovar with him.

Meadows sat down near the stove, unfastened his shoob, kicked off his valenkas, and looked about him. The room was ordinarily and sparsely furnished ; a large chest contained whatever there might be of value, and before the window was a stuffed game-cock, in fighting trim, with silvered spurs complete. The place was clean and orderly, but there was no ikon in the sacred corner, nor were there any of the customary religious pictures upon the walls.

The man returned and busied himself about the table without speaking. He was tall, stout, very fair, and about his



THREW OPEN THE DOOR OF THE STOVE AS THE TWO MEN ENTERED





face the hair growth was scanty ; his eyes shifted incessantly, and Meadows could not catch his glance.

‘A Finn—that’s it, a Finn,’ mused Meadows, then called out suddenly, ‘Well, Master Finn!’

The man started ; then shook his head. ‘I am true Russian-born,’ he answered, surlily, in a voice that was very weak and thin.

‘So much the better then,’ said Meadows, cheerily, ‘and this is your house, eh, father?’

‘Not mine—ours,’ corrected the man, still avoiding his glance.

‘That comes to the same thing. Where are the others of your family?’

‘Gleb Petrovich is at his devotions,’ piped the man, still bustling round.

‘Peace be with him then. And what is the name of your village?’

The man scratched his head and shrugged his shoulders, but made no other answer.

‘What a fool! What place is this, fellow? Come, answer me.’

‘Do not you know?’ asked the man, for the first time fixing his eyes upon the stranger.

‘I do not, or I would not ask. Tell me only once, and I promise not to forget.’

The man hesitated a moment, eyeing him curiously ; then he approached and putting his hand to his mouth whispered, ‘They call this the forest of the White Doves,’ and again hastily left the room.

The name seemed not altogether unfamiliar to Meadows, but for the moment he forgot with what it was connected. He walked round the room examining its few contents closely, then from the small window peered out in the direction of the village. ‘A lively hole—on my soul, a lively hole,’ he muttered, as he looked in vain for church, tavern, shop, and signs of life. That there was neither church nor chapel—no cross even—convinced him that he was among some dissenting community. Then he saw an unusual symbol over the entrance to one of the larger *izbas*, and this brought to memory what he had heard of the ‘white doves,’ and a cold chill shook his limbs. He tried to persuade himself that he was among some other of the many dissenting sects, but with this new indication the fighting cock and other things about the room left no alterna-

tive—he was in the house of the dreaded and proscribed mutilators. His first impulse was to make his escape at once.

Meadows knew where he was ; knew, too, that the strict sect amongst whom he was neither drank nor smoked, held all goods in common, so were not to be tempted. When he remembered that alone he could not free the yacht, to attempt immediate flight was useless ; but his heart sank within him as he heard shuffling in the passage. Though an undersized man and no longer young, he was both alert and courageous ; assertive, and a free talker, he was yet shrewd, and now fear made him dissemble. He sat apparently at ease in the great chair, and threw open the door of the stove as the two men entered.

Gleb Petrovich was tall, fat, and fair—but an older and stronger man than the other ; his eyes habitually refused to meet the glance of the questioner, but, on occasion, could stare any one out of countenance.

‘Health to you,’ he murmured as he crossed the room.

‘Health to you, Gleb Petrovich. And how fares it with the community ?’ asked Meadows, stammering.

‘I thank thee. We must not complain : only to-day we placed under the “great seal” two brothers from Novgorod ; others there will be shortly—many others, many.’ He paused an instant, then, for the first time looking directly into the eyes of Meadows, he added, ‘And you have come.’

Meadows shuddered. ‘I have come,’ he answered.

‘Good. Very good !’ and Gleb sat down between Meadows and the window, and rubbed the palms of his hands together.

Then followed a long silence interrupted only by the occasional and exasperating chuckles of Gleb, and the shuffling of the other who took care to keep between Meadows and the door. After a time he came across to Gleb and there was a whispered conversation of which Meadows, although he strained every nerve to hear, caught not a word. Gleb evidently noticed his uneasiness, and, when the other had left the room, he said in a confidential way ‘Philip Ivannovich has great zeal ; were all of us as earnest as he is the “white doves” would number a great multitude, for he is an able man ; a very good man is Philip Ivannovich,’ and again he rubbed his hands gleefully and chuckled.

‘Ah,’ sighed Meadows, who could scarcely control himself.

Then again was a silence so great that one could hear the charred embers falling against each other in the stove, save

when Gleb broke in upon Meadows's reverie with a chuckle, or Philip shuffled in, out, or about the room. Every moment Meadows expected the men to attack him, he scarcely dared to look about him, and he clenched his fists and fairly sprang out of his chair when Philip suddenly called aloud 'Ready!'

'Tea,' laconically observed Gleb, who regarded Meadows anxiously.

There was good white bread and fresh butter; then Philip brought in the steaming samovar, and for himself produced a loaf of black bread. With a large knife he cut the hard glutinous mass with an ease and precision that frightened Meadows. He could scarcely swallow, but, knowing that to succeed when the opportunity came he must appear at ease now, he sipped a little of the tea and declared it excellent.

'Kiakhta—the best,' gulped Gleb, emptying his glass.

Meadows felt that at all costs he must make himself sociable, so, a second sip of tea loosening his tongue, he said as blithely as he could, 'I have not yet told you my name. It is Ivann Carlovich Liessev, and I come from England.'

'An Englishman! That is good—it is very good,' piped Gleb. 'There are many races among the "white doves," but not, as yet, an Englishman. The brothers will be truly pleased. Do you hear, Philip Ivann'ich, this stranger comes from England!'

'And what part of Russia may that be?' innocently asked Philip, sipping his tea from the saucer, balanced on the tips of his fingers, in peasant fashion.

Gleb Petrovich explained lengthily. Meadows studied the unholy couple meanwhile, and felt that his best chance was with Philip. To all Gleb's harangue he simply remarked, 'After all there is but one world—as there are but two peoples; the "white doves," and others!'

Meadows was anxious to change the subject. 'A fine bird,' he remarked to Gleb, whose eyes turned towards the game cock.

'No better ever lived. Why, at Moscow, in the Great Riding School, before all Russia, he twice won every main—then I bought him; gave twelve thousand roubles for dear old Kosma. He was no capon, I tell you!' He got up and went over to the bird, and with his great fat forefinger stroked its hackles and started crooning like a Gaelic grandmother.

Meadows had found his weak point and was ready to say that he took a great interest in cock-fighting, that it was the sport

which had brought him there, wishing to match a bird with any Gleb could produce. Then he remembered that he had wanted to say that he did not mean to join the brotherhood, when he told Gleb who he was, but could not. He thought it was lack of courage then, and determined to out with it now. But instinct, which rules when fear for a time displaces reason, luckily still prevented him speaking, and he was silent with increasing dread as Philip quickly removed the used samovar and plates. Meadows knew that soon something would be done.

Nor was he mistaken. They eyed him suspiciously yet, but did not watch him so closely as before. Philip first took away the big knife—Meadows noticed that—and Gleb, though apparently lost in admiration of the bird, let no movement escape his notice.

With Meadows instinct became imperative. When Philip Ivannovich brought out from some hidden corner a small square block of wood to which a ball was attached with a short thong, though he knew nothing of the use to which it was to be put, he drew on his valenkas, and buttoned up his shoob. Soon Philip came in with his sheep-skin coat and felt over-shoes. Meadows at once determined to accompany him.

‘How did you get here?’ asked Gleb, still suspicious.

‘With the wind and wings—as all doves should,’ he answered.

‘Philip will apprise the brothers of your coming. You can stay here.’

‘I thank thee, Gleb Petrovich, but I will go with Philip Ivannovich all the same,’ said Meadows resolutely.

Philip waited for the word he expected of Gleb, but the old man feared to give it. Then Philip took down a peasant’s axe, stuck it in his girdle, and taking the wooden clapper from the table led the way. He sprang the rattle at the door, and Meadows saw a face at the window of the nearest hut. Then the two trudged on up the village together, the rattle sounding loudly.

Cautiously Meadows introduced the subject of his belongings on the ice-yacht. There were furs, comestibles and things; they ought to be got to the village at once, as they were to be the property of all; perhaps Philip would like first choice, or how was the division made? By such talk the peasant’s cupidity was excited, but not sufficiently to take him from his immediate task, and already some of the inmates of the nearest house were getting into their sheep-skin overcoats. Meadows



WITH ONE BLOW CUT THE FEW REMAINING STRANDS THAT HELD THE NET





was becoming desperate ; the man must be made to act at once. Meadows had noticed Philip's inferiority to Gleb ; although on equal terms he could not overcome the natural inclination of the Russian peasant to obey, now, by polite insistence and command, Meadows induced him to go towards the 'sledge on wings.' They were followed by two men at a considerable distance. Once alongside the sledge Philip was ready enough to do whatever he was ordered. He helped to lift the runner free of the snag ; then pulled on the painter, with the intention of hauling the yacht nearer the village. Meanwhile Meadows got hold of the tiller to guide the sledge and contrived to secure the sheet. The rest was easy. As soon as the sledge was turned round the wind caught the sail and drove the yacht ahead ; Meadows jumped in over the taffrail, and managed so to steer the yacht that it drifted on to Philip and capsized him into the net. Meadows shouted to him to keep quiet until he could get command of the yacht, and the man obeyed until they reached the open ice of the lake. Then Meadows, making believe that he would go about, persuaded him to lie in the stern-sheets and keep his head very low. No sooner was he in the right position than Meadows seized the axe, and with one blow cut the few remaining strands that held the net—Philip rolled out upon the ice.

Soon Meadows crossed the outward track of the yacht, and in the sunlight had no difficulty in following the trail of the runners, so retraced his course. As night closed in he saw ahead of him a dark moving figure, and he made for it. Balchikov was very slowly and painfully marching homeward. He called upon Meadows to stop, but Meadows could not have done so had he wished. Instead he made for the nearest shore light he saw and ran the yacht full on to the wharf at Irenevka—where it was completely wrecked. Thrown into the sag of the mainsail he managed to extricate himself from the tangle, and got back to St. Petersburg that night by the steam-tram.

Some days later he saw Hartill, who told him that Balchikov was unable to give a clear account of the happenings of the voyage ; at which Meadows expressed no surprise.

'And Simson wants you to go yachting with him next Saturday.'

'I can't—I am going to the Circus,' said Meadows.

'Ah ! Then you have something to tell us ?'

But Meadows knew better.



## PAGES FROM A COUNTRY DIARY

*June 2.*—To watch the cricket match between our village and the team from X——, an annual event of considerable local importance. Time was when I used to play for our side, but nowadays they either make the ball so ridiculously small or the wickets so absurdly wide, that there seems no demand for my services. I suppose that every one becomes *laudator temporis acti se puero*, as he grows too old or too lazy to indulge in the sports of his youth ; but, truth to tell, country cricket has so altered in character of late years as no longer to have much charm for me. Purely *village* cricket is fast becoming a thing of the past, and except in those favoured hamlets where the Parson, or the Squire, or his agent, keeps up the now flagging interest in the game, it has ceased to be the universal pastime of the country. Nowadays the gilded youth of the labouring class spends its spare cash and leisure time in careering about the roads on cheap bicycles, ‘a nuisance to their betthers, a laughin’-shtock to their equils, an’ a curse to thimsilves.’

One of the chief factors in the decay of village cricket is the modern craving for display and luxury which is sapping the lower as steadily as the higher classes. Formerly any fairly level piece of turf was considered good enough for a pitch, a wooden bench and table for the scorers constituted the pavilion, and the nearest hedgerow was the dressing-room. Not that there was much necessity for this, except perhaps the Parson, and such Public School or University lads as lived in the neighbourhood, no one appeared in flannels, and when Bill or Tummas took the field he merely doffed his coat and waistcoat,

turned up the bottoms of his trousers, pulled his leather waist-strap a hole tighter, and was equipped for the fray.

Now, however, it seems impossible for any self-respecting village club to exist without a carefully laid and rolled field, for admission to which a charge is made ; a wooden shanty dignified by the name of pavilion is run up, whereby the club is usually landed in a slough of debt from which it has to be rescued by the donations of the charitable ; and the young men deem it incumbent on them to wear slop-made blazers and flannels. But in my humble opinion nothing tends so much to harm village cricket as the so-called 'cup-competitions' which have sprung up of late years. Some misguided philanthropist, or more generally an aspirant for Parliamentary honours, is induced to offer a cup to be played for by clubs in a particular district, and forthwith an entire change comes over the cricket of the locality. The old 'friendly' matches between the villages and small towns degenerate into 'contests' invariably, in my experience, conducted on the 'win, tie, or wrangle' principle ; the small village clubs soon find themselves outclassed and abandon cricket in disgust, until at last the game becomes confined to the more opulent towns of the district, which have larger grounds to practise on, and perhaps a third-rate professional to coach them.

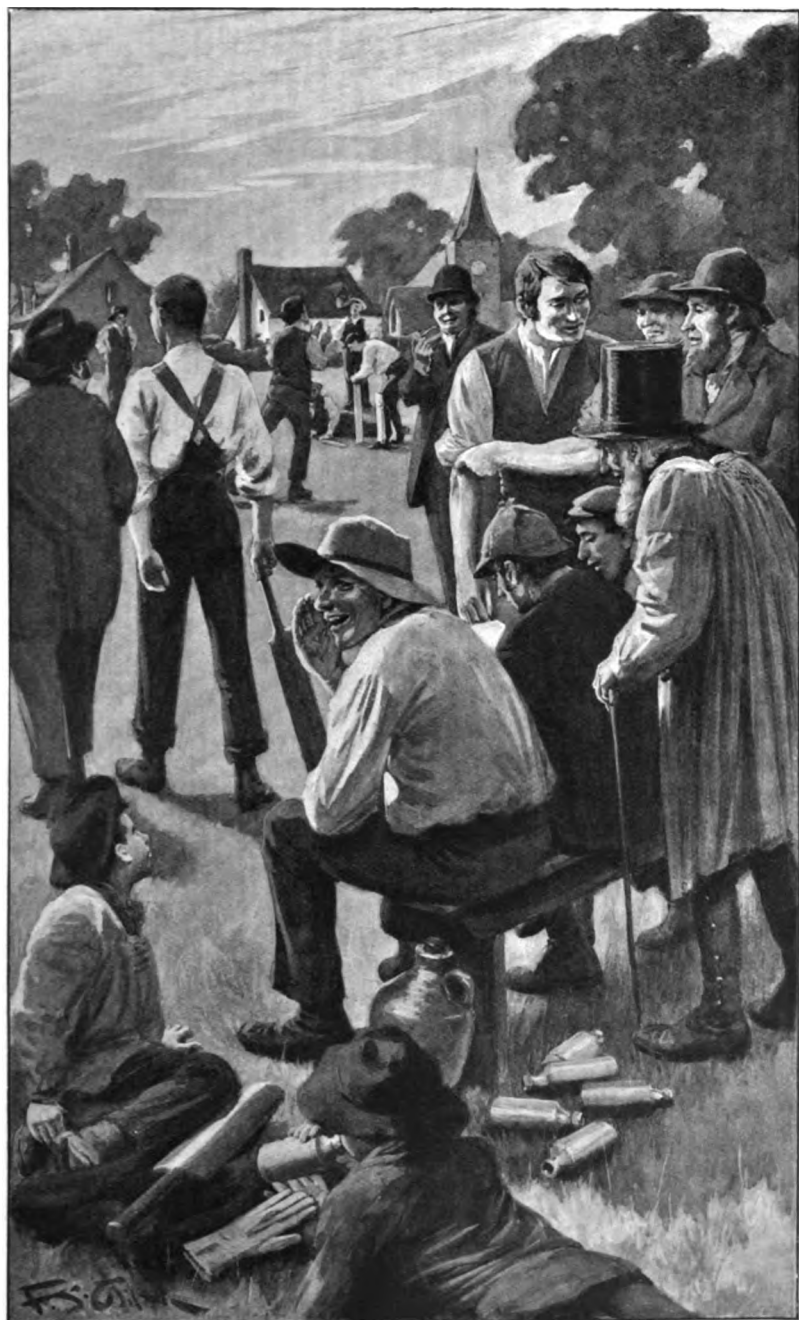
Now this may be a good method of occasionally 'spotting' a promising colt for the county eleven, but I do not believe it to be the best means of popularising cricket among the rising generation, who are, alas ! only too prone to run after the strange gods of bicycling and (in the upper classes) of golf. To-day we won by nearly forty runs, a gratifying result, chiefly due, as is generally the case when he is able to play, to the hitting of Bill Smith, our local saddler. Bill is one of those fortunate individuals gifted by nature not only with extraordinary sympathy of eye and hand, but also with abnormal strength wherewith to utilise it to the best advantage. Unfortunately the exigencies of business, a large and yearly increasing family, and a shrewish wife who looks but sourly on cricket as opposed to saddlery, all too frequently prevent its display. Although he has a very fair notion of defence, defiance is his strong point, and once 'set,' his swiping rivals that of 'Bun' Thornton himself. Good ball, bad ball, straight ball, wide, yorker or long hop, he treats them all with equal contempt, and sends them flying over long-on's head as fast as they are sent down to him.

Still there are times when even Homer nods, and not so very long ago Bill was twice bowled 'first ball' by a very small Eton boy, an occasion still referred to with bated breath in local cricket circles; and I do not remember to have ever seen anything finer than the dignified and incredulous air with which he surveyed, first his broken wicket, next his bat, then the pitch, and finally the diminutive bowler who had brought about his downfall.

As is but too often the case in rustic matches, the usual bickering over a decision of an umpire occurred this afternoon: an event as lamentable as it is frequent and, needless to add, futile. How futile was beautifully demonstrated to me a great many years ago when I was a lad at a private tutor's in Yorkshire. Our village was playing a team of miners from the West Riding, who were resolved to win, by fair means if possible, but by foul ones if necessary, and finding themselves outclassed they soon adopted the latter course. Their captain, a fiery-faced, bandy-legged little man, presently resorted to the simple and ingenious device of placing his crooked limbs together and standing in front of his wicket whenever he saw a straight ball coming. After this had happened once or twice the bowler naturally appealed, and the umpire, a burly, phlegmatic inn-keeper, very properly gave the man 'out.' The scene which followed was inimitable, and I shall never forget it. Advancing half-way down the pitch and glaring at the umpire as if he would eat him, the batsman shrieked, 'Does thoo me-a-an to sa-a-y ar'm oot?' 'Aye, ar doos,' phlegmatically replied Boniface. 'Weel, then, *ar* sa-a-ys thet thoo's nabbut a — leear,' retorted the 'Geordie,' absolutely stamping with rage.

'Mebbe, ma la-a-d, mebbe,' said the umpire, coolly striking a match on the seat of his trousers—a gest at once indicative of unconcern and contempt—'but thoo's gat to gan for arl that!'

*June 10.*—We have returned from spending a few days in London. On all sides, but especially by one's tradesmen, one was assured it was a bad season, as indeed can only be expected; there can be but little heart for gaiety when so many people are in mourning, or almost more terrible, in hourly dread of being so. Still none the less the streets appeared to me to be as crowded as they ever are in June; there was the usual block of carriages in Piccadilly and Bond Street, and wishing to dine one night at a restaurant now much in vogue, Belinda and I were informed that every table had been engaged by four



VILLAGE CRICKET





o'clock in the afternoon. Perhaps one did not see quite so many immaculately dressed young gentlemen in the streets as usual, but this in a time of national peril is only what one would wish and expect. Still it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and meeting my old friend General Gruncher, he informed me it was the best season *he* had known for years. 'All the young men are in Africa,' said the veteran in a voice hoarse with the fatigues of many—gastronomical—engagements, 'and we old fellows are getting a look in. I assure you, my boy, I am becoming positively *répandu*, and I believe I could dine out eight nights a week if it were possible.'

Of all the many changes that have come over London society in my recollection, nothing is more striking to the occasional visitor to the metropolis, such as I have become, than the present passion for *rus in urbe*. Formerly, when people came to London for the season, they repudiated the country for the time being, and appeared only anxious to sever all connection with it. But now their chief aim seems to be to shake the dust of London off their feet on every possible opportunity, as though no self-respecting person could possibly spend seven consecutive days there without change. 'Week-end' country house-parties, bicycling-parties, boating-parties—though these do not seem so popular as formerly—golf, racing ; in fine, any and every form of outdoor amusement has become the fashion of the London season, and I am bound to confess that of all society's many crazes that I can remember this seems to me the most praiseworthy.

But with it has arisen a carelessness of dress rather grievous to my old-fashioned notions. When I was a lad, no self-respecting young man would have dared to walk about London in a Panama hat, a suit of flannels, and brown shoes as they do nowadays ; and strolling into the Park one morning to smoke my after-breakfast cigar at the now fashionable hour of 10 A.M., I noticed that the same *négligé* style of costume was affected for riding.

I wonder what sum would have tempted a dandy, in the days of my youth, to ride in the Park on a hog-maned, docked-tailed 14.2 pony, dressed in a tweed shooting-coat, no waist-coat, and polo breeches and boots ? I do not think he would have been fortunate enough, like the youth I noticed that morning, to find a beautiful young lady to ride and talk with ; though here again, a quarter of a century ago, the said young lady's mamma would not have appeared in the Row in a brown

holland coat, a linen shirt, a straw hat with a Zingari ribbon round it, and a short hunting skirt.

Another thing which invariably astonishes my bucolic mind whenever I visit London is the extraordinary way in which the present generation of coachmen sit on their boxes and drive, until I am forced to the belief that the craze for rusticity has led to the importation of that anomalous being, the groom-gardener, a type of domestic hitherto confined to country parsonages. No doubt, thanks to the spread of wealth in the country, many people now keep carriages and horses who would not have done so in former years, and who, not having been educated up to the little niceties of stable deportment, know little and care less for such matters ; but to see a coachman, as I saw many a one last week, with his body bent forward and his legs doubled under him like a clerk at a high desk, his elbows up to his ears, both hands clutching the reins, and, to crown all, his whip stuck in its bucket, with a long lash of red whiplcord streaming on the breeze, is not conducive to respect for the owner of the equipage he is driving. Of them it may truly be said :

O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oorself' as ithers see us.

*June 18.*—Northward Ho ! to stay with friends for the Royal Agricultural Show at York, a town I always visit with delight, and which always seems to me the very type of what the chief town of the broad-acred county should be, for, despite its hoary antiquity, its venerable Minster, and its quaint old-world streets, it possesses none the less a certain keen and wide-awake air exceedingly characteristic of Yorkshire ; just as the soberness of its ecclesiastical element is leavened by the presence of the bold dragoon or dashing hussar. It is some years since I have been to a 'Royal' show ; but it always appears to present exactly the same features, no matter in what part of England it is held : the same brobdingnagian cart-horses and overfed cattle, the same lethargic pigs and panting sheep. These latter, especially the curious mountain breeds, are always a source of interest to me. There was one enormous shaggy brute called a Lonk, only found, I believe, in North-west Yorkshire, which quite fascinated me. I should not think, from its appearance, that the Lonk furnishes the most succulent form of mutton for the table, but I can imagine that in its native wilds it could easily be converted into a most excellent beast of

the chase, and afford admirable sport for the rifle. If it were only found in Siberia, or the Himalayas, instead of on the Yorkshire fells, I am positive that *Ovis Lonki* heads would become one of the most cherished of big-game trophies.

Close by were some interesting little sheep from Cumberland, the Herdwicks, the original stock of which, tradition goes, came from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada that was cast away in the Solway Firth. I wonder if the story is true, or if there are any sheep like them in Spain at the present day? But I cannot help thinking that, by the time an unwieldy galleon had blundered from Cadiz round England and Scotland as far as the Cumbrian coast, there would not have been many live sheep left on board.

Neither sheep nor cattle seemed to have many admirers at York: as soon as the Yorkshiremen had paid their shilling and entered the ground they went straight to the horses and stayed there. It was certainly a marvellous sight to see them standing patiently for hours, six deep round the show-rings, absolutely absorbed in the judging, and criticising every animal that entered the arena. Hunters were, of course, the great attraction, but hackneys only a little less so. Of a truth there is no part of England where horses are so beloved as in Yorkshire.

That poverty brings strange bed-fellows has long been an axiom, but it has been left for agriculture to supply the most extraordinary combination of sleeping partners that has ever come under my notice. Chancing to meet my old friend R., a Scotchman much devoted to farming, and learning that he was exhibiting a Galloway bull, I accompanied him to view the animal, which we found in charge of his head cattleman, a grey-headed old gentleman from Ayrshire. Having duly admired the bull, I asked its attendant if he was enjoying his visit to England. He answered that he liked the show 'weel aneuch,' but that he 'could'nae thole' (put up with) the sleeping accommodation provided for him, and which, it appeared, he absolutely declined to make use of. 'But you must sleep somewhere,' said his master; 'where did you sleep last night?'

'Wi' the bull!' replied the man in the most matter-of-fact tone. (This is an absolute fact.)

*June 23.*—I was taken by the M.s, with whom we are staying, to a garden-party, where I played croquet. The revival of this game, for which I have always had rather a sneaking affection, is positively extraordinary; twenty years ago it seemed as though lawn tennis had killed it for ever; its name was never

mentioned ; I almost doubt whether such a thing as a mallet were procurable in London, even at the 'Stores,' and if it were, I am sure it was never asked for. Now it has sprung to life again, and, as far as I can see, has completely turned the tables on its quondam rival. This, I fancy, is attributable to two causes : first, the influence of lovely woman, who has realised that it affords more opportunity, not perhaps for display of her charms, but for that quieter and more dangerous intercourse between the sexes denied by the more violent game ; and secondly, to the abnormal pitch of scientific excellence to which lawn tennis had become elevated. The smashing style of service introduced some years ago in conjunction with volleying at the net, effective and necessary as it may have been for tournament play, was not conducive to quiet enjoyment of what was after all a mere country-house pastime ; the majority of players had neither time nor opportunity to acquire the standard of excellence demanded by the new methods ; the younger generation became bitten by the craze for golf, until finally lawn tennis has been abandoned to the comparatively small body of enthusiasts who travel from tournament to tournament in pursuit of fame and—prizes. It is a great pity, for it is an admirable game. Nor are signs wanting that croquet is doomed to the same fate. This, as I remember it in my boyhood, was a free-and-easy sort of amusement, played on large grounds with wide hoops. I can see now the large quartered hoop with a bell dangling from it, that used to stand in the middle of the ground, and to the best of my recollection, though in this I am probably wrong, there was no tiresome boundary to interfere with a free and dashing style of play. Indeed, one's chief pleasure was to 'tight croquet' an adversary, placing your foot on your own ball and sending his away into the farthest clump of rhododendrons or bed of geraniums. Now this is all quite abolished ; the ground is restricted and cramped by a boundary which baulks all one's finest display of muscle ; the hoops are high, narrow things, through which a rat could scarce pass with comfort, and the whole game is becoming ultra-scientific.

Perhaps I write a little feelingly, and indeed I did not distinguish myself this afternoon, returning home a good deal chastened in spirit by the evident contempt with which the charming young lady, who was my partner, regarded my clumsy efforts to get through those abominable tight hoops.

*June 27.*—To Newcastle races, my kind host having insisted that I should prolong my visit to see the race for the Northumber-



ONE'S CHIEF PLEASURE WAS TO 'TIGHT CROQUET AN ADVERSARY



land Plate, which I had not done for twenty years, not indeed since it was run on the old Town Moor of Newcastle. Even at this lapse of time I can still remember that, young man as I was then, I thought I had never seen so beastly, nor so uncouth, a race meeting. It seemed a mere saturnalia of drunken pitmen, combined with bad racing and miserable cramped accommodation for better-class race-goers. Now the races have been transferred to Gosforth Park, some few miles from Newcastle, and I can honestly say that I have never seen a more beautiful racecourse nor a better managed meeting. From the lodge gates of the park we drove for nearly a mile along a fine avenue resplendent with great masses of brilliant rhododendrons to the fine old country house that has been converted into the club stand, and which looks out over a beautifully timbered park that, but for the smoking chimneys of a distant colliery, might be in Kent or Surrey. A smooth green lawn, radiant with more rhododendrons, slopes down to the rails of the course, which seemed to my inexperienced eye as good as anything outside Newmarket can well be, while the adjoining paddock and the accommodation for what is called, I believe, the 'outside' public, was on the same scale of magnificence. I am not a persistent follower of the sport of kings; far from it; and I have, moreover, arrived at a time of life when, if I *do* go racing, I like to do so with a certain degree of comfort; but I can truthfully assert that I have never done so more agreeably than to-day.

I think that what delighted me most was the club stand, which internally is very little altered from the fine old manor-house it must formerly have been—even an antiquated billiard-table had not been removed from one of the antechambers—and when not watching the racing or the horses in the paddock one can sit quietly on a sofa in a great cool room, and talk, or listen to the band on the lawn, entirely at one's ease. None the less, it was sad to reflect how such a beautiful old place had fallen from its high estate; and, as we drove away after the races through the roaring crowds, I could not help thinking that if one of its former owners, perhaps the very founder of the family to which it originally belonged, and who had probably thought, in his blindness, that he was leaving a goodly heritage to his descendants for all time, could see it under its present conditions, how bitterly he would re-echo the words of the preacher, 'Surely this also is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

There is something about the great industrial parts of

the 'Stone-ribbed North' that to me is at once fascinating and yet repellent. This evening, as we steamed away from reeking Newcastle across the soaring High Level Bridge that spans the inky Tyne—by the way, I wonder how many South-country people know that, filthy sewer as it appears here, in its higher reaches it is one of the most beautiful and prolific salmon rivers in Great Britain—past miles of sidings crowded with endless trucks of coal; past rows and rows of mean streets all exactly alike and all equally hideous; past tall chimneys that belched forth smoke and short ones that vomited flame; past huge metal-roofed sheds ringing with the clank of iron and the whirr of machinery, and bright with the glow of furnaces where gangs of grimy workmen grappled with great masses of molten steel, one became impressed and awed by the evidence of wealth and power, and thriving, throbbing industry, and felt that it might have been better had one been called on to live among such surroundings, and bear one's part in the fierce battle of trade that ceases neither by night nor day.

But as we left the town behind and emerged into the smoke-laden country around it, there came a revulsion of feeling. The sight of what by nature must once have been a beautiful district, now marred and scarred by the hand of man; of grand old churches and great country houses cheek by jowl with gaunt smoking collieries and their attendant squalid pit villages; of stunted trees and foul polluted streams, of the whole face of nature starved, and pinched, and poisoned with noxious fumes, brought with it an intense, if selfish, sense of relief that one's lot was cast in 'a greener, cleaner, land,' where coal-pits are not, and where man extracts his livelihood from the bosom, and not the bowels, of the earth.

*June 30.*—Coming through the village this afternoon I met old James, and stopped to ask after his wife, who has long been ailing. On the strength, I suppose, of having once been a butler, James delights in long words and high-sounding phrases, an idiosyncrasy which occasionally leads him to employ some very curious metaphors. Thus, when his cow presented him with twins, he unfairly described her as 'profligate,' and when Belinda tumbled off her bicycle, he presumed she had lost her 'equilibrium.' To-day, in answer to my inquiry after Mrs. James' health, he replied with dignity, 'Thank you, sir, she ebbs and flows. I never knew a woman who ebbed and *flew* so much, in all my life.'





## FREE-WHEELING OVER SWISS PASSES

BY ISABEL MARKS

CYCLING in the Alps is a form of touring which, like many another obscure quantity, only requires knowing to be appreciated. Arduous it is to push the machine up thousands of feet in scorching sun whose fierce rays are reflected from bare walls of stone. Yet more arduous the ascent when icy mists float in mid air, clothing lofty peaks in fleecy white shapeless garments, whence issue threateningly the noisy clamour of the rushing torrents. Then to the shrinking touch of the fingers the handle-bar strikes cold as coldest ice, to the bewildered senses the dim darkly frowning mountain peaks suggest destruction. But the summit reached, how quickly the scene changes! The hidden walls of snow lying banked up on either side of the narrow way gradually take shape, the tender blue of an Alpine sky shows through the swirling fleece, diminishing and fading fast beneath the persuasive touch of the all-conquering sun. As one coasts downwards brighter and ever brighter grows the scene until far below, engemmed in green valley and mountain-encircled, suddenly gleams forth the rich green of some tranquil Engadine lake, transcendently beautiful and absolutely unique.

Yet other lovely sights reward the cyclist who has taken the unresisting bicycle for miles up gradients varying from 200ft. to over 500ft. a mile. Who that has reached the top-most point of some lofty pass, the Stelvio for example, the highest carriage road in Europe, can ever forget the beauties then laid bare to admiring eyes? Ranging dim into the distance, far as eye can see, outlined in minutest detail, peak beyond peak, clad in glistening mantle of unsullied snow rear serrated

heights in the clear mountain air. Snow-fields undefiled by mortal footsteps lie around, snow-covered paths invite to the pursuit of edelweiss and the unknown, whilst the invigorating atmosphere causes the burden of the years to drop even as a cast-off garment from the world-scarred man and woman. To surprise such scenes is the adequate reward for hour-long, hard, unremitting muscular exercise, and I think that to all of us who have felt this pleasure the memory will remain for ever green.

But these experiences come seldom if ever to toilers in crowded cities, who possess neither the money, the skill nor the



SUMMIT OF THE OBERALP, 6710 FT.

endurance required by the mountaineer, nor the leisure demanded of the pedestrian, who, forsaking the beaten track, follows the dictates of his own sweet will, guided and supplemented by the experience of others. It is the cyclist who enjoys the happy mean, who, when passing through beautiful country where railways are not and the steamer is unknown, can see more in a fortnight than the ordinary traveller in a month, provided the labour of pushing the machine up toilsome ascents be not shirked nor be lacking the steadiness of head required to negotiate descents conspicuous for precipitously straight stretches and acute-angled turns. He, although much speedier than the pedestrian, yet like him, escapes many of the ills to which peri-

patetic flesh is heir : tedious days spent amidst the self-created dust of a lumbering diligence, with its ear-distressing and brain-disturbing peal of bells and its unsympathetic enforced company. Absence of stated hours for departure or arrival, freedom of routes, are amongst the benefits experienced ; and, within the limitations of the highway, his wanderings are absolutely untrammelled.

The first stage in the proceedings of the intending tourist should be the compiling of a route which, although taking advantage of the finest scenery to be encountered within a given radius, should also pay due heed to the facilities offered by the steepness or otherwise of the gradients to be encountered on the upward way ; for all passes are more difficult to ascend on one side than they are on the other. The daily mileage must perforce shrink to very modest dimensions when the scaling of mountain passes is the objective of one's desire, and allowance must be made for the obstacles of muddy, greasy roads caused by wet weather or of dust by very dry. Extremes of either degree are equally obnoxious, for if highways of feather-bed consistency are not conducive to progress, neither is a deep layer of dust, treacherously covering a loose surface of well-defined ruts, thickly sprinkled over with a generous deposit of flint stones, exactly calculated to arouse joyous feelings when rounding narrow acute angled corners practically unprotected. An attentive study of a good cycling map and of the Cycling Tourists' Club Swiss Road Book form a good foundation upon which to raise the superstructure of personal experience. Road surfaces vary greatly from year to year, and implicit trust cannot therefore be placed in any published report upon this important point. It is also wiser to supplement one's trust in Providence by a careful overhauling of one's machine, and by a still more careful attention to the providing of adequate brake-power.

The trip of which I propose to speak was undertaken by a small party of three, of whom I was one. The only male individual, well known in journalistic and other circles, had cycled in Switzerland many a time and oft. He has an extensive acquaintance with its roads, and mapped out a comprehensive round to fill up the fourteen days which was, unfortunately, all the time we could spare for the tour. Within that comparatively short period eight passes were to be negotiated. These included the Stelvio, 9055ft.; Furka, 7990ft.; Bernina, 7575ft.; Albula, 7595ft. ; Julier, 7500ft. ; Grimsel, 7103ft. ; Oberalp, 6710ft. ; and the Schyn ; and this programme was duly carried

out in bad or good weather without a break in the continuity. We were on the road every day and all day save on one particular occasion, when the stifling heat of an Italian valley induced our conductor to concede the grace of an afternoon's halt at charming Le Presse, near Poschiavo, where we lodged for the night. Neither of us weaker vessels had done any previous mountaineering awheel, which fact may perhaps be an incentive for the cult in those who might otherwise be deterred from its delights by the fear of inexperience in this direction. The machines selected would not perhaps be universally considered the most suitable for the occasion. Our guide rode with his wife on a tandem, and I was content with a free-wheel. To the best of my belief, neither type had before wrestled with the difficulties of Alpine descents. Indeed, an expert in the matter openly declared that for a long-wheel base machine like a tandem the difficulties involved in turning round the acute right- and left-angled curves of precipitous passes were insurmountable, and to many the inability to back-pedal when speed must be slackened, inherent in the constitution of a free-wheel, fitted with a foot-brake, would seem to present added difficulties to a never altogether easy task. However, we went, we rode, we conquered, and I hope our wheel-tracks will be but the forerunners of numerous others. With brakes we were well provided. My friends' tandem possessed a Bowden on the rear, and a Linley on the front, wheel, both operating on the rim, be it noted. It was a wonderful and fearful sight to see the skilful crew running fearlessly to the edges of precipices as if anxious to plunge headlong into the depths below, then peacefully turning when within a few inches of apparent destruction, and gracefully sliding round a curve in the opposite direction. Without effective controlling power such riding is both dangerous and foolhardy in the extreme ; with it effort is economised and safety secured. My own free-wheel had been my favourite mount for many months, its rigidity and instant obedience being unceasing source of delight. Unscathed it passed in the course of our travels through many an ordeal perilous to wheeling welfare, and still bears its owner constant and faithful company. Upon the efficiency of the brakeing power provided depended my very existence, for of any other means of retarding progress there were none, the mud-guard preventing the application for that purpose of the foot upon the tyre of the front wheel. But in the company of my free wheel I put my trust, nor was that trust belied. Like my two friends, I carried a couple of rim-brakes ;

but one was generally sufficient, and the hand-brake was hardly ever used, the back-peddalling brake being very powerful and equal to all emergencies. It is operated by either foot at a fixed point, and can be applied with a degree of nicety difficult to appreciate unless tested.

The first experience of coasting down an Alpine pass is apt to be thrilling, the road is so narrow, the curves so abrupt, the precipice so perilously near, the edge so unprotected. While rounding a corner the machine gives a little shiver as it stops



OBERALP. THE DESCENT INTO ANDERMATT

for the fraction of a second to point its front wheel towards the wall of rock that bounds the inner side of the zigzag, the back wheel steadies itself preparatory to sliding after its fellow, which, turning, flashes its spokes at its partner and boldly plunges into the sweep of the next curve. Then does the brake gently relax its embrace of the rim, over comes the machine, down goes the foot, machine, rider, bag and baggage once again run gently into the jaws of destruction to emerge again unscathed to repeat the former manoeuvre. There is little time to admire the view, to revel in the life-giving air, to listen to the noise of the waters as they thunder down the mountain-side, to enjoy the occasional straight stretch intervening between

the zigzags ; brain and muscle are alike absorbed in the work of the descent. But anon, trained by experience, the physical powers feel equal to the task, and the eye scans unconcerned the silvery course of the river as it dashes thundering far below over its stony bed, the sheer wall of rock out of which the road is cut, the cattle browsing beneath amidst the flowery luxuriance of the lower slopes, the toy cottages scattered around in every sheltered nook. The steepness and length of the descents vary greatly, the Stelvio taking precedence. Upon this pass some disagreeable avalanche galleries are to be encountered, pitchy dark, shiny as any London street enveloped in damp November fog, with the moisture trickling through the thick walls from the dashing torrents without, rushing headlong down the cliff side to swell the river brawling hundreds of feet below. Disagreeable in the extreme, like so many other of the necessities of life, these galleries, again meeting the resemblance, have their good points, for without their timely shelter the passage would be blocked every year for a much longer period than it is now, not to mention that they occasionally afforded an excellent opportunity of relieving the strain caused by continuous braking over stony, loose and rutty roads, a dismount being occasionally inevitable.

The first ascent is not so epoch-making. One starts gaily, right hand on saddle, left on handle-bar. There is plenty of time in which to pay homage to the manifold charms of the scenery as the upward way is slowly climbed, the machine lightly obeys the guiding touch, the air is fresh, for the sun is not yet high in the heavens. As one winds round the base of the mountain, ever gradually mounting higher and yet higher, the gradients become steeper and still more steep, the constrained position in which one walks begins to tell upon untrained muscles, the breath becomes short, the cheeks flushed. As the day advances, should the pass lie on the exposed side, which was usually our case, the sun beats pitilessly on rugged crag and perspiring traveller, on glowing landscape, on distant snow-clad peak. Every breath of moist coolness is rapidly absorbed by the scorching rays, the zigzags appear interminable, winding round the shoulder of the hill in a ceaseless dim white line. With burning face and parched mouth one pays tribute to every passing stream hastening down from the snow-fields to its bourne in the valley. Round and round curves the road, running water disappears, giving way to mounds of snow into which it is delightful to plunge hot hands, with which

it is sweet to moisten the parched tongue. Mechanically one pushes, listlessly drawing fatigued feet along the stony way. When endurance is all but exhausted one suddenly notices the cessation of the irritating white line erstwhile seemingly so endless. Then hope revives, for the summit is near, the toil nearly ended. Yet a little more pushing, yet a little more labour, and one's end is gained : it is now a downward spreading white line that one joyfully descries meandering like some gigantic serpent across the hillside, and the ascent of one's first pass is an accom-



HOSPENTHAL

plished fact. Fatiguing though this mode of progression may be, a few days' training effects marvels in the capacity for withstanding the effort involved, and so purely bracing is the mountain air that one arises from one's couch refreshed and ready for renewed work.

Our route took us through country both beautiful and out of the beaten track. After training up to Davos Platz, our starting-point, in the, I believe, highest mountain railway existing, we saw the railway no more until, more than half our journey done, we reached Tüsis, whence we incontinently fled from the shriek of the whistle, the jar and discord of modern traffic to peaceful regions where the sweet-voiced cow-bells and

the occasional rumble of four-wheeled traffic were the only sounds that entered into rivalry with the falling waters and the sighing of the wind. Nor did we again see the useful but homely train until Meiringen, our terminal, was reached, although we came into touch with 'Puffing Billy' at Andermatt. Thus a touch of old-time quaintness added a charm to the scenery through which we passed, and the lumbering diligence, picturesque but unpleasant, recalled the bygone days of the last generation when the Grand Tour was undertaken in this leisurely fashion. The Julier was the first pass to be attacked. Through



REALP, AT THE FOOT OF THE FURKA PASS

the Landwasser Road we went, passing through Wiesen (4720ft.) to Tiefenkasten (2790ft.), whence to the summit (7500ft.) is a distance of 21 miles, some of which is rideable, some not. From the latter place we began that pushing which was to be so familiar a feature of our future proceedings. Three miles of this method of progression brought us to the Oberhalbstein, a green and pleasant valley through whose hamlets and pastures one rides to Tinzen (4070ft.); thence, through rocky ravines, past beautiful waterfalls, the machines must be pushed to Roffna (4760ft.), then again ridden to Mühlen (4793ft.) Here Shanks his mare comes into requisition until the subjugation of the Julier is attained, for from Mühlen to Stalla there is an



average rise of 206ft. a mile, and the last four miles ascend at the rate of 418ft. a mile. The descent to Silvaplana (5958ft.) amply repays the toil through the bleak and barren scenery of the upper part of the pass. The road surface is very good, and a most exquisite view of the Upper Engadine bursts suddenly upon delighted eyes, Silvaplana, within the shadow of towering snow-peaks, lapped by the tranquil waters of its green lakes, quaint with balconied windows and gabled roofs, lying beneath the lower tree-covered slopes and beckoning invitingly to repose.

Then to the Stelvio we took our way, enjoying a pleasant ride through the practically level and good roads of the Upper Engadine, rich in lake and snowy mountain, through the lovely gorges of the Lower to Martinsbruck, where one quits Switzerland to enter the Austrian Tyrol, and to be confronted by a modest little climb of 1100ft. in four miles over a beautifully wooded hill rising abruptly from the valley. Then follows a glorious coast down from Nauders into Mals, a most quaintly attractive town, worthy of a prolonged investigation, the downward trend continuing to Neu Sponding, and a straight road to Prad (2940ft.) at the foot of the Stelvio, the summit (9055ft.) being eight miles distant. The ascent is much shorter from the Austrian than from the Italian side, and as the former authorities prohibit riding for some considerable distance, the cyclist will, if he be considerate to the various items constituting his entity, attack the difficulties of the way from Prad, thus leaving himself the option of coasting thirty-seven miles to Tirano (1475 ft.). From Prad to Franzenhöhe the road is excellent and the scenery beautiful. A mountain torrent brawls along a rocky bed, closely accompanying the traveller on the first stages of his upward climb, and trees cluster thickly on hill and road. Even as the beauty so does the toil of the ascent immediately begin. To Gomagoi (4205ft.), the first halting-place, there is an average rise of 294ft. a mile, and the erstwhile neighbourly water is soon left deep down in the bed of the ravine, through which winds the route and up which toil perspiring man and the four-footed beast drawing heavy diligence or select carriage. Until Trafoi (5080ft.) there is but little riding; after arriving at that place none until the start of the descent, for from there to Franzenhöhe (7180ft.) the average gradient is 466ft. a mile, from Franzenhöhe to the summit 374ft. Severe as the toil of pushing up such heights must necessarily be, yet is it amply repaid by the sublimity of the scenery. At Trafoi the Ice Queen reigns supreme. Wrapped

in its mantle of snow, the giant Ortler towers high above the little village—well provided with hotels, by-the-by, some of them being particularly comfortable—the jagged ridges of the Madatsch glacier rise rugged and discoloured from amidst the unstained purity of its environment, whilst woods of pine-trees give an aromatic scent to the crisp clear air—a combination exhilarating and delicious, encountered in no other place during our wayfaring. Fain would we have lingered here, but inexorable time drove us forth. Round innumerable horseshoe curves, past the zone of protecting trees, and into the full force of the burning sun; past mighty rocks dropping sheer to the river below the road, now profusely strewn with stones, sharp and pointed, clinging to the mountain-side, leads up and up until breath fails, and an enforced halt enables us to enjoy the beauties of the valley and of the ever-widening circle of enclosing hills. Then on and on without a pause we wound to where on either hand banks of snow towered high above our heads, and the road was wet and shiny with the moisture of their decay. Yet still the zigzag mocked us with vistas of endless curve, and the sun's rays waxed ever hotter. But to all things mortal there comes an end. At last the thin white line takes an even course, a little hut is seen, a tall post announces that Italy is near; we have reached our bourne, the Stelvio is subjugated. And well worthy of the toilsome climb are the ineffable loveliness, the exquisite serenity and peace of that snow-clad region. Never to my dying day shall I forget the beauty of that mountain land, the sublimity of its unapproachable heights, the intoxication of its life-giving atmosphere.

Refreshed by a short rest, and invigorated by the pure air, the pedestrian disappeared, to be replaced by the cyclist, and the difficulties of the climb to those of the descent. The average gradient to Bormio (4370) is 585ft. a mile; the road is, therefore, precipitous in the extreme, and diversified by the covered avalanche galleries, which give variety to the going. As soon as custom stales the coast round the edge of the curve, with its bed of loose pebbles that cover the surface, and one becomes more used to the rolling of its constituent parts as the wheel slips amidst the *débris*, then the complexion of affairs alters. One has to accommodate oneself to the slippery, shiny mud deposited by the rushing streams without upon the enclosed floors of the galleries. However, from Bormio there is a perfect coast of 25 miles to Tirano (1475ft.), with the moderate fall of 100ft. a mile. Forgotten then are fatigue, heat, side-

slip, treacherous curve, as one glides through the pleasant land, past picturesque Italian towns, the cynosure of all eyes, enjoying in full measure the perfection of motion and the ever-



ASCENDING THE FURKA PASS NEAR THE RHONE GLACIER

varying panorama unfolded as one flies onward to the rhythm of the purring wheel.

The Bernina had next to be compassed. From Tirano to the summit (7658) is a distance of  $20\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The surface,

although varying, is on the whole good. The scenery contrasts strangely with that of the Stelvio, snow being almost absent, and luxuriant flowers growing all but to the summit. The rise begins at Madonna di Tirano, and continues, with varying degree of severity, until the lake of Poschiavo is reached, when an ascent of 7650ft. is accomplished in 11 miles. One can ride to S. Carlo (3590ft.), then the saddle must be forsaken. Amidst the scent of hay and the bright blossoms of innumerable flowers, La Rosa (6162ft.) is reached, fine glimpses of valley, wooded hills and distant snow-capped peaks



GRIMSEL HOSPICE

being obtained, whilst the road, being on the shady side of the mountain, deprives the climb of much of its terror. Gradually the flowers disappear, flocks of sheep browse upon the luxuriant grass, and anon a chorus of tinkling bells announces the advent of the milky mothers of the herd. Shepherds and road-menders breaking stones by the way look amazed at us women as we pass, for the sight of women awheel in the Alps is a strange one. The  $9\frac{1}{2}$  mile run down to Pontresina (5915ft., average gradient about 180ft. per mile) is most delightful, the road excellent, and the scenery lovely.

The Albula offers again a perfect contrast to either the Bernina or the Stelvio. Starting from Ponté (5548ft.), near

Pontresina, it is bare, desolate, sun-exposed, with a gradient of about 400ft. a mile. Trees soon disappear, to be replaced by extensive views of a fine series of peaked, snowy mountains, resembling somewhat the wonders of the Stelvio. A five-mile climb brought us to the top (7595ft.) and a most uninviting descent. Shorter, therefore more abrupt, curves than usual, constructed upon a bad surface, a narrow road, sharp turns, no protection from the dangers of a slip on the precipice side conspire to render this part of the journey toilsome and difficult in the highest degree; jolted and shaken, brakeing became a penance. To Weissensten (6660ft.) the gradient is 415ft. a mile, but both gradient and road surface improve lower down the slope, when woods, waterfalls and pleasant village atone for the desolate climb; so that the termination of the 19 mile descent at Tietenkasten is satisfactory enough. The Oberalp we reached *via* the Schyn Pass, the Versamstrasse, the Vorder Rhein Valley, and Disentis (3773ft.). The ascent of the Oberalp (6710ft.) is of a somewhat uninteresting but pastoral character. Flowers grow very profusely along the meadow-bordered road, and the rye waves its nodding head in the breeze. One can ride as far as Rueras (4597ft.), but the push is somewhat trying in unclouded weather, the hill-side being fully exposed to the heat of the sun. The gradient of the last five miles averages 384ft. a mile. A good level piece of road runs along the summit, above a forbiddingly dark lake, leading to the descent into Andermatt (4738ft.), which would be an agreeable coast if the stones were not so unduly obtrusive.

The Furka we reached by way of Hospenthal, noteworthy for the excellence of its road, and of Realp (5060ft.), a pretty village at the foot of the pass, the highest Swiss diligence road. The ascent is about  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and the rise is one of 2930ft. The road possesses the peculiarity of being steepest at its lowest point, the gradient averaging 438ft. to Fuchsenegg (6595ft.). Then riding becomes practicable until Tiefenbach (6790ft.), when a rise of 344ft. to the mile causes another spell of pushing. Waterfalls, the Siedeln glacier, snow-covered hills alternate in pleasing variety, but the descent offers yet more striking views, for the immense Rhone glacier borders the road in close proximity, whilst far below lies the placid valley with its winding river and toy hotel, and the spirals of the Grimsel opposite rise circlingly round its sombre slopes. The average fall is 344ft. a mile, but the coast was not at all enjoyable, for awkward stones were everywhere abundant. The Grimsel

(7103ft.) affords one a lovely coast over mostly excellent roads amid a variety of scenery difficult to surpass. From the desolate grandeur of the summit, with its rushing torrents, its black forbidding Todten See, one descends into a region of sparsely scattered trees, which anon grow apace and flourish exceedingly, until one is presently riding through scented forests, past the magnificent Handegg Falls into a region of hayfields and trim little villages. Then again into Nature's bigger workshop, through rocky gorges winding circuitously into Imhof, whence the traveller ascends the Kirchel into Meiringen. From the summit (7103ft.) to the Hospice (6160ft.) the gradient is 450ft., thence to Guttannen (3480ft.) 333ft., and to Imhof 260ft. The ascent from the Rhone valley averages 451ft. The hotels along this route are good. It is advisable to plan the ascents with a due regard to the demands of hunger, which plentiful muscular exercise is so apt to induce, and to arrange the mid-day halt within hail of one of the numerous hotels and inns erected for the benefit of the tourist; and this, with care, can always be effected. An early start is also to be recommended, for the heat is very trying in the middle of the day, and if possible the night's resting-place should be reached by seven or earlier. The question of dress is one for personal choice, but woollen underwear is a necessity, and material capable of resisting the damping effect of mist or shower possesses distinct advantages.





## FIELDING

BY H. D. LEVESON-GOWER

IT is the fashion to write columns of praise about the successful batsman, in a lesser degree to eulogise a bowler who has performed some exceptional feat, but that most elegant, useful and all-essential department of cricket, fielding, is in nine accounts out of ten practically ignored. The prevention of runs is as important as the making of them, and the question arises, In what way is it possible to induce boys at public schools, and also young men at our universities, to practise and improve this sadly neglected feature of the game?

This, I think, can only be done by impressing all young cricketers from the very first with the immense advantage a good fielding side has over another, taking them as equals in the other parts of the game. I would also make a special appeal to the press, as I am sure they can do a vast amount to encourage young fielders by bestowing a little more praise when it is due, and by writing somewhat more descriptively when a piece of brilliant fielding has either run out, or a fine catch has cut short the career of, some dangerous batsman. What do we generally see? 'Mr. So-and-So was here run out, just as he appeared nicely set;' then a long description of what the gentleman in question had done up to the period of his dismissal, but scarcely a word will be written of the fieldsman, his quick movement to get to the ball, his clean pick up, lightning-like and correct return. I cannot help thinking if

these important points were a little more noticed by cricket reporters they would be doing much to strengthen fielding and to make men more keen in practising and working up this very beautiful art.

In dealing with an article on fielding, I am writing on a subject which must have been thrashed threadbare by many cricket scribes; but I do wish to impress upon every reader, that more keenness, more study, and above all more practice in fielding is what is urgently required, and I am certain that fielding in general has much suffered in consequence of the almost total neglect of these three important points. It is not for a moment to be expected that every cricketer can become a brilliant field; in fact, there are so many essentials necessary for the qualification that you seldom see more than one in any county eleven, very often not even one; but I fancy that if the few suggestions made in this article were tried, every one could at least certainly become what would be called safe and efficient.

Take, in the first place, practice. When do cricketers get this desideratum in catching or throwing? Certainly not in matches, as it is quite possible to play through a dozen without having a catch or a chance of a run out. It is perfectly true that at some few schools a certain amount of catching practice is the rule. This is so at Winchester and I believe at Harrow; and when Mr. G. J. Mordaunt, one of the most brilliant exponents of the art of fielding, was captain of the Wellington eleven, he was in the habit of making his men not only practise catching, but also throwing in a full pitch or a good length to a man at the wicket.

I do not think this 'throwing in' to the wicket keeper is either practised regularly or sufficiently, and how can it be expected, when the opportunity at last comes, that a throw will be correct or successful? In nine cases out of ten the ball goes wide to the wicket keeper, and the run out is lost. Speaking as a University man, I can say that practice in fielding, in the main, is entirely neglected at Oxford; and I should think, without actual knowledge, that much the same thing exists at Cambridge, though of course I may be mistaken in this. It seems a pity that the same principle adopted at some public schools, that of the eleven and those likely to gain a place in it having a quarter of an hour's practice in catching and throwing in on non-match days, should not be carried out at the 'Varsities.



I can fancy it being asked, 'How can you expect a wicket-keeper or any one else to stand at the wicket and let half a dozen hard chuckers throw at him? Would it not knock any man's hands to pieces in an afternoon?' The answer is, 'It is not in the least necessary to have any one at the wicket; the fielder can practise throwing his length without it actually going into a man's hands.' My plan would be to have a man in the nets just to throw the balls all over the ground to the various fieldsmen and let them run sharp, pick it up, and dash it in as quickly as possible a good length at the wicket. I would strongly advise young cricketers, if they get the opportunity, to watch Mr. G. J. Mordaunt in the field. He runs as it were by the side of the ball till he can make certain of picking it up clean, then in the twinkling of an eye pivots round on his right leg, and, with one swing of his arm, in it goes into the wicket-keeper's hands—no extra step or wave of the arm, just a planting of the left leg, and in the ball is flying.

Mr. Mordaunt plays so seldom nowadays in first class cricket that the opportunity for the young cricketer to see him may not occur; but there was a chance last year, which I trust was not missed by aspiring fieldsmen, to watch and study the Australians, and, if this were done, much could be learned from them in that branch of the game. I cannot help saying here that the grandest day's cricket, in every department of the game, I ever witnessed, was England *v.* Australia at the Oval last August. To see the pick of our men batting, and the glorious bowling and fielding of the Australians, was a treat of the first class. I only speak of the first day's cricket, as I believe the standard of excellence fell off considerably during the two other days. To return to our subject. I would suggest that the fieldsmen should watch most carefully the various batsmen as they come in, and as quickly as he can notice their style of play, and adapt himself to that particular style. By this I mean, do not stick in a place to which you feel sure, from the way the batsman is framing, he would never send a ball in a week, but just quietly shift yourself a bit. Of course if the bowler or the captain fix you up in one particular spot, there you must remain, right or wrong; but often by a little careful study or a word to the bowler such as 'Shall I get a little squarer?' or a little something else as the case may be, you are helping your captain more than you can imagine, and anyhow you are showing that you are keen and making a study of the game. Never get disheartened by

missing a catch : to miss is the lot of every cricketer. Do all you possibly can to get to a catch, and it will surprise you what you can get to if you will only keep on trying. Never mind the ball going for four ; what are four runs compared to a wicket ?

Never throw hard at the wicket-keeper or the bowler unless it is necessary ; more particularly at the bowler, as he has no protection for his hands, and if his fingers are really hit hard it certainly must interfere with his bowling for an over or perhaps more.

‘Backing up’ is another very important feature of good fielding. ‘Back up’ on every possible occasion ; don’t wait because you think it is some one else’s business, or because you have read in a book that short leg should back up third man. When you do get the ball throw in at once, even if you throw wide ; it will often stop men running when the ball is hit to you if they see that you return quickly.

With regard to catching, many people differ as to the right and wrong way. I do not believe it is possible to lay down any hard and fast rules. Just as batsmen vary in the way they take up their stand before receiving the ball, so do fieldsmen catch with their hands in different positions. It is surely the best way to hold your hands for the catch as comes most natural to you, although the position may not be technically correct according to the books. One rule, however, ought certainly to be observed, and that is not to *grasp* at the ball. Let it come into your hands as if you were expecting it ; the least attempt at resistance generally results in the catch being put on the floor.

This is not the place to comment on the ‘net system’ which has been tried at Lord’s this season, but one has heard as an argument against it that it will do away with ‘good out-fielding,’ that the fieldsmen will make no attempt to stop the ball unless it comes straight to him, but will wait till it reaches the net, then pick it up and throw it in. With this I cannot agree. The really good fieldsmen will always go for the ball, endeavouring to save every run, whether there is a net or whether there is a boundary ; if he fails to do this he is not worth his place on the side.

On the other hand, there is a very general feeling that while the net was organised to handicap the batsmen, the running out will give the fieldsmen and bowlers such extra work that they will be the chief sufferers after all. It is a little early yet

to foresee what the real effect of this on the game will be, but I feel sure that it is a step in the right direction and worthy of a good trial. One thing certain is that if more attention were given to fielding by county teams, universities, and public schools, the enormous scores of the present day would be very materially lessened. The fielding of the Surrey eleven, for example, last year was certainly not what it ought to have been, considering how good an eleven it was in every other respect; and bad would be a mild term to describe the fielding of the Harrow eleven at Lord's last July. The Yorkshire team, on the contrary, showed what fine fielding does for a side, and they, I feel sure, have owed a great deal of their success during the last few years to their great ability in this department.

One word more. Think what a help good fielding is to bowlers, who, nowadays, have to perform on plumb wickets and sometimes on a wicket that has been carefully concreted and cemented. A catch dropped or a run out missed on a wicket like this, not only disheartens the bowler, but more than likely has a very important bearing on the issue of the game. With a good fielding side the bowler need not always be trying to *bowl* a man out, but, what I consider is likely to be much more effective on the present fast and true pitches, try bowling to get batsmen caught. This would be a fruitless endeavour if the bowler had no confidence in his field, hence this ought to be an incentive to every keen cricketer to do his best in this branch of the game.





## STAVED OFF

A TALE OF THE INDIAN TURF

BY GEORGE RAVEN DALE

It is currently reported that in buying a horse it is only wise to be exceedingly suspicious of everybody, even—or perhaps more especially—of one's own flesh and blood. Why it is that having much to do with one of the noblest animals God has created should have a deleterious effect upon men's minds and morals is not easy to understand ; but so it often is. And however strongly this may apply to horse dealing, much more so does it to horse racing ; and what applies to *horse* racing would seem to extend its baneful influence, with doubled effect, to *pony* racing.

This sweeping condemnation does not include those who for their own amusement occasionally run a pony or two at local meetings, or indeed those possessed of means who play the game to a larger extent. It is the man who looks to making a *necessary* income at the game who is in imminent danger. Under such circumstances there are only two things which can prevent disaster of one sort or another. Either the individual who gives free rein to his taste for racing must be possessed of a very long purse, and keep within it, or he must be a superlative judge of horseflesh. If he be neither of these, he either comes a 'mucker,' sends in his papers, and disappears, or, as an alternative, becomes remarkably *sharp*. Of the two, becoming remarkably sharp is often the more disastrous.

At the time my story opens, James Longford was courting both catastrophes. His means, to begin with, were limited. His knowledge and judgment of horseflesh were about on a par with any ordinary subaltern's. And, finally, he had been bitten with a more than ordinary taste for running his own ponies,

and standing to win or lose on their performances more money than he could readily pay. Small wonder then that Jimmy Longford, as his intimate friends called him, was pretty well on his last legs.

He was conning over the *Pioneer*, and happening to notice the prospectus of the Shartpore Spring Meeting, he turned his attention thereto. One race seemed particularly to strike him—the ‘Shartpore Pony Stakes,’ for all Arab and country-bred ponies, 13.3 and under. And then followed the conditions. He thought about the matter for some time, strolled out to the stables to have a look at his country-bred pony, Falstaff, and thought again.

‘It might be done,’ he muttered, and walked off to talk matters over with Jones.

‘I say, Jones,’ said he, as he entered the latter’s scantily furnished bungalow, ‘I’m going for the gloves.’

Jones looked up from the racing novel he was reading, yawned, and said, ‘Oh, it’s come to that, has it? Thought it would soon.’ Then he added, by way of an afterthought, ‘What’s it going to be in, and what’s going to do it?’

‘Falstaff. Shartpore Pony Stakes,’ Longford replied laconically.

‘Seen the second entries?’

‘Yes. Kamal, Bluerock, and Farthingale are the hottest of the lot so far. If Falstaff gets in decently he’s good enough for that crowd.’

‘Hum! Yes? What do you propose doing?’

‘Enter one of my crocks together with Falstaff; make it appear the latter has no chance; buy him, or get him bought for me, in every lottery on the race; get all I can from the bookies and mop up as much of the totalisator as they’ll leave me. There! I’ve told you everything. Will you stand in and help me through thick and thin?’

‘Right!’ said Jones, and they parted.

Falstaff was a totally unknown pony in the racing world whose merits had only been discovered by two people, namely, Longford and Jones. It was owing to no great acumen on the part of either that Longford had got hold of the pony at a ridiculously small price, and chance, pure and simple, had shown that he could gallop. The two were taking a quiet ride one day, Jones mounted on a more than useful Arab pony, when, having a nice easy stretch of country in front of them, they had set off at a good smart pace. Jones had been sur-

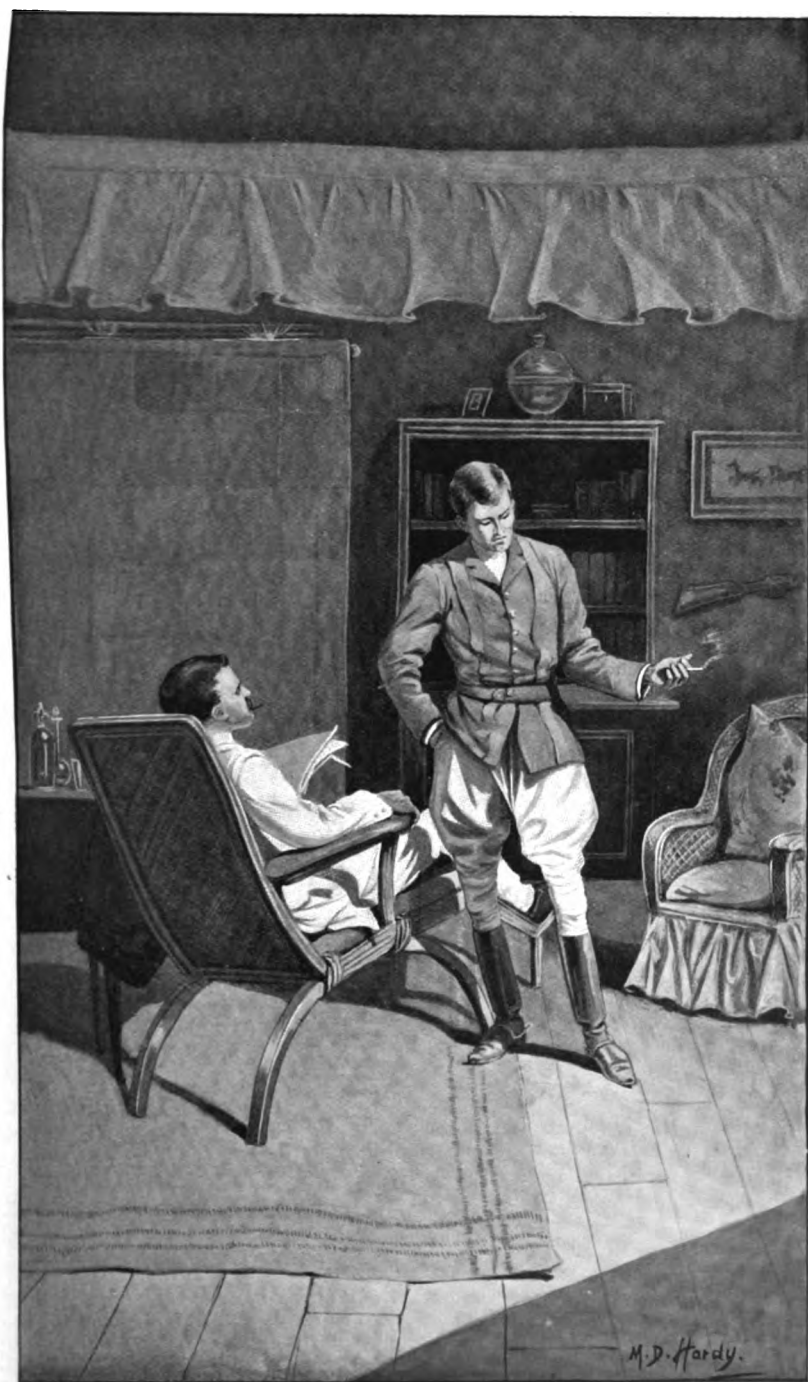
prised to find his companion's country-bred travelling quite as fast as his own mount, and wanted to know more about it. So after going half a mile he had called out, 'I'm going to leave you.' But he didn't; the country-bred had the legs of him. And seeing it was something really good, he had pulled up immediately. He was not the fellow to see young Longford bucket an unconditioned pony to pieces.

'You'd better keep that dark,' he had said. 'Put him in your trap to drive down to polo; but if you want to make a good thing out of it, which I rather think you may, don't let it be known it can gallop—for gallop it can. The drive to the polo-ground is not enough to stiffen or cramp his action, and, seeing him in your cart, people will never dream of his being any good. We'll do all the training of the little beggar on the quiet, and some day may spring a fine mine.'

This had been done most carefully. Every opportunity had been taken to exhibit Falstaff in the guise of a trapper, though he rarely had to do more than a mile or so at the outside, and was always sent home at once. Meanwhile, nobody had any idea of the morning gallops with which he was indulged, and his training had progressed apace; so much so, that the pony more than fulfilled the expectations Jones had formed of him. Longford's 'string,' by which high-sounding title he was used to designate his four worthless crocks, which had cost him one way and another a very pretty penny, did their sorry performances in full public gaze; but Falstaff never appeared amongst them. Longford being in the Commissariat and Jones in the P.W.D., they had ample leisure to do any amount of quiet training in the early morning away from all observance. It's a great thing to have no morning parades to go to.

Longford had the reputation of being an ass, which is most valuable, especially to a man who lives by his wits. The individual who can look a fool, and really be as sharp as a needle, has a very long pull over his fellow men; but the man who not only *looks*, but is universally *thought* a fool, is points ahead of anybody else in the great game of life. Under these circumstances, the appearance of the names of two of Longford's crocks amongst the final entries for the Shartpore Pony Stakes was hailed with much hilarity at the station club. When asked what Falstaff was, he replied:

'It's that pony I drive in my tum-tum,' a remark which was greeted with shouts of laughter all round.



**I SAY, JONES, I'M GOING FOR THE GLOVES**





'But what on earth makes you enter it at Shartpore?' inquired old Major Mangoe.

'Well, you know, I happened to gallop him against Fashion three days ago, and he left her behind.'

'Might easily do that, I should think, and not be fast enough for a London growler. Take my advice, and go and scratch it, and the other crock too.'

'No, I think I shall leave them in.'

'Now, what on earth,' said old Mangoe as soon as the boy had left, 'makes the young fool do that?'

'I suppose,' replied some one, 'for the sake of seeing his name in print in connection with a big race, and also to have the pleasure of leading his pony out of the paddock at Shartpore.'

'Expensive amusement that, I should think,' grumbled the Major as he went away.

Longford's tactics at this period were changed, and Falstaff was sent to do a portion of his work in public. But that portion was so arranged as to give a very false impression to outside observers. For instance, everybody thought they knew what weight Falstaff was carrying when he ran his trial with St. Estephe, but they didn't. They were exactly two stone out, and to cause this, Longford had lied about the matter freely.

Ten days' station leave gave Longford ample time to get to Shartpore a week before the race in which he was interested. Jones, in whose hands the pony was, followed him four days afterwards. The other entry, having gone lame, had been scratched.

There was no doubt about it; Jimmy Longford was in as perilous a position as he could be. If he did not manage to make a coup and reap, not a golden, but a heavy silver harvest of rupees, it would be all up with him, and probably he would be under the painful necessity of doing a bolt to get out of India in strict *incognito*. There is no need to follow his fortunes until he was ensconced in the room in which the lotteries were held the night before the race.

He plunged pretty heavily on the first two, but on the whole he was lucky. Then came the first lottery on the Pony Stakes. The hundred tickets were worth a thousand rupees, and he took ten of them. When his pony was put up to auction he made no bid, but finally claimed half on its being knocked down to some person for the small sum of thirty rupees. In the second lottery he only took one ticket, and bought his pony in for twenty-five rupees. In the third lottery

they ran him up a bit more, and he finally had to pay fifty rupees for it. He felt he had done well. Falstaff was quite an unconsidered quantity, and he stood to win nearly five thousand rupees at an outlay of very little over two hundred and fifty on the Pony Stakes alone. There seemed to be a strong disposition in one part of the room to go for an unknown pony named Danseuse, but he didn't take much account of it.

Next morning Jones appeared with a very long face indeed.

'Longford,' he said; 'I'm afraid it's a failure.'

'What do you mean?' said Jimmy, turning as white as a sheet.

'We have not reckoned properly with that pony of Marchant's, Danseuse. It's a dead certainty for it.'

'How do you know? Be quick! For heaven's sake tell me!'

'Marchant's pony was tried a week ago, giving Lammermuir eight pounds and a beating. It's being kept pretty dark, and I only knew of it this morning. I believe Falstaff would have beaten all the others; but he can't be *in* it with Danseuse. You might as well take him home.'

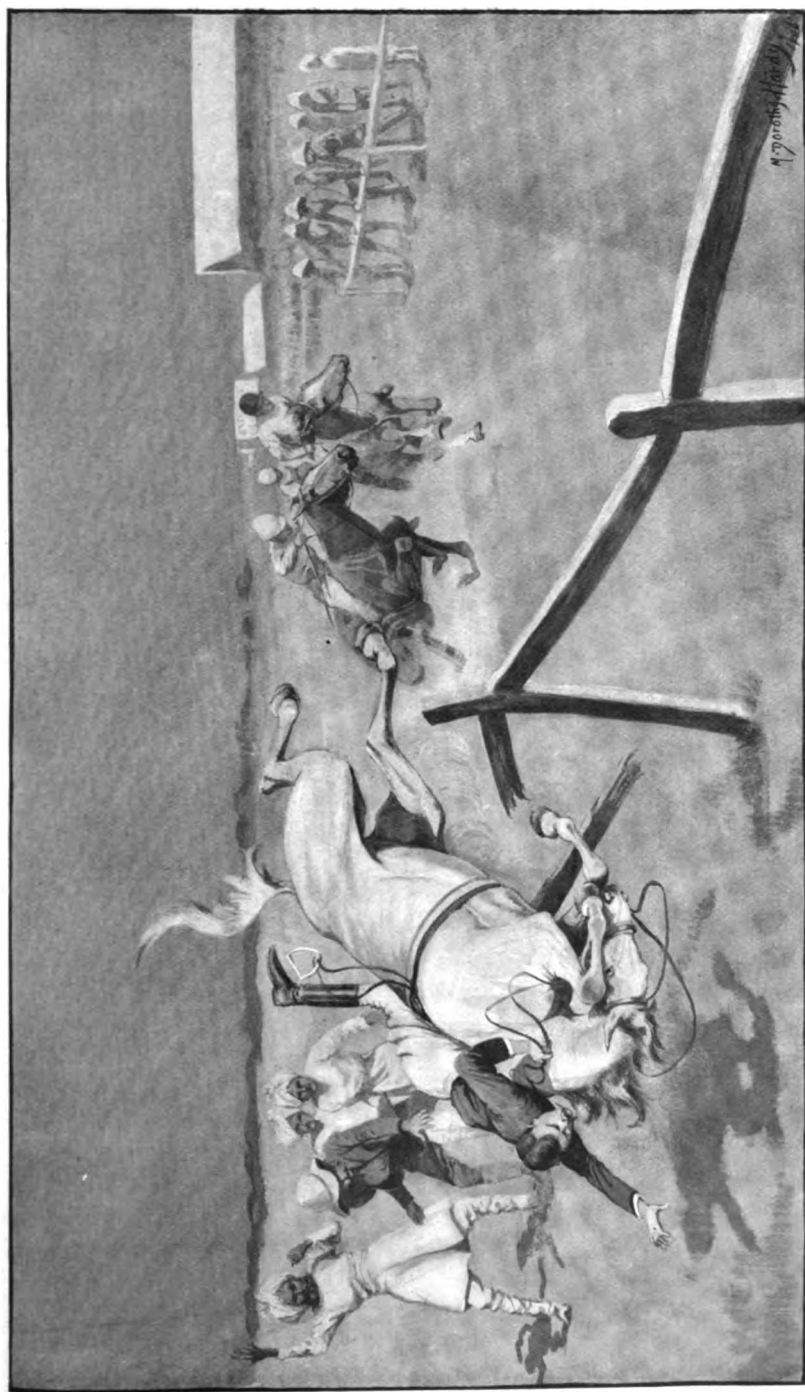
Longford turned on his heel and went away. Sick at heart and trembling, he sat in the quiet of his own room and tried to think out the situation. It was no good; everything was absolutely black before him. Falstaff, good as he was, had no more chance of making a race of it with Lammermuir than flying. Where then would he be with that — brute Danseuse? He would do *anything* to get that pony out of the race and leave the way clear for Falstaff. *Anything!* But then he would be found out, even if he should succeed.

On the other hand, he was hopelessly ruined if he didn't bring off his coup. No! There was nothing for it but to stick to his guns. What did it matter a few thousand rupees more when the crash came, as come it must? Accident *might* give him the race; doing nothing meant absolute ruin. Let accident or knavery but befriend him, and he would be able to tide over the evil times for a while at all events.

Jones saw no more of his friend till one o'clock.

'I'm going to see it out,' said Longford.

When the latter asked Jones to keep his eye on two of the bookmakers, and plank on all the money he could at the last moment, Jones said he was sorry, but he couldn't do it. In his opinion the pony was as good as dead for all the chance he had, and he was not going to chuck away his money for a man



DANSEUSE RUSHED AT THE RAILS, AND WAS TUMBLED RIGHT OVER



who would have no means of repaying him, even if he had the inclination.

'I thought you would not care about it ; but here's a thousand rupee note. Get every stiver on that you can.' And Longford handed over a crisp Government currency note, keeping a couple of hundreds for himself. Then he added, 'I'm going to put up Abdul ; he's ridden the pony in most of his gallops. I'm going to watch the other bookies, and get as much from them on the nod as I can, but I'm not going to open my mouth till they are at the post.'

Jones looked with admiration at his friend. Playing the game so deeply as this, and with such nerve, appealed very strongly to him. But he thought it all useless, and meant, for his own part, to put a little on Danseuse, though he felt that at the price she would start it would be like buying one's money.

'The Pony Stakes' was set down as the third race on the card. The first two were over, and quotations opened making Danseuse a very hot favourite at 2 to 1 on. Then followed Bluerock 3 to 1 against, and Farthingale and Tiptop at fours each. Other ponies were at prices down to 10 to 1. Falstaff and another pony, as the rank outsiders, commanded 15 to 1 ; and there Falstaff remained. Nobody, not even a native, had a dribble on him.

The figures on the merry totalisator rattled up as each successive speculator took his ten rupee tickets on his fancy. Very soon Danseuse had two hundred and fifty to her name, the others varying from five up to eighty, but not once had anybody cared to invest a modest ten dibs on Longford's pony. Still the fun went on.

The ponies came out of the enclosure, the favourite ridden by Captain Jack Harkaway, who, any one might see, was *not wearing spurs*. Danseuse was a fidgety animal, excessively sensitive, and the prick of a spur drove her mad. Falstaff, ridden by a native riding boy, dressed in ill-fitting racing garb, and wearing a pair of woefully patched and dilapidated tops, was led out by his owner, who was in the closest confabulation with his jockey.

'Now mind,' said Longford, 'if it's only for a moment, you are to get alongside Danseuse,' and he put something into his hand.

'Bohut achha, sahib,' said the boy, and Longford returned to the enclosure, taking his place by the totalisator, from which he could see the start.

'By Jove!' he exclaimed; then to himself—'Falstaff's drawn next place to Danseuse—what luck!'

Abdul bent down for one second as if to adjust his stirrup.

'One ticket Falstaff, please.' And Longford secured the only one taken that day on the pony. Then the bell rang, and the totalisator's business was closed. Jones at that moment rushed up.

'I've got your thousand on at twenty to one,' he gasped. 'Shot the booky like lightning when he began to chaff about no one backing the brute. Asked him what he'd do it up to. He said, "Anything you like—a thousand?" Done! said I.'

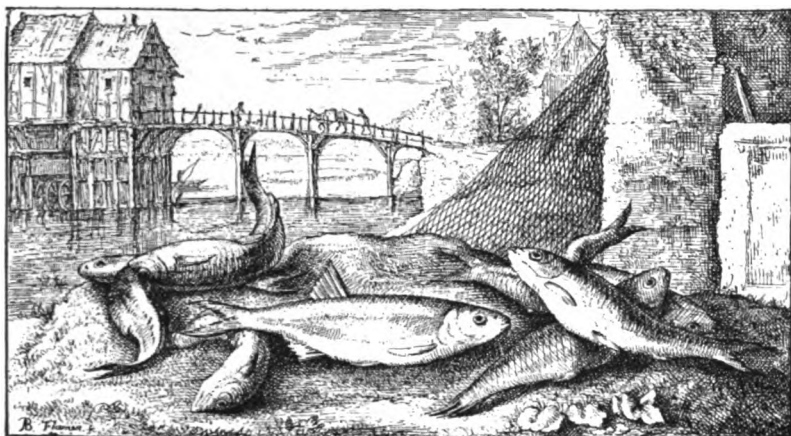
Meanwhile, Danseuse was tearing down the course like a mad thing. Harkaway seemed to be struggling to keep her collected, but all to no purpose. The other ponies followed in a cluster behind, Falstaff lying third. 'What on earth's the matter?' was the general exclamation. 'By Gad! She'll never get round the turn!'

And a horrible thing happened. Danseuse rushed right at the rails on the outside of the course at the first turn; never rose an inch, and was tumbled right over, falling with a sickening thud on her jockey; and both lay still.

On came the others, Farthingale taking up the running, whilst Bluerock crept steadily up behind. Entering the straight the two were neck and neck, and then Bluerock came to the front. What the deuce is that? Three hundred yards from home, and Falstaff passed Farthingale. Two hundred, and he was up to the leader's girths. A hundred, and he'd caught her. Falstaff dashed in a winner by a head.

Longford ran out of the paddock to lead his pony back. Down the course he rushed, hatless and wild-looking. Then he caught the pony's head with his right hand, and made a grasp with his left at the toe of Abdul's boot. It was there, all right. A sharp-pointed steel pin came away, and was hidden at once in his trousers pocket. Had anybody seen it?

No. The race was awarded to Falstaff, right enough; Longford had staved off the disaster he dreaded. But he had been better had he lost his all, and earned an honest livelihood as a crossing-sweeper. Ask anybody who knows him what he is like now.



## TROUTING FROM A CORACLE

BY A. G. BRADLEY

TROUTING from a coracle as practised on one or two Welsh rivers is an art entirely to itself. Not one angler in a thousand has even so much as heard of it ; not one in ten thousand has ever witnessed the performance ; while the number who practise it could probably be expressed by two figures. For myself, I have fished for trout in many countries and in every conceivable fashion, but nothing to my mind is so entirely exhilarating as a good day in a coracle. Lake fishing from a boat has points of monotony about it too obvious to need mention. The conventional surroundings of a chalk stream, and its lack of movement and of music may matter nothing to the ardent votary of the dry fly, nor may the comparatively pottering nature of the business, but still they are facts undeniable. The charms of fishing 'fine and far off' up a clear wooded stream are undoubted, but the fatigue of wading for several hours upon a rocky bottom against a strenuous current is an item of serious consideration when youth is passed. As to the cross-and-downstream method of fishing broad rapid rivers in waders, the only possible one indeed, though not arduous, it possesses a considerable element of monotony which becomes irksome when sport is poor. Now coracle fishing has none of these particular drawbacks. You travel in the course of a day's

sport over many miles of as enchanting river scenery as Great Britain can show. You cast your flies on every conceivable class of water, from the eddy that boils around the rock in midstream to the silent run beneath the alder-shaded bank. Even when sport is poor the rapid change of scene and water affords compensation of a kind unknown in bank fishing, or to the wader.

The Usk, the Wye, and the Dee are, I think, the only rivers where this queer survival of the Ancient British boat is still to be seen. I will not waste time in speculating how much it is used in the first two rivers by fishermen, for I have no experience of them. It is to the Dee alone that my thoughts are turning, and to that glorious stretch of country between Corwen and Llangollen, through which the most romantic of Welsh rivers urges its crystal streams.

The coracle—or *cwruwl* of the Welsh—does not, however, ply everywhere, even here. Club laws regulate its course in some parts, and natural circumstances in others. It will be enough to say that probably the most typical stretch of coracle fishing in Wales is the one above mentioned. It begins at Llansantffraid Bridge, near Carrog Station, and ends at Berwyn, a mile or so above Llangollen, and nowhere in the kingdom are there nine consecutive miles of river more exquisitely fair. It is not to explore its beauties, however, that the coracle rather than the wader haunts its broad pools and foaming rapids, but the fact is that wading, though often practised, is difficult and even dangerous over the best of this water, which seems specially adapted to working the coracle in the interests of the angler. Two or three professionals only have a licence to carry fishermen over this course, while about as many amateurs have coracles of their own. But it is a rare thing for more than two to go down in a day, even in April, the height of the season.

The whole business of coracle fishing is so delightfully unique that the imagination, if you have got one, can hardly fail to be touched, and the more substantial pleasures of the enterprise thereby duly enhanced. It is a curious enough contrast to punting on the Thames, this skimming over the surface of a romantic stream in the boat of the Ancient Britons, and quite possibly confined to its narrow quarters for the whole day with an individual who can speak no other than the Ancient British tongue. It is true the wickerwork frame is nowadays covered with tarpaulin and no longer with the skins of wild animals,



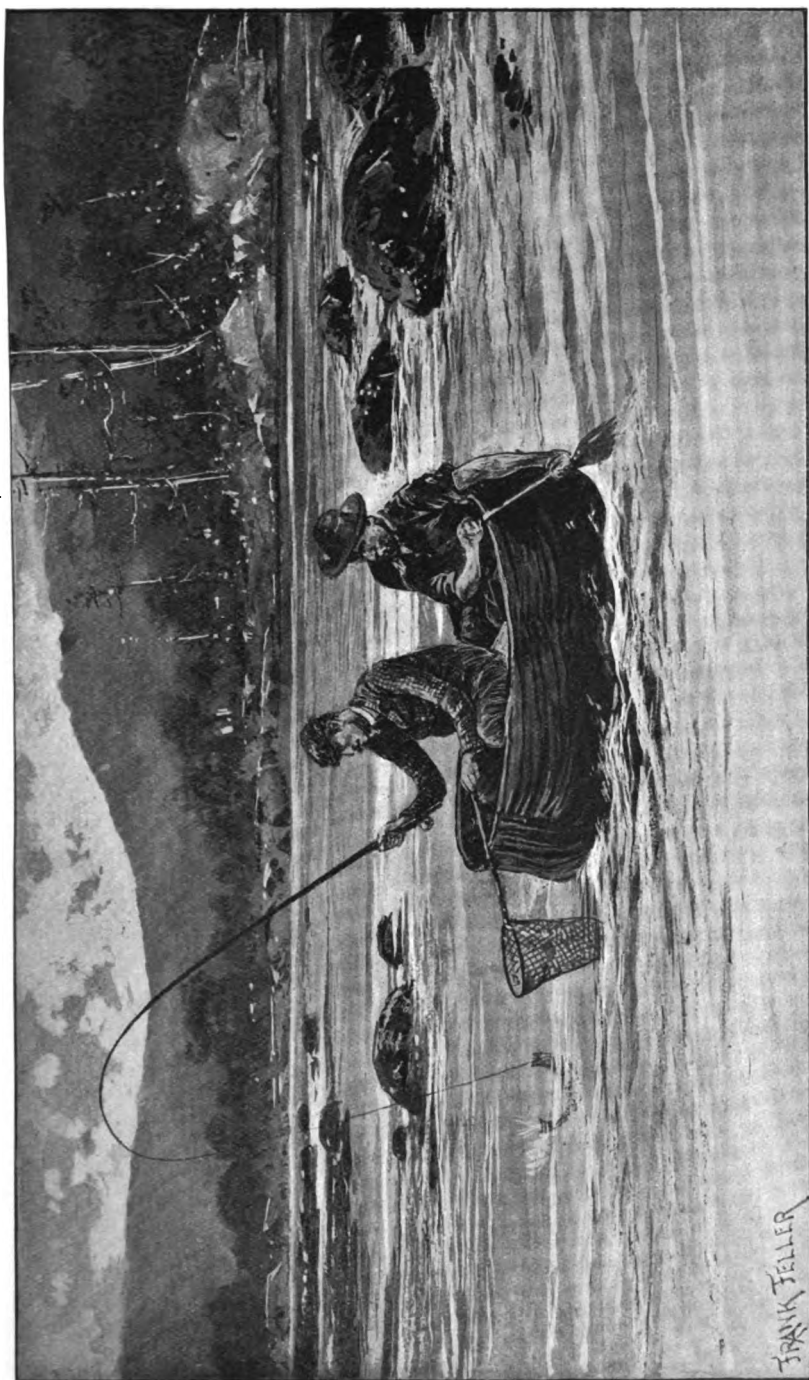
but the original uncanny shape is still maintained, and there is something prodigiously incongruous in the spectacle of its ejection from the guard's van at the railway station—like a mere bicycle or a Gladstone bag! And when David Evans or John Jones hoists this relic of the Arthurian period unceremoniously on to his head and strides off towards the adjacent river bank, you are conscious of a certain feeling of distinction as you follow him—a foolish kind of satisfaction in the exclusive and time-honoured nature of your sport. There are thousands of fly fishermen, 'wet' and 'dry,' upon this same April morning, putting up their rods with hope and expectancy by hundreds of streams, but the number of coracles that are being launched for this purpose in the United Kingdom could no doubt be counted upon the fingers of two hands. The tourists, too, in the train, of whom, if it be near Easter, there are sure to be a plentiful supply, are all agape as they see this black monster, furnished apparently with a pair of legs that just show beneath it, waddling down the lane. The intelligent tradesman who is journeying with his quiverful between Barmouth and Birmingham will seize the opportunity to improve the occasion and test the diligence with which his offspring have perused the pages and the pictures of their 'Mrs. Markham,' or whatever is nowadays the equivalent of that incomparable volume.

Now from here we have about nine miles of river to descend and five or six hours in which to accomplish the journey. The train at Berwyn must be caught if 'Piscator' (as the guide-books, with surprising lack of humour, still call him) would be back for dinner, to say nothing of the homeward journey of David and his coracle, for it will perhaps have been gathered that in a rapid river there is no returning against the current for this type of craft. Its mission here is to glide smoothly down gentle waters and to run rapids safely amid rocks and dangers under the skilful management of such as understand the mysteries of its guidance. It is by no means all anglers of the Dee, however, that have a fancy for fishing its waters in this fashion; very much the contrary, indeed. Some cannot swim, or feel doubtful whether they could do so with their clothes on; others who have no distrust of themselves on this score do not fancy a ducking so early in the year—a wholly flippant objection to be sure, for I have never yet been tipped out of a coracle, but have again and again sat down inadvertently up to the neck when wading on the

Dee's rugged and slippery floor ; and I protest that this is almost as bad, and a very much more likely contingency. Some sportsmen, again, are of such a build that five or six hours on a foot of plank in a bath tub, the sport of waves and currents, is too great a physical strain. There are yet others who, having had no acquaintance with light or cranky boats, have a natural shrinking from trusting themselves to so frail-looking a contrivance as this—above all, in such troublous waters. But if you want to kill a really fine basket here, it is in honest truth almost your only, or at any rate far your best, chance. The Dee is in itself a noble river ; it is also an ideal trout stream. It is one of the very few Welsh rivers, too, that are not much poached. The pike which have come down from Bala, and vastly increased of late years in certain stretches, are its greatest curse, but still there is always a good stock of very first-class trout of the mountain variety, who are as well able to protect themselves, from the angler at any rate, as any fish in Europe. They are something of a puzzle, and very often a cause of despair, even to their oldest acquaintances. In a normal year the first half of April is their season. The alien fly fisher, wooed thither by May zephyrs and gentle showers, rages impotently for the most part with a sadly light basket, while in June he might almost as well fish on the Holyhead turnpike which runs hard by. The August visitor reads in the guide-book the usual generalisations on the 'famous trouting waters of the Dee,' and works himself into a white heat as he flicks out samlets for a week or two, and goes home to swear, and not unnaturally, that there is not a trout in the river.

But this is wandering from the point. It is now April, and unless the wind is actually in the north or the river in flood, in which last case we should certainly not be here, some sport is practically assured. Here below the old bridge at Llansantffraid we are standing upon sacred ground. For yonder, by a fir-crowned tumulus, stood the mansion of Owen Glendower. All this valley was his property, and in these meadows, where the larks are now rising in full song and the plovers wheeling with peevish notes, he hawked and hunted. He, too, had his coracles, no doubt, and speared the salmon which ran up the river more freely, by all accounts, then than they do now. Ah ! what a paradise for fishermen must the Dee have been in 1400 A.D.

I shall let the artist depict our coracle : enough to say that



THE LITTLE NINE-FOOT GREENHEART BENDS LIKE A WHIP



it is about four feet long by some two and a half broad ; oblong in shape and bulging towards the water-line at both end and sides. David grasps it firmly as we step gingerly in and sit down on the right half of the cross plank, while he himself, following with much adroitness, drops into the vacant space. A shove with the paddle into the flood and we swing out, spinning round inconsequently two or three times on the heaving surface of a salmon pool, while arranging ourselves and our cargo for the serious work of the voyage. It will not, perhaps, interest my readers to hear that a March brown, a February red and a blue dun have been put up as a matter of course. Every fisherman on the river is probably prepared to offer this same time-honoured selection to the fish on this particular day. The coracle rod should be about nine feet long and as light as possible, for the strain on the wrist is quite double that of ordinary upstream fishing, and three or four times as trying as any cross- or downstream work.

David, our skipper, fixes his short one-bladed paddle firmly in his left armpit, grasping it near the blade, which he keeps mostly under water, forcing the coracle this way or that, checking its course in a strong current and manipulating it generally to the best advantage for his passenger, the fisherman. The figure of 8 is the normal oracle stroke, only breaking into briefer hieroglyphics when the rage of the current or sudden emergencies call for more spasmodic efforts. The Dee, in reasonably high water, may be fifty or sixty yards wide ; but its nature is that of a glorified hill-born brook, and its restless surface is as changeable as the extent of its channel. For a time the banks are open, the valley is wider, and we glide down over streams, pools, and shallows that the indefatigable brotherhood in waders and brogues can mostly reach, and indeed does patronise with most assiduous attention. But in no long period, picking up in the meantime an odd fish or two by the way, the valley grows narrower, the high hills draw near together, and our little ship goes leaping and rocking down some foaming rapids into the winding and wooded gorges of Glyndyfrdwy.

The normal course of a coracle is to float down sideways, so that the angler faces his work, which will more often than not, I need hardly say, be under one bank or the other. But what need to specify the wide choice of water that boils and bubbles and eddies and swirls on such a strenuous river as this ? Sometimes one bank, sometimes the other, or again the edge of the

rolling water in a central pool will suggest itself as the most worthy of attention. You cannot fish them all, you must choose the best course and stick to it. There is no returning in a coracle; you are ever moving forward. It is not always possible even to throw a second time over a rising fish, but it is exhilarating, eager, if rather breathless work. You feel all the time that you are slipping much too fast over good water and vainly trying to make the most of it. The notion, however, is deceptive, and the experienced coraclist soon outgrows it, the simple fact being that he fishes nine miles in the same time that he would fish one or two in waders. You drop your flies on a fresh spot on the river's surface some twice or thrice as often as you would do in the same period of wading or bank-fishing, and at the same time catch just about three times as many fish, though this result is partly due to covering much water where the trout, unharried by the wader, are not so shy. Now, I think it is agreed by all anglers that in a river far more trout take the fly within two or three seconds of its touching the water than at any later period. So in coracle fishing, as you are always moving, it is desirable to cast as frequently as you can at fresh places, leaving your flies for a much less time on the water than you would do even in upstream fishing on a brook, where it pays to make the most of every good place. Indeed, this is like no other fishing. Quickness and handiness with the rod, a sharp eye for the most likely spots, and a faculty for getting your fly there at once, whether it lies under projecting branches before you or over either shoulder in midstream, are what tell in a coracle. Despatch, too, in bringing your fish to the net without undue roughness, and in getting your cast with its three flies clear again of the fish and net, and out once more upon the water. Kinks and tangles are especially troublesome in the cramped quarters of a coracle, and being compelled to run down over a tempting stickle while you are vainly struggling to unravel one would make an excellent subject for a nightmare.

It is the very antithesis of dry fly fishing. Indeed, the dry fly man who was nothing else would, perhaps, make a poor show at the business. He would probably find that his pet phrase of 'chucking and chancing' only applied to himself, and that men who had been accustomed all their lives to read the surface of mountain streams were not quite so vague in the planting of their flies as this ever-ridiculous catch phrase appears to assume. Is it out of order to ask why, kneeling on a grassy bank

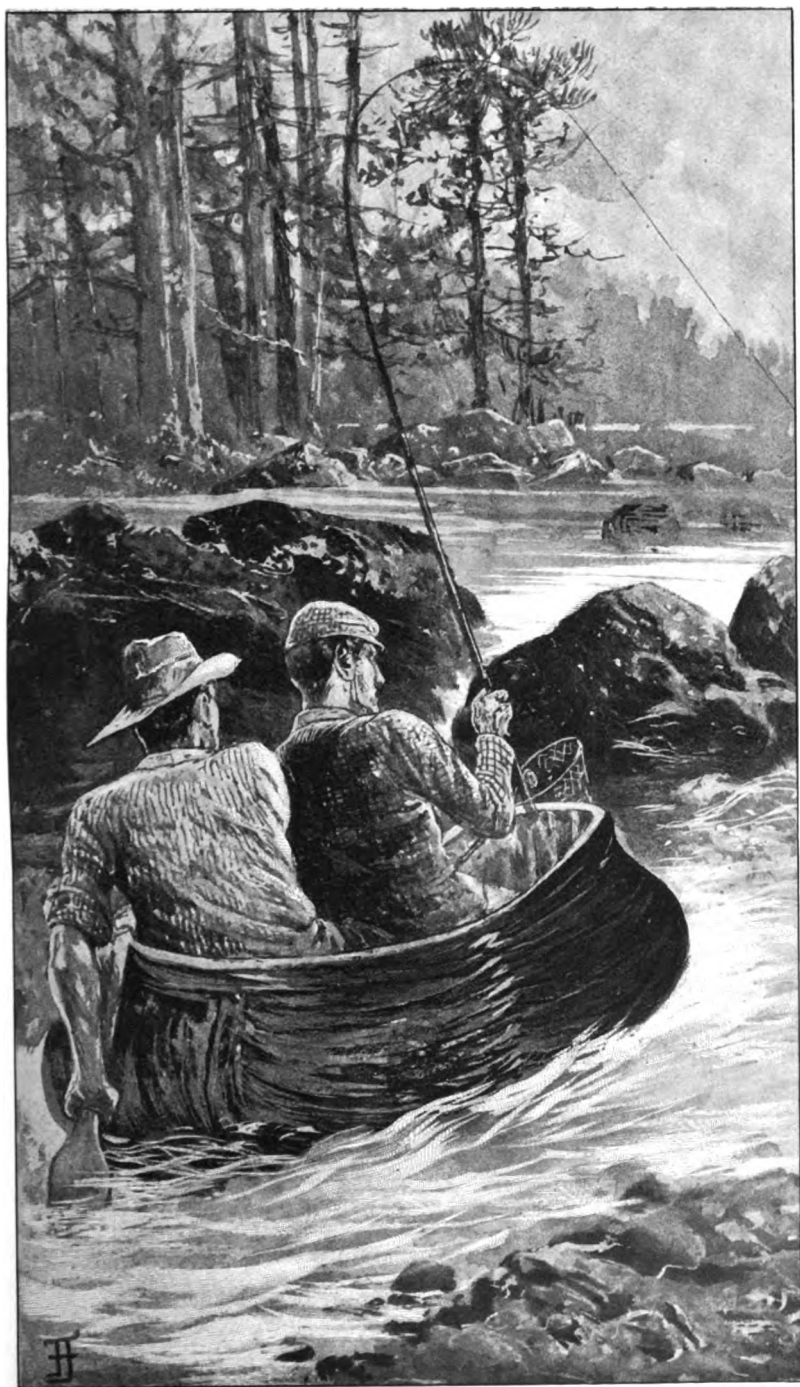
unhampered by any obstacle and throwing at a given spot, is a higher art than using your judgment and experience as to where fish are feeding on different days, and casting among trees and bushes? At any rate these game half-pounders of the Dee that leap and rush and take so much coaxing through the strong streams to David's landing-net are very different customers at the end of a line than a Kennett pounder boring for his pet weed-bed—and I have caught plenty of both.

It is all very beautiful, this broad sheet of glancing water over which we slip and glide, the pace checked when necessary or possible by David's nimble paddle. Walls of larch and oak and sycamore form stately screens on either side, and shut us wholly out from the world. Above the tree tops the crowns of lofty hills and the peaks of higher mountains meet the sky and hang majestically above our heads. Every bend in the river reveals some new vista more perfect than the last; and it is curious to remember that it is only about an hour by train from this fairyland to Chester or Shrewsbury, and not much more to Liverpool. We have left the railroad, however, to tunnel and cut its way through mountain shoulders, and are heading away on the great horseshoe sweep of four or five miles that the Dee here makes, beating its way around the bosky feet of the Gamelin Mountains, and roaring hoarsely back again through the green vale of Llantysilio. But after all a hasty glance now and again at these passing beauties is really about all the exigencies of coracle fishing admit of. One knows them well, however; many a day in waders, when time was of no value and the fish in no great humour, has served to imprint every detail upon the mind; and as one slips along in the coracle, searching with rapid casts the surface of each stream, pool and eddy, one feels perhaps rather than sees that the familiar woods and hills and mountains are all above and around one. The March brown is on, but in the morning a few wandering specimens and a few early duns perhaps are all the flies that make their appearance. But one picks up fish somehow in a coracle, even on an indifferent day, quite frequently enough to keep one's eyes and rod and energies busily at work. Now a half-pounder comes up to the net, now a somewhat smaller but almost equally sturdy fish, or a sprat by way of a change—that goes in again to gather wisdom and stature. Occasionally a three-quarter-pounder makes the little nine-foot greenheart bend like a whip as it rushes in the strong water for rocks and snags. While David puts out all his force to hold the bouncing

tub against the current till the heady fight is over, and the captive lies safe on the tarpaulin floor, the best of some fifteen or twenty others that are basketed when we land for lunch.

A pleasant variety it is, too, to glide slowly down one of those long still reaches in which the Dee, like other rapid rivers, occasionally takes its ease and ceases for a time from troubling. No wader ever throws a fly here. The banks are high and the wandering boughs of alders, ash and willow stretch far out over the deep water, which in April a breeze will most surely be ruffling, and to our advantage. Our coracle here travels of itself just at the right pace and is kept by David at precisely the right distance for searching, with such measure of skill and caution as we may be possessed of, those overhung and cavernous spots beneath the bank, whither such flies as are about will to-day be wafted by the gentle breeze. It is even less pleasant to fasten in a tree when you are coracling than when you are bank fishing, but there is surely no greater satisfaction in the whole range of the fisherman's art than to shoot your fly safely through or under a tangle of boughs, 'nick' a rising fish and have him out in the open water before he has had time to make the best of his bushy habitat. The trout, too, in these occasional deeps are very apt to be good ones. You should get one at least on a good day of a pound or over, and this prize fish is not unlikely to come out from under one of these bushy banks—but who knows? I once hooked a fish of a pound and a quarter in the quick running water at the very brink of yonder rapid, that if we had once got into would have meant a long good-bye to both trout and March brown. David's exertions to keep us out of the breakers (for the river was high) were prodigious, and could only have been sustained by the excitement that nerved his arm. It was not only the coracle, but the fish also had to be held above the falls, and the double effort constituted the most exciting ten minutes I have ever engaged in with a trout upon a river. It is surprising what a strain even drawn gut will stand when necessity compels! Running the rapids, too, when the river is high is not unexciting work; and the skilful manner in which the Welshman twists his coracle around the threatening rocks challenges, not only one's admiration, but still more one's gratitude. The little tub is so light that it takes the motion of every wave, and chops up and down in such rapid fashion that if it were not so soon over it would test even the equanimity of the skipper of a Channel steamer.





**RUNNING THE RAPIDS**



The great moment of such days, however, is when the March brown comes really up. Though scores of late spring and summer fishermen shake the gravel of the Dee's bed out of their brogues and swear by all their gods that there is not a trout in the river, they would be properly astonished if they were early enough upon the scene to witness a big rise of this succulent fly.

For the trout here come into condition after its advent as they do after the Mayfly in southern streams. There may doubtless be other rivers that show a similar sight, but I have never myself seen anything like such an exhibition of golden bellies and brown backs as one often sees in early spring upon the Dee. It would seem as if all the fish rushed up from the tails of the pools and the stiller reaches to the quicker waters, amid whose movement the gleam and flash of the rising fish looks the more singular and unique. It does not, however, always follow that the angler reaps much benefit from these March brown orgies. They are soon over for one thing, and for another the imitation is sometimes at a hopeless discount while they last. There is nothing more maddening than to have a dozen heavy fish rolling about within short casting distance of your coracle, and practically ignoring both your presence and your fly; and such misery is quite possible on the Dee. Still this is far from being always the case, and such an outbreak generally means that the river is at least alive and the fish awake. As the natural rise dies away, too, your imitation will be more appreciated, and you may often then pick up three or four lusty but belated trout in quick succession. It is a nuisance, too, in April, when you think you have fastened in a pound trout, to gradually realise from familiar sensations that it is a heavy grayling burrowing in the pool, and though not in condition, fighting with scarcely less vigour than a healthy trout. This will happen probably more than once in the course of the trip, and it is also quite possible that a sea-trout kelt, who has been left behind by his companions, will fling his shining but ill-favoured proportions into the air as you strike to his hungry tug in the centre of some deep tumbling pool.

The world seems far enough away as you slip down over the shining water between the screening woods, bare though they yet are, and beneath the hills that climb the sky above them. An occasional farmhouse glints through the trees, while a sheep-dog's bark or a ploughman's shout reminds one from time to time that rustic life is moving behind the woods that on

both sides so closely hug the margin of the stream. David, at idle moments when the fish are doing little and the stream is easy, indulges in much running conversation of a quaint description. His English is shaky, but voluble from consorting so much with anglers, while the river is his book, his very life. Every pool, almost every eddy, is rich in memories, and the incidents that mark them in his mind have grown no less by keeping. Here is the spot where he hooked a mammoth salmon at dusk and played it all night. There the pebbly beach where a fish, prematurely struck, went off with his gaff and was never heard of again. These rapids, too, which we have just safely descended are of bitter memory, for David once tipped over a Member of Parliament in the very middle, and as the honourable gentleman was a Radical, while David, like most of his class, is a staunch Conservative, ill-natured things were said ; though he got to shore with some difficulty, and thereby saved the necessity for a by-election. David says the M.P. had lunched too well for coracle fishing ; but that is as may be, and it happened long ago. The old grey-bearded, rosy-faced river-keeper, too, will be about on the bank somewhere, or should be, when we shall have to put to shore and show our credentials, and stretch our legs a bit, while David enjoys a brief orgie of conversation in his native tongue after such a long period of struggling with the ever uncongenial Saxon. And we are quite sure now and again to pass a wader up to his middle in the water, and wrestling with the rugged bottom. He will curse us for a this-that-and-the-other coracle as we go, perhaps unavoidably, over his water. But it is the rule of the river, just as players in a competition may pass casual players on a golfing-green, though your coracle, I need not say, does its best to be as polite as the breadth of the water admits. It is hard to get David to concede even this much, as he hates all waders, and debits them with the falling off of trout fishing in general, and particularly in the Dee. Nor must I omit to mention that there are a handful of skilled individuals who can run their coracle and catch their trout at the same time with much success. David, I need not say, is one of them. I only know, however, of a single amateur now living who can accomplish this feat, and that is a local sportsman who was a very famous Oxford 'cox' in the 'fifties,' and is, indeed, the owner of much of the water we are running over now. Working a coracle in still water, as I have said, is a matter of little difficulty. It is the manipulation of it in rapid waters, so that the pace is not too great for

fishing, when fishing is possible, and the safe negotiation of rocks and breakers when it is not, which requires such a long apprenticeship.

The last half-mile stretch of river is quiet and still, being dammed up into this unnatural condition by the picturesque horseshoe weir below Sir Theodore Martin's house at Llantysilio. With reasonable luck there should be forty or fifty trout to pack into the salmon-basket as we drift up to the landing-place at the corner of the weir, and the basket should turn the scale at twelve or fourteen pounds. At the same time, I do think coracle fishing requires a little apprenticeship, though natural quickness and a good eye for the lay of trout is three-quarters of the battle. The unique feature of the business is that you only have time to make one cast on a given area where from the bank you would make half a dozen, and to put the one cast, as I have before said, to the best advantage is one secret of success. The fascination lies in the vast amount of water you cover, though so lightly, in a day, and the constant variety of scene you pass, though in so comparatively short a time. Your wrist will be tired be it ever so wiry, your eyes perhaps may ache with the long tension, your cheeks will burn from an excitement which rarely flags, and the blood will course quicker through the veins than after any other form of trouting that I know of.

As you stand on the little platform at Berwyn Station, right above the boiling river, and see your trusty boat and its pilot disappear once more into the luggage van, and take your seat in an adjoining carriage, the retrospect of the past few hours will be a peculiarly pleasing one, unless extreme bad luck has been your lot.

The novelty of the whole thing, too, if you are not used to it, both in the mental impressions and the physical sensations, is, in truth, very curious. And when you get home and loiter for a moment in the twilight on the old bridge you started from in the morning, it seems strange you have travelled wholly by the current's force in a canvas tub, since you last stood there, far enough to make quite a respectable railway journey necessary to bring you home again.



## GENTLEMEN *V.* PLAYERS

BY HOME GORDON

THE importance of the annual contest of Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lords shows no sign of abatement, either in public popularity or in the fact of its being recognised as the blue-ribbon of the cricket field. Even when the visit of an Australian team naturally attracts paramount attention to the international contests of the test matches, the presence of two fine elevens for our representative game at Lords invariably excites keen interest all over the country. Each amateur prizes the honour of being invited to play, and the action of the M.C.C. Committee in giving twenty pounds to each professional taking part in the contest has been received with general approval.

At the Oval, the representative character of Gentlemen *v.* Players has often been lost. In olden days the elevens chosen were very similar to those selected by the M.C.C. Committee and only slightly inferior; for instance, alike in 1877, 1878 and 1879 there were only two variations between the teams. But with the increasing pressure of county fixtures it has been found difficult to obtain the release of all the most important professionals. Not only is this also the case with the amateurs, but there has been a strong disinclination among many of the best available to play in the match. This is extremely regrettable and is certainly not the fault of the energetic Surrey executive. It has frequently been proposed at the annual general meeting to reduce the charge of a shilling for admittance to this match, but the committee have not

thought this advisable. The attendance is considerably less than the average for an important county fixture on the Oval, whilst the charge is double the sum exacted by the authorities in St. John's Wood.

Looking back over the matches of the past twenty-five years they may be considered emphatically worthy of their reputation, for in many cases they have produced spirited and brilliant contests and hardly one has been destitute of some splendid feat with bat and ball.

The magnificent match at Lords in 1877 will be memorable in cricket history. When Mr. W. S. Patterson, the last man, joined Mr. G. F. Grace, 46 runs were needed to win, and by dint of admirable batting these were obtained against the bowling of Mycroft, Morley, Watson and Ulyett. In this game it was noteworthy that Mr. J. M. Cotterill in his 92 hit a seven, a six and three fives. So strong were the Gentlemen in batting that Mr. I. D. Walker went in last in the first innings, and a similar case may be instanced at the Oval in 1881, when Mr. G. B. Studd was eleventh in the order of going in. Both batsmen, it may be added, failed to score.

The solitary tie match recorded in the series was at the Oval in 1883. Curiously enough this was the first occasion, since 1867, that Dr. W. G. Grace had been absent, and the amateurs included a couple of bowlers whose delivery was open to question : Mr. W. F. Forbes and Mr. J. Frank. They were set 150 by a powerful team of professionals and started with a slice of luck, for Mr. A. P. Lucas was caught out ; but the umpire could not see the catch, so he resumed and carried his bat clean through the innings for 47. Flowers was bowling in fine form on a rather difficult wicket, and fourteen runs were needed when Mr. Hugh Rotherham appeared as the last hope. Six had been obtained when Bates missed him badly at long-on. With the score at a tie, amid intense excitement, Peate went on and with his second ball clean bowled the Warwickshire trundler.

The game on the Surrey ground in 1881 was hardly less interesting. The Gentlemen were absolutely representative, but owing to what was known as the 'Notts row,' only Gunn was chosen from that county for the Players. With 144 to win, the amateurs lost five wickets for 24 runs. Two men who often suffered from nerves here came off. Mr. C. F. H. Leslie frequently failed to do himself justice, and it is notorious that Mr. C. T. Studd's overpowering nervousness was really the

ultimate reason why Australia beat England by 9 runs in 1884. But Mr. Leslie made 59 in great form. The tenth man, Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote, efficiently helped Mr. C. T. Studd and by cool, judicious cricket, victory was obtained by two wickets.

Still dealing with close finishes, the encounter at Lords in 1888 will never be forgotten by any one who saw it. The Players were at full strength, but the Gentlemen were, to some extent, a new team, as only four had ever played before in the match. Rain rendered it a bowler's game, and it was perhaps the first time that the Players' captain ever ventured to put in so powerful a batting array as was mustered on the other side. Though he lost the match, Ulyett's judgment need not be questioned, considering that even on the next day it took so free a bat as Mr. J. Shuter two hours to make seventeen. The Players needed 78 to win. So steady was the batting that when 72 was recorded only six wickets had fallen. Then Mr. C. A. Smith bowled Attewell, Peel was bowled by Mr. S. M. J. Woods, Lohmann obstructed his wicket in trying to score on the on-side, and Flowers was dismissed with a yorker by the Anglo-Australian, not another run having been added.

The keen and exciting struggle at the Oval in 1894 produced another near result. At this period the epidemic of amateur refusals was at its height and only three of the Gentlemen's team played at Lords in the greater game on the following Monday. The disparity, however, was on paper, for the Gentlemen led by 84 runs and Shrewsbury was unable to bat. Dr. W. G. Grace, with 57 and 68, made a great effort to pull off the game, but Lockwood was bowling furiously, and the Players just scrambled home with the bare majority of five runs.

It was Dr. W. G. Grace who, to all intent and purpose, won the game of 1896 at the Oval. The Gentlemen required 137 runs to win, and when the ninth wicket, that of Mr. F. G. Bull, was overthrown after the scorers had proclaimed a tie, it seemed as though the patient defence of the champion, who had been batting all through for 53, might go unrewarded. Richardson was bowling his fastest and Mr. R. P. Lewis, the wicket-keeper, had to face two balls before the over was completed. It is probable that never in first-class cricket has there been a much worse bat than the Old Wykehamist. But he rose to the occasion and snicked a single off the first ball. The Players' eleven on this occasion were all from the south.

The match which commemorated Dr. W. G. Grace's fiftieth



birthday, 1898, proved quite the event of that season, and 40,000 people witnessed a remarkable contest. Three innings had been concluded, leaving the Players with a lead of 296 runs, towards which Gunn and Storer had mainly contributed. The Gentlemen had no time to win and only three hours in which to keep up their wickets. Aided by some luck, Lockwood and J. T. Hearne carried everything before them, and 9 wickets went down for 80. Dr. W. G. Grace, who was suffering from a bruised hand, was joined by Mr. C. J. Kortright, and this last pair made an effort to save the game which was beyond praise. For seventy minutes they defied the efforts of seven bowlers to separate them, and it wanted only eight minutes to time when Mr. Kortright was caught from a rash stroke, having played what will probably be *the* innings of his life.

What may be termed the extraneous matches between Gentlemen and Players have also furnished thrilling contests. For the benefit of James Lillywhite, two moderate sides were collected at Brighton, August 1881. The earlier stages were marked by some hard hitting by Mr. A. N. Hornby and excellent batting by Bates, Barlow, and Selby. Requiring 113 to win, Messrs. A. G. Steel and T. S. Pearson started with 55 before a wicket fell. Then Alfred Shaw took 5 for only 9 runs, after which notches were obtained with great difficulty until Mr. Appleby wound up the rear, 5 being still required, and the other wicket being defended by Mr. W. A. Bettesworth. The veteran Lancastrian promptly made 3, but hit out at a ball from Shaw, who cleverly caught a powerful return, the Players thus winning by a run.

This result was reversed in the first contest held at the annual Hastings Festival. The two local amateurs, Messrs. E. J. McCormick and Herbert Pigg, who had places on the side, really won the game for the otherwise irreproachably chosen Gentlemen. Mr. Pigg scored 35 at a pinch, and then, on a wearing pitch, took 7 wickets for 55. Lohmann and Attewell seemed too much for the amateurs, who only required 75. But Mr. W. W. Read stayed with Mr. McCormick until within 8 runs of victory, when Mr. H. V. Page whipped in. However, the Sussex representative hit two successive fours to leg and thus won the game amid wild excitement. The Mayor of Hastings publicly presented him with a new bat.

Apart from such even contests many other games have afforded points worthy of comment. The Players' eleven of 1883, at Lord's, has been quoted as the finest fielding side

ever collected. The names may be given : Ulyett, Barlow, Bates, Barnes, Harrison, Hall, Shrewsbury, Lockwood, Flowers, Peate, and Sherwin ; but they went down before their rivals, who won by 7 wickets after an opening score of 441, headed by Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote with 107. Among the Players Harrison is the only one who in recent years has played in his first season, but Rhodes was retained as twelfth man in 1898. The Gentlemen have frequently utilised new bowlers of promise. The most remarkable instance was Mr. Hugh Rotherham, the exceedingly fast bowler, who was first chosen in 1880, the year after he had left Uppingham and when he had never played in a first-class match. The experiment proved completely successful. It is also curious that since 1878 only four different professionals have kept wicket in the great match at Lord's: Pilling, Sherwin, Lilley, and Storer ; but only Mr. G. MacGregor has kept more than three times for the Gentlemen in that long period.

Dr. W. G. Grace looms large when surveying the summary of past years. He has played fifteen three-figure innings and the highest on all the grounds where the contest has been waged except Prince's, though there also he scored a century. Between 1865 and 1899 he has made 5594 runs, with an average of 43, and taken 266 wickets for 18 runs apiece. Hayward alone heads this, as he averages 53 for 691 runs, Shrewsbury coming third with 1749 runs averaging 38. In bowling, Mr. A. H. Evans has a long way the best figures, for his 39 wickets only cost 9 runs each. Barnes was the most successful professional, his 72 wickets averaging 13, this being possibly explained by the fact that he was only used as an effective change bowler, and rarely had to bear the brunt of a long innings.

But statistics are dry, and it is agreeable to turn from them to other reminiscences. It used to be regarded as quite customary for the batsman who scored a century in the University match to be given a place in the Gentlemen's team. The first exception recorded is that of Mr. W. H. Game in 1876. He may, however, have been invited and been unable to accept, as was the case with Mr. W. H. Patterson in 1881, when his bruised hand kept him from the field for some weeks. The first amateur who scored a century against the rival University but never played for the Gentlemen is Mr. H. J. Mordaunt, who made 127 *v.* Oxford in 1889. Several subsequent examples can, however, be shown. It may be broadly stated that most

great amateurs have had invitations in their prime, and many people will recollect with pleasure the sterling 50 scored by Mr. L. H. Gwynne, the Dublin left-handed bat, at the Oval. Four Australians domiciled in England have appeared in the great match—namely, Messrs. W. L. Murdoch, F. R. Spofforth, J. J. Ferris, and Albert Trott, the first three all playing at Scarborough in September 1892. Mr. Ferris, who was so unsuccessful when imported into English cricket, was generally effective when invited to take part in this game. His 33 wickets cost 18 runs each and he averaged 20 with the bat.

Two notable instances of unchanged bowling deserve commemoration. Messrs. A. H. Evans and A. G. Steel disposed of their opponents for 73 and 48 in 1879, and Messrs. F. S. Jackson and S. M. J. Woods dismissed them for 108 and 107 in 1894. This latter performance was on a good wicket, and the Yorkshireman claimed 12 wickets for 77, half the number being clean bowled. The story, I think, has never been told before that, on the first day of the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's in 1884, Lord Harris observed that he knew no recorded instance of a first-class match yielding an aggregate of exactly 1000 runs. The game in which he was participating actually did so, his own share being 85 and 0, caught easily at slip. Ulyett, in the matches that season on behalf of the Players, scored 134, 94, and 64, while Bates at Lord's hit with characteristic freedom for 45 and 72. It is worth pointing out that in 1885, after scoring 159 at the Oval, Mr. W. W. Read declined to play in the match at headquarters, and assisted Surrey in its minor county engagement with Hants. In 1886 and 1887 amateur bowling was at its worst—for example, Messrs. Toppin, Dorman, and Radcliffe conducted the attack in one encounter, so the Players won with consummate ease and made huge scores. Barnes did fine work in 1889, scoring 90 at the Oval and 130 at Lord's. Mr. F. A. Bishop, the whilom Essex rattling deliverer, was introduced into the Oval team, but he only bowled H. Richardson at a cost of over 100 runs.

It is seldom that an old stager returns with credit to the field on which he has won renown, but in 1890 Mr. A. G. Steel reappeared, taking 5 wickets in 7 overs for 13 runs, the batsmen he sent back being Shrewsbury, Barnes, Briggs, Peel, and Sherwin. Few cricketers can claim to have made one of the biggest hits on record in their first big match, but Mr. Ernest Smith hit a ball from Lohmann on to the very chimney pots of the old Oval pavilion when he first played for the

Gentlemen. Nor must his performance with Mr. C. B. Fry at Lord's in 1895 be forgotten. The Gentlemen, who needed 336, had lost 9 wickets by half-past five on the third day for 231. The two Oxonians, taking every risk, put on 72 runs in thirty-five minutes, by terrific hitting. In another quarter of an hour victory might have been snatched, but Storer stumped Mr. Fry when 33 short of the coveted total.

When the cricket public are grieving for poor Mr. F. W. Milligan, killed in action at Ramathlabama on March 31, 1900, it is melancholy to recollect how his spirited hitting relieved the Oval match of 1897, which otherwise had little to attract save the fine 87 scored by Baker. The Hastings encounter of that season just permitted Tom Richardson, who disposed of seven Gentlemen at a cost of 43 runs, to secure the extraordinary record of 1000 wickets in four successive first-class seasons in England. Last year the total of 647 scored by the Players at the Oval was the highest ever made in the match, and Abel's 195 the highest made by a professional. He was out through ill-luck, having fallen between the wickets. The Gentlemen completely reversed the situation at Lords; Messrs. C. B. Fry, W. G. Grace, and J. R. Mason batted in splendid fashion. But the revelation of the match was the success of the lobs of Mr. D. L. A. Jephson, who, backed up by marvellous fielding, notably by Messrs. Maclaren and Mason, actually captured 6 wickets for 21 runs.

Of course, within the limits of a short article it is impossible to do more than revive half-forgotten memories of brave deeds in the memory of the old cricket-lovers, and to recall to the younger ones some of the greatest episodes in the recent history of the most representative matches in the annual list of fixtures. It may be added that, out of the 141 encounters, the Gentlemen have won 51 games, whilst the Players have been victorious on 67 occasions.



## THE LIFE OF A DOG

BY K. F. PURDON

DON'T imagine I intend inflicting an autobiography on whoever may chance to glance through what I am writing. I am not quite so egotistical. Besides, the thing has been overdone of late. But I should just like to jot down a few reflections that occur to me, now that I am old and have time to think, as I lie on the hearthrug, my nose on my paws, or curled up under the dinner-table amid a circle of boots and shoes, big and little. For my doing so may help the many humans—like my friend the Editor—who are anxious enough to understand us dogs. When they fail to do so I really believe it is generally because they can't help it.

It may be merely an outcome of stupidity that has led to humans using such expressions in contempt as 'dogged,' 'a cur,' 'a puppy,' 'a whelp,' 'a hound.' All these are terms quite proper when applied where they belong—to us, that is, in our various degrees; but if humans really think of us as 'the friend of man,' as their 'most faithful companions of the brute creation,' &c., why on earth do they make use of these very names of ours when they want to blackguard one another? I am inclined to explain it by the old saying, 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him,' and to refer it to the very unpleasant theory, that our far-away ancestors were wolves! By-the-way, personally I see little to

choose in this connection between wolves and the monkeys whom some humans are willing meekly to accept as their own forbears.

But the term 'life of a dog' is the one of all others that I ponder over. It gives away the show so completely, as being a tacit acknowledgment that a dog's life is a bad life.

Doubtless it often is. One hears stories—but there! they won't bear repeating. I myself have had a fairly good time—and why? Just because I happen to be one of a family that understands dogs—to some extent at least.

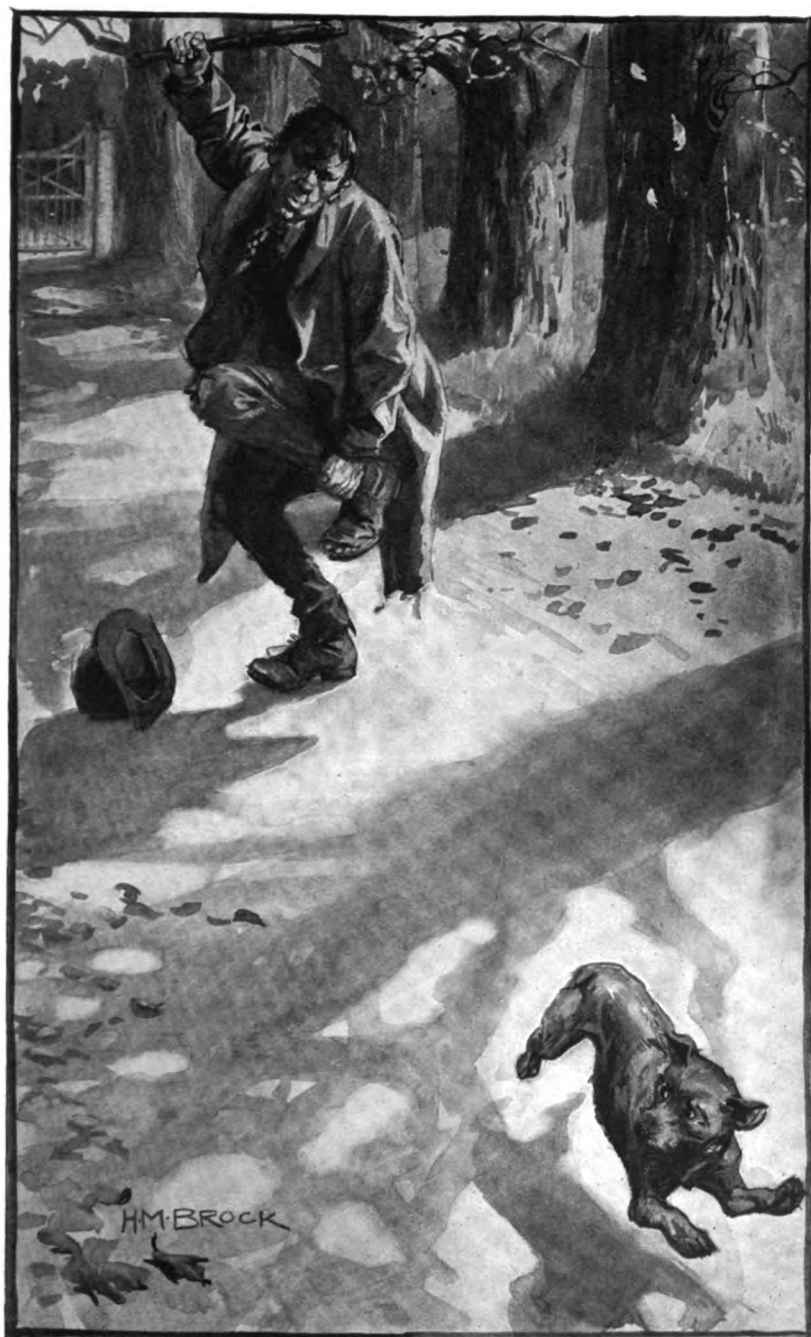
I have been hungry—not often—just if Rosie were sick or away from home—emergencies that seldom arise. She caters for me, and most regularly, I must admit, particularly since one day the mother remarked that every one ought to have some work. Rosie said, as if to defend herself—though the mother hadn't blamed her; she never does blame any one!—Rosie said, 'I give Gim his dinner.' My name, I may mention, is Gimlet—I being supposed, as an Irish terrier, to be able to get through anything.

Hungry I have been, as I say, and footsore, when, for some whim, I have to run after the car. Of course I know they would take me up if they thought I wished it. But I have managed, by whines and wriggles, to convey to them that I simply hate driving, and, unless held, I wouldn't sit behind the best horse that ever looked out of winkers.

And many and many a time I have been thrashed till my sides ached—I remember the buckle end of one strap in particular as being a most searching application—but Rosie had run away with her fingers in her ears, and I never so much as whimpered.

'Ye might as well go bate the dure,' Mike the yardman observed at last, in sympathy for the master's tired arm, and then I was let go. But, dear me! I knew I deserved it. Of course I didn't like it, but the fun used to tempt me.

Cats, now! They're a cowardly, treacherous lot, and I never could resist giving chase to the hypocritical brutes. There was just one grey kitten I respected because when I made my usual rush, instead of turning *her* tail, she went for *my* tail and stuck into it with every tooth and claw she possessed. I never knew before that a cat was so well provided in that way. In the end I was compelled to flounder through a muddy ditch to make her let go—cats hate being dirty. She was lain on by a horse not long after and I attended her funeral in the orchard.



I WOULD EVADE THE ENEMY'S FIRE





Again, sheep would tempt any one. Talk of having only to raise your little finger, why the mere sight of me would set a field full in motion, scampering higgledy-piggledy. I believe the exercise is good for them, though I doubt if I shall ever convert the master to my opinion. And how can he know as well as I do, who watch the burrow early and late, about the rabbits getting too plenty? Then, again, as to beggars. Well, I may have made a mistake now and then, and bitten an inoffensive member of that guild—I don't set up to be infallible. But I really believe many of them—and this was before Pasteur invented hydrophobia—many of them rather liked being bitten. It was an easy way to earn a shilling and a glass of whiskey, which, with a bunch of hairs from my tail to be applied as a salve to the bite, were always forthcoming to any one displaying such a wound at the hall door. These honourable scars then became the *raison d'être* of small irregular pensions, applied for in some such form as 'Well, an' how is every bit of ye, alanna? An' where's that ould red tarrier yiz have here this long while?—and manny's the time he bit me!'

Those were my salad days, when I was a hot young blood. The joy of the scurry down the avenue, heedless of the yells of the children, after some stalwart bowsey in retreat, my hind legs well apart, ploughing up the gravel in my furious advance, my tail as stiff as a poker! No sound would I utter. Treacherous, you say, not to bark? With humans a silent, swift attack is 'splendid tactics.' A retreat such as I would then effect, after having delivered my telling blow—surely it was 'strategy'? I would evade the enemy's fire—either stick or stone—cut away out of sight, and lay low, under a furze-bush, watching for a rabbit, till the wrath of the family had subsided. It never took long.

However I might be beaten for these efforts against trespassers, I have never altered my own point of view.

I discriminate now, however. Years bring graver counsel. I have taken to following the mother when she fares forth along the lonely roads to pay some sick call. Then, if a bowsey appear, I feign business in an adjacent field, and so shun temptation. My yielding to it would distress the mother; and my self-control has its limitations.

After all, what do humans know of such gentry? I try to tell them, but they won't understand. A dog has a lot of little things to see about that takes him out late and early,—perhaps to pay a visit to a neighbour, perhaps to join a party to a distant

rabbit-burrow, or what not. One sees something then of the bullying of lonely women and children whose menkind are away working in the fields ; of the fate of a fat pullet or goose, or perhaps a stray pheasant or hare. The aim of these 'pole-walkers,' as they are called, with the ashplants or blackthorns they carry, is very accurate even at long range. There is a knack in evading it, however, of which I consider myself a past master.

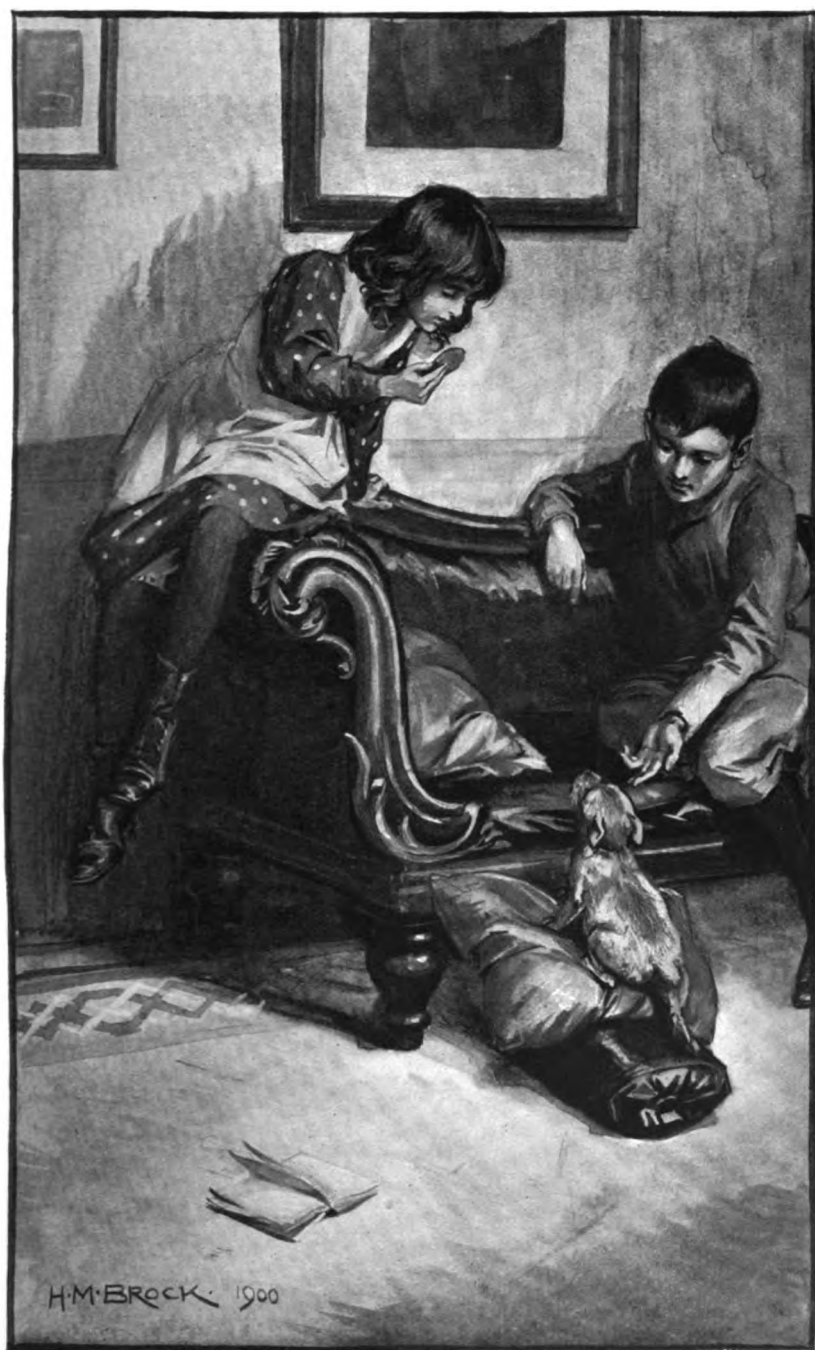
I have mentioned Pasteur. Of course I am aware that the disease which has made him famous existed long before his time, just the same as it is now. It is the treatment that has undergone radical change. In the old times, if you bit your master or any one of importance—outsiders didn't count—you were promptly shot. The belief was that, even if you weren't mad then, you might become so at some future time, in which case the person you had bitten would follow suit.

It always amuses me to hear humans discussing that common question whether we dogs possess 'intelligence' or merely instinct. In not a few cases it would be well if the disputants looked at home. They themselves often act towards us as if they had neither ; and from this most of our unhappiness arises. It is, for instance, for the most part, by fear that they 'break us in !' A wretched business ! Old Grouse declares that many a beating he got without the faintest idea what it was for. Then he would grow flurried, run up his birds, perhaps, and be beaten again, or, far worse, shouted and sworn at till his nerve was utterly upset, and he would end in utter disgrace.

I escaped most of that, for I educated myself with the help of the children. There were a good many of them, big and little, but I liked Rosie and Ralph the best.

Ralph wasn't able to go out in winter much or on wet days. The others hated being in the house, and any way it made him angry if they offered to stay with him. So I daresay he was lonely enough till Rosie thought of having chilblains, and not being able to put on her boots. She began then bringing me into the house—I was born in the stable.

And that reminds me to mention the first occasion on which I perceived the crass stupidity of humans. I was the only member of a large family that my mother was allowed to rear ; yet, because she growled and even tried to snap at Mike, who was deputed to do away with all the litter but one, he pronounced her a 'savage ould baste.' I have no doubt she would



THEY WOULD MAKE A STAIRWAY OF CUSHIONS



have been soundly kicked, only the master was there, and why ? Because she didn't want to part with her children—well knowing their fate !

However, Rosie brought me into their room, and what romps we had ! When we were tired racing round and round the dining-table, Rosie would fling herself down and pat the floor—it was covered with oil-cloth, so that you could have a bone on it in peace—and say 'Rats-s-s ! Good dog !' and I would scratch and tear away and bark like mad. Of course I knew well enough it was only pretending. The trouble was to remember not to root holes in the drawing-room carpet too. Then they would make a stairway of cushions to teach me to get up on the sofa—I was but a fat, short-legged thing then—and Rosie would sit on the edge of the table, dangling her feet, loosely encased in the mother's boots, for me to fasten my teeth in and be swung to and fro.

Even with my powers of discrimination is it strange that I should have failed at first to see why I might climb on the sofa but not on a bed upstairs—why I might swing on Rosie's boots under the conditions described, but got into a terrible scrape a little later for having a real good game with a pair of Rosie's little shoes. I was getting my teeth then, and leather is a most comforting thing to bite into.

Humans are often really very dense. It maddens me to hear, for instance, 'He can do everything but speak !' I *do* speak, but what's the use when they are ignorant of my plainest expressions. 'He understands every word we say !' is another of their remarks. Well, rather. How else do I know the day the boys are coming home for the holidays ! Of course, I like to watch for them. And 'knowing Sunday,' too. Is it likely I'd follow them then ? However, one must just put up with these little worries. On the whole they do mean well.

As soon as I was able Rosie and Ralph used to take me along when they went driving. They had a tiny, country-made rumbling trap, with wheels like a miniature dray. It was drawn by a Shetland pony—the master wouldn't let you use a whip on him, but Ralph used to hustle him along somehow at a fair speed. The red setters, Pil and Prog, ran behind. The master had always had a Pilgrim—and that led, so I heard, to Progress. I cut out my own line ; generally I scouted ahead, sure of reinforcements if hard pressed. For these were warlike expeditions. Our objective was always the same : to 'civilise' the dogs of the roadside cabins. It was not always a picnic for us,

Some of our opponents often proved wily and stubborn in the extreme. But we supported one another, encouraged by the children. Pil was a really dashing dog in a fight ; and in the end we always won all along the line. Ralph had trained Pil and Prog on partridge, using a light toy whip. They would do anything. The master used to tell how he refused fifty guineas apiece for them in Lincolnshire, because they were Ralph's, and he hoped the boy would one day shoot over them himself.

I took a keen interest in partridge shooting myself. Once I jumped through a window, glass and all, ten feet from the ground—simply could not resist the impulse—to follow the sportsmen. My company was not appreciated, however, and I was brought back and popped into the oats bin as a *dernier ressort*.

It was humiliating! Ralph and Rosie were away ; but anyhow I was too much mortified to utter a sound. I just crouched there for what seemed ages. At twelve that night the lid was raised—by the mother ! It was she who remembered me and got out of bed to release me. Ah, if I could only have made her understand how I felt ! I couldn't even drink the warm milk she gave me in the kitchen.

It was then I began sleeping in her room. I like something of hers to lie on. I have managed to shake a cloak or skirt off its hook by pawing the door to and fro on which they hang, but often I have to content myself with a stocking—once I had only a garter. It was the mother's, however, and it did me.

Other nights I sleep about anywhere—on the sofa or Rosie's bed. I like a basket of clean clothes, or the drawer where the master keeps his shirts. He's an untidy man and often leaves it open.

The worst time I ever had was when they all went away once for a change of air and I was left behind. The caretaker was good to me in his way. But what did I care for a dinner without Rosie to give it to me ? and any way I wasn't going to begin having meals in the kitchen.

When the master came back some days later I wasn't able to go out to meet him. Well, his heart was in the right place. He took me with him that very night and you may guess the meeting I had with the family. That being, as I have said, my worst time, you may see I have not much to complain of.

I am old now and pretty stiff. I never leave the lawn and

stables and so on. I can't well see where I'm going. And those new-fashioned wheels make so little noise a dog doesn't hear them ; but Rosie or Ralph are always on the watch.

And now I'll stop. If I can find the door I'll go out for my nightly round through the lawn—they're making hay there, but the men have left these two hours—and the dusk is fragrant and the birds, one by one, are getting tired of singing and are going to sleep. I must walk round and see that all is safe.





## A REVIEW OF LADIES' GOLF

BY L. MACKERN AND E. M. BOYS

ONE of the most interesting events in the world of ladies' golf during the last six or eight months has been the inauguration of the Inter-County Match Scheme. This was first discussed on the initiative of the hon. secretary of the Ladies' Golf Union, with the idea of encouraging a broad-minded and comprehensive view of golf, and as an incentive to *esprit de corps* among golfers living in the same county. Meetings were held in London and one in Liverpool, when delegates from all clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union were invited to attend and give their views on the subject. The result was that a central committee was formed, a code of proposed rules was drawn up, and counties were invited to start clubs. Before long there was a very prompt and encouraging response from about ten counties. There are now fourteen associated counties—viz., Cheshire, Devonshire, Glamorganshire, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, Kent, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Middlesex, Northamptonshire, Surrey, Sussex, Warwickshire, and Yorkshire. Their committees are duly formed, and their captains and secretaries elected. Since then several inter-county matches have been carried through successfully, and many more are about to be played. The scoring of the county matches is by matches, not by holes; thus each match won counts one point, and a halved match half a point. The teams are to consist of ten players a side, but this number is likely to be reduced, next year, to eight, owing to the great difficulty experienced by captains of county clubs in getting members of their teams to travel the long distances involved. This difficulty and the equally real



one of want of funds (the subscription of members of Golf Union clubs being only 2s. 6d., a quite inadequate sum) are the two chief drawbacks to the complete success of the scheme.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson declares that the present tournament system has many drawbacks. 'It is apt to throw the good players together in the early heats, while the feebler ones may survive, because they only meet others who are no less feeble.' There is much to be said in favour of the American method, when the eight best scorers in a preliminary thirty-six holes are drawn to play out in tournament fashion.

Yet there is no doubt that a preliminary test, whether of *medal* or *bogey*, is rather arbitrary. There, again, there would



MISS S. WHIGHAM AND MISS PEARSON. MONDAY MEDAL COMPETITION

be a decided element of luck. Luck is said to follow good play, but who has not seen many instances of the little goddess, from some impish freak, persistently punishing good shots, while bad ones have trickled over or through all difficulties?

The proposal for a preliminary test competition of medal score or bogey, though unanimously rejected when brought up for discussion by the delegates of clubs affiliated to the Union, achieved one object—it brought the idea of a qualifying test to the notice of golfers.

One of the strongest arguments used against this qualifying test is that the Championship competition has always been played off in three days, and that the suggested alterations would not in any way hasten the proceedings. The Championship competition has always been a most enjoyable meeting, and no one is in the least desirous of curtailing it;

but if a reduction in the number of entrants might make it feasible to play only one match a day, it would be an enormous advantage. There are many first-class players who are not equal to the physical and mental strain of two matches per day on long links. At Westward Ho! the distance covered in each match must have been three and a half miles, and, in addition, the player had the fatigue of concentrating all her faculties upon the game. Strength is a necessary adjunct to skill in golf, but on a second round of a long course there is frequently very little skill to be seen, even in the play of the most robust.

To raise the Ladies' Championship Competition to a pinnacle of perfection, then, reduce the number of entrants by a handicap limit; do not shorten what has always been a most agreeable meeting, but play only one match on the second and third day of the competition in lieu of the two that have hitherto been found necessary in order to crowd all the matches into the three days' limit.

In December came the announcement of an Open Meeting to be held by the Royal Lytham and St. Anne's Golf Club on April 3, 4, and 5. The date being fixed so far ahead, golfers had time to make their other engagements fit in with the event, and the result was a record entry of no fewer than 158 representative players from all parts of the United Kingdom. The weather—a most important matter—except on the first day was all that could be desired. The arrangements were very successfully planned and carried out under the auspices of the hon. secretary, Mrs. Jessop Hulton; and, in short, the meeting 'is enrolled on the annals of the club as an historical event that will not be quickly forgotten.'

Twenty-five prizes were competed for during the three days. On the first day, to prevent overcrowding, competitions were held on both the ladies' and the men's links, and Miss K. G. Moeller, curiously enough, returned the lowest scratch score on both courses. The ladies' course, which has recently been altered and lengthened, apparently proved more difficult than the long links, the best return on this course being two points lower than the winning score on the short links. This illustrates rather poignantly that, though short links are so frequently referred to with contempt, they are occasionally more tricky and harder to compass than the full courses.

On the second day Miss Dod secured the prize for the lowest scratch score, and on the following day continued her

triumphant career by returning the best score against bogey on both links. Miss M. Adair won the driving competition with a drive of 174 yards, while Miss G. Lythgoe secured the approach and putting competition. The President of the meeting, H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who had kindly promised to give away the prizes, was unable to be present, but a telegram was received from her congratulating the honorary secretary, Mrs. Jessop Hulton, on the 'grand success' of the meeting.

The Ranelagh Open Meeting, the most popular of all the



MISS BARWELL BUNKERED AT 15TH

spring meetings, followed on April 22 and 25, but the entries were seventeen behind those of the Royal Lytham and St. Anne's meeting. The charm of the Ranelagh Club and the grounds of the Kit-Cat Club are, no doubt, the reason of much of the popularity of the competition, but the arrangements and general management of the meeting are always faultless.

On the opening day the sun shone brilliantly upon a most picturesque and gay scene on the lawn in front of the club. The red coats of the golfers mingled harmoniously with the more dainty dresses of the spectators; in the background the trees formed a delicate green tracery against the vivid blue of the sky, while the dead green of the grass was relieved by beds of many coloured hyacinths and tulips. The course, no doubt

owing to the cold winds and drought, was not at its best, the putting greens being extremely difficult. Miss Blanch Anderson secured the scratch prizes on both days with the excellent scores of 83 and 82. Miss Kitcat won the driving competition with drives of 137 and 131 yards, while Mrs. Halford and Mrs. Stanley Stubbs were successful in the approach and putting competitions. Miss Anderson's 82 on the second day was a fine performance, as the morning was wet and the greens were heavy ; in the afternoon, however, the



THE FINAL. THE CROWD MOUNTING THE 5TH BUNKER

weather improved and the lawn presented as gay and brilliant a spectacle as on the previous day. One of the principal features of this meeting is the inter-club competition for a challenge cup, to be held for the year by the club whose team of four members returns the lowest aggregate score. Prince's secured it with 336, Beckenham second with 362, Mid-Surrey 367, Minchinhampton 371, and Wimbledon 378.

From Ranelagh many golfers went on to the Hall, Bushey, the Bushey Hall Golf Club holding an Open Meeting on April 27 and 28.

The Hall is a more modern and less picturesque building than the Ranelagh Club, but the surroundings are much more attractive. The park, which is undulating, is dotted with fine

old oak-trees, and the course, which extends over the greater portion of it, is about three miles in length.

Miss Pascoe won the scratch prize on the first day with the fine score of 84. The handicap prizes were divided into two classes, Miss S. Henderson winning the prize for those with handicaps under 12, and Mrs. Phillips the prize for those with handicaps over 12.

On the second day there was a mixed foursome competition, the winning couple, local players, Miss Fenn and Mr. Grimwood, returning the score of  $101 - 16 = 85$ . Miss Pascoe was successful in the approach competition on both days. For the driving competition a new and most excellent system was introduced. A space about 40 yards wide by 60 yards long was marked out 120 yards from the tee, crossed at right angles by parallel lines at 120, 140, 160 and 180 yards respectively. These lines were intersected at right angles by two parallel lines so that the whole space was divided into nine equal parallelograms. Points were given for balls driven into the different spaces, the centre counting 2, 3, and 4, while the outer spaces represented 1, 2, and 3. The idea was that points should be given to the player who drove the straightest as well as the farthest. The maximum to be scored was 12, and that the system was found a difficult one was shown by the fact that the prize was secured by Miss Wilson with the small score of four points.

Within a fortnight the majority of the players who had competed at these open meetings, met at Westward Ho! for the great event of the year—the championship competition. Happily the weather was favourable, with the exception of a bitterly cold and stormy day for the medal round competition. The entries, seventy-nine in number, comprised nearly all the really first-class lady-golfers of the United Kingdom (and also, of course, a good many of the second-class !).

The Royal North Devon Club surpassed even the notorious hospitality of the west country in the kindness and courtesy with which they gave up their delightful pavilion for the use of the competitors, and in the genial and appreciative manner in which they received the many strangers within their gates. The arrangements made by the Ladies' Golf Union for the benefit and comfort of the competitors and their friends, were most complete in every detail.

Recalling the many pleasant memories of this year's championship, perhaps the first thing that strikes one, from

a critical standpoint, is the extraordinary all-round improvement that has taken place during the last few years in really first-class ladies' golf. For instance, when one remembers the style of play, the length of the drives, the general grasp of the game in its entirety, say in the championship at Littlestone in 1894, and compares it with what has been seen this year at Westward Ho! the improvement seems almost incredible. Whereas in 1894 there were three or four players who thoroughly understood the game and played it well, there were this year at Westward Ho! certainly twenty-five or thirty first-class golfers. Six years is a very short time to work so great a change. That such an alteration was possible certainly points to the adaptability of women, and to the increase of 'sportingness' in the rising and risen generation.

During the course of some of the matches in the final rounds of the championship, much interesting food for reflection was afforded by remarks of male golfers, overheard in the crowd. 'By George! she has got there; I never thought she would risk it against this wind,' when a magnificent iron-shot over rushes had been made. 'Holed in 4! Well, old boy, *we* don't always do it in 3, do we?' when the fourteenth hole (308 yds.) had been faultlessly played by a plucky little golfer of twenty years. 'Two hundred and thirty-seven yards, I tell you. I paced it myself,' after a perfect tee-shot. These chance remarks just show, among other things, that men are, at last, beginning to take ladies' golf seriously.

And now, turning to the actual styles of play, it may be of interest to discuss one or two of the final matches, when players of equal strength met.

On Thursday morning, in the fifth heat, Miss Sybil Whigham and Miss Rhona Adair (the Irish champion for 1900), both of whom had fought their way right through from the first heat, played off their match. The feeling was almost universal that the winner of this match would carry off the championship of the year. From the start of the match to its exciting finish on the last green neither player was ever more than one hole to the good. At the turn Miss Adair was 1 up, and this lead she held till the fourteenth hole, which Miss Whigham won in 5. The next hole was halved, but the sixteenth being holed by Miss Adair in a brilliant 2, gave her the lead again. Now here the interesting element of temperament intervened. Miss Adair played a very poor third shot with her brassie to the seventeenth green, which her quiet and

self-contained Scottish opponent had safely reached with a perfect third shot. But the young Irish player, nothing daunted, gamely laid her approach putt dead, and snatched a half in 5, thus standing dormy 1. At the eighteenth green, where the formidable burn ever waits to engulf the topped ball, Fate was kind to Miss Adair. She failed to carry the burn in her third shot, but the water being low with the tide, her ball lay on the mud near the green. She again rose pluckily to the emergency, and played her ball out cleverly, halving the hole with Miss Whigham, and winning the match by 1 hole. Now, was it Fate, or was it temperament that decided that match? Who shall say?



MISS M. WHIGHAM

From the point of view of style there can be no two opinions as to the superiority in beauty and finish of Miss Whigham's style over Miss Adair's. The latter plays in a strong, rather slogging style, very much like a boy. She holds her club very short in driving, in fact her right hand is almost on the wood of the shaft, yet she gets an enormously long ball with very little run on it. Her driving and her putting are by far the best part of her game. Her iron-play is the weakest part, and lacks certainty and finish. On the other hand, Miss Whigham's style is beautifully easy, and very sure. There is no sign of effort about it at all; it is firm, graceful, refined. And of her sister, Miss Molly Whigham, much the same can be said, except that her driving is, if anything, rather more powerful, but her iron-play not quite so accurate or finished.

Now, when Miss Molly Whigham met Miss Adair in the semi-finals, very much the same thing happened as in the previous day's match with the elder Miss Whigham. Except that at the eleventh green Miss M. Whigham stood 2 up, the match was a ding-dong one; and again Miss Adair became dormy 1 on the seventeenth green. Nothing daunted Miss Whigham drove a magnificent ball (220 yards) and, with Miss Adair lying well up to the burn in her third, very gamely went for the green, and carried the burn in her second shot. Miss Adair lost her nerve and topped her ball feebly into the



MISS NEVILL DRIVING

burn. Miss Whigham's ball had run off the green into a narrow drain cutting, not more than ten yards from the flag (a most unfair and vexatious hazard), so she was forced to lift. Thus, though she 'played the game' so pluckily, it cost her the match, as she missed the short putt which would have given her the hole. It was a cruel stroke of bad luck, and was much regretted by every one.

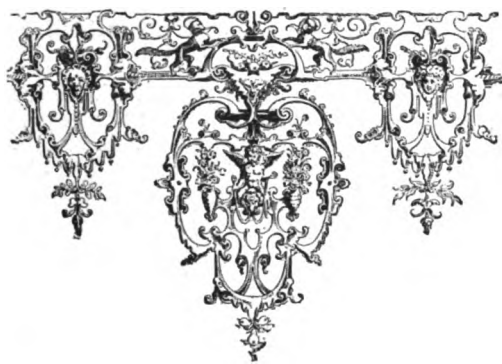
The final, between Miss Adair and Miss Nevill, was not as interesting as had been expected. Miss Nevill was very nervous and quite off her game, though she recovered, to some extent, after the first few holes. She had been playing a very strong and fine game all through the week, and even in the final, when tired and overstrained, frequently out-drove



Miss Adair. The match, however, ended on the thirteenth green, when Miss Adair became champion for 1900, amid universal congratulations.

One of the very pleasing features of the Championship this year was the representative character of the entries. England, Ireland, and Scotland all sent worthy daughters to uphold their reputations. And on those far-off West Country links the best of good-fellowship prevailed, even through the heat of the keenest matches. To the male mind it may savour of exaggeration to assert that over seventy women met, played golf together for several days, and parted, without ructions or ill-will. Yet such was the case.

Happy Westward Ho! in your quaint, pretty corner of England, with the fresh wind blowing in from the Atlantic, over the blue Pebble-ridge. Happiest as we saw it last, with its gay flags fluttering for joy at Mafeking's relief and the upholding of England's honour.





## A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions : that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of public school interest will be welcome.

## THE MAY COMPETITION

The quality of the photographs sent in this month is not quite up to the usual standard, so the first prize has been divided among the following :—

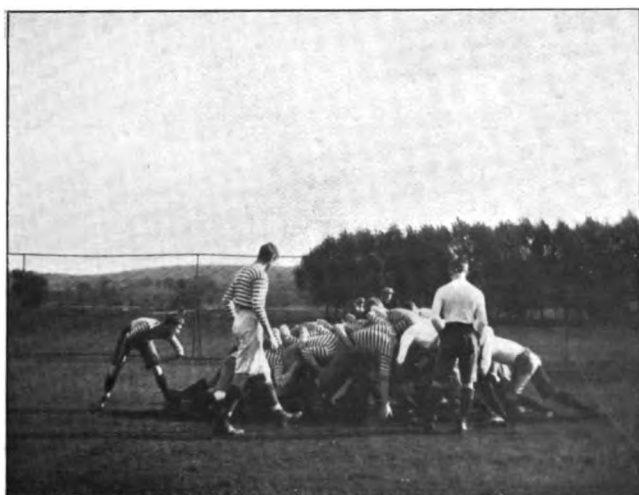
Capt. G. Phipps Hornby, Sandley House, Gillingham ; Mrs. L. H. Lambe, Grove House, Stalbridge ; Mr. J. B. Francis, Bedford Hill, Balham ; Mr. Herbert March, Foregate Street, Worcester ; and Mr. C. H. Eden, Park Holm, Buxton.

Original drawings have been sent to the takers of other photographs, some of which are here reproduced.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT THE 'METEOR,' RACING IN THE SOLENT AUG. 1899

*Photograph taken by Mr. Herbert March*



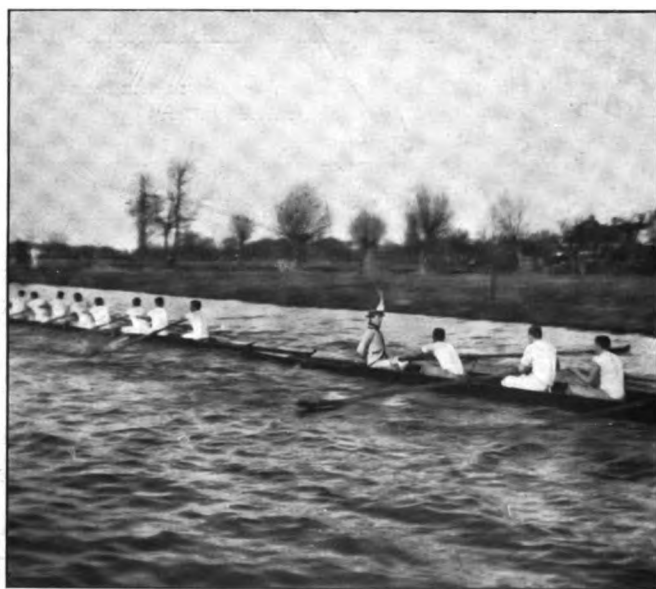
WINCHESTER FOOTBALL. O.T.H. CANVAS 1898

*Photograph taken by Mr. C. H. Eden*



A MODEL BOY'S HUNTER

*Photograph taken by Capt. G. Phipps Hornby*



'A BUMP.' SIDNEY BUMPING JESUS II. IN THE LENT RACES

*Photograph taken by Mr. J. B. Francis*



**MANIFESTO, WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL 1899**

*Photograph taken by Mrs. L. H. Lambé*



**AMBUSH II., WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL 1900**

*Photograph taken by Mrs. L. H. Lambé*



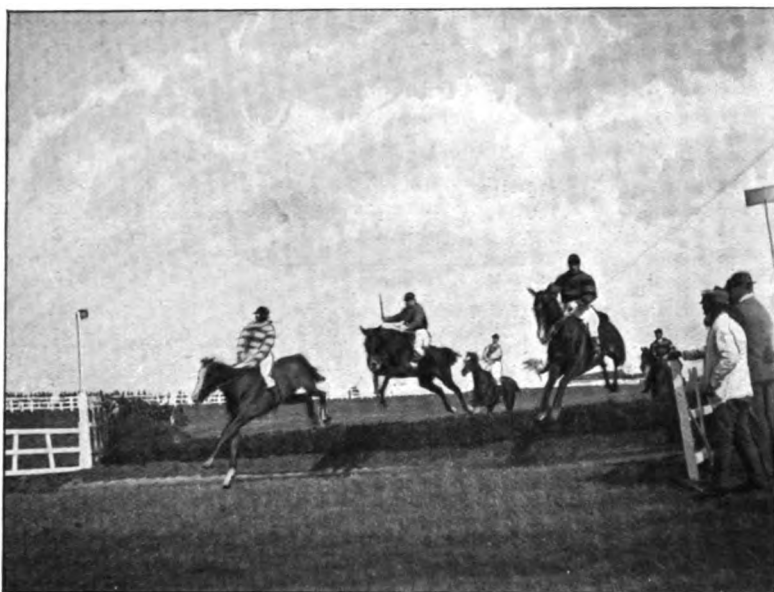
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND LADY HESKETH IN THE PADDOCK AT  
AINTREE

*Photograph taken by Mrs. L. H. Lambe*

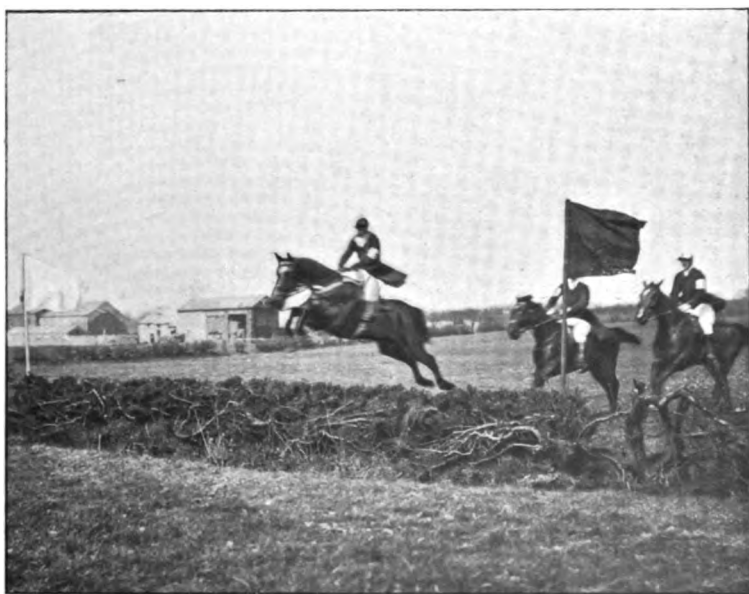


MARAUDER JUMPING THE WATER AT WINCANTON STEEPLECHASES

*Photograph taken by Master Hornby, aged 11 years*



THE WATER JUMP; HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES, MAY 1900  
*Photograph taken by Mr. H. K. Lockhart*



OPEN LIGHT WEIGHT STEEPLECHASE; ASPULL HUNT POINT-TO-POINT, APRIL 1900  
*Photograph taken by Miss Mabel Eccles*



## DRY FLY FISHING

*Photograph taken by Mr. Alfred Burrow*



THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND LADY ELEANOR HOWARD ON THE EARN  
COMING TO THE GAFF

*Photograph taken by Mr. E. Hamond Græme*





THE BLACKMORE VALE HOUNDS AT STOCKBRIDGE OAK, NEAR SHERBORNE

*Photograph taken by Miss Violet Clayton*



SIR ISAAC WALTON'S FISHING HOUSE, BERESFORD DALE, DERBYSHIRE

*Photograph taken by Mr. John Bedford* Digitized by Google



**RUGBY FOOTBALL: LEYTONSTONE v. ILFORD**

*Photograph taken by Mr. G. N. Collyns*



**ROB FERGUSSON, GOLF CHAMPION 1880, 1881, AND 1882, AND HIS BROTHER JACKIE**

*Photograph taken by Miss Vandewall Cowan*



## NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

RACING in France during the eight days which included the Steeplechase, Hurdle Race and Grand Prix, was particularly interesting, though the luck which attended all the English horses except one was cruelly bad. Mr. Saunders-Davies was going over to ride Soliman, Morello, and Spook, but one after another all three cracked up, and Count Schomberg's chances were also recognised as hopeless. No English horse, therefore, ran in the Steeplechase, in which Taillebourg II., who the wise men said could not possibly be beaten, was knocked down at the water, a jump that at Auteuil really requires doing, and is one of several fences on the course which do test a steeplechase horse's power and cleverness. Just a shadow of doubt was entertained as to whether General Peace would stay, but no doubt remained long before the race was over, for Captain Bewicke obviously had things all his own way and won as easily as he did on Soliman, concerning which victory a French friend, when I asked for an account of the race, for I was not there that year, replied, 'Captain Bewicke rode over the last two hurdles thinking—thinking—what shall I like for my dinner to-night!' I thought that a very graphic description. The rider had ceased to take interest in what was practically all over. General Peace is certainly a great horse over hurdles. The success of Semendria in the Grand Prix can have surprised very few careful observers, for La Morinière was surely a false favourite, the trainer of Codoman has always described him as a very moderate horse, and, in fact, the French three-year-olds are a bad lot.

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The question arises as to whether the English three-year-olds are very much better? I am writing on the eve of Ascot, which may throw some light on this matter, though it will be premature to speak with certainty for some to come. It seems

very possible that La Roche may ultimately prove the best of them, and, moreover, a really good mare, for the style in which she won the Oaks and the Manchester Cup was really brilliant. She must have come on extraordinarily, as her near relation, Memoir, did ten years ago. Memoir, it will be recollected, greatly disappointed her friends in her first three races, though it is true that in the third of them she ran up against Signorina, then at the height of her form. Before the One Thousand I was chatting with John Porter on the Limekilns, and he expressed a by no means exalted opinion of the daughter of St. Simon and Miss Mildred ; but that race apparently did her good and she must have continued to do well at home, as Porter fully expected that the mare would be 'among them' at Epsom. The Duke of Portland must strongly regret that La Roche is not in the Leger and has only two engagements this year—in the Yorkshire and Newmarket Oaks. She has not been left in the Free Handicap, and in handicaps still to be made it is not likely to be forgotten how she gave Joe Chamberlain qlb. and trotted away from him. Comment on the two-year-olds must be postponed until next month.

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A very foolish remark which those of us who are stupid enough to back horses constantly make when we have not been to a meeting is, 'I should have had a really good day if I had been there!' As a matter of fact, no one knows what he would have done had he been present at a meeting from which he had been absent. To take a very recent case, for instance, there was Virginia Earle at Epsom the other day. Probably not one person in a hundred had ever heard the filly's name till it was whispered about that she 'could not be beaten,' a statement we very often hear about animals who finish what is called 'down the course,' but here for once justified. Glancing through the list of Races Past, I see a score more examples that could be quoted ; though, on the other hand, it is no doubt perfectly true that if one stuck to one's original impressions one would often win instead of losing. A man with many friends never knows what he will hear on a racecourse, and very much less still can he estimate the value of the information until the race is over.

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I am inclined in this connection to tell a little story which by no means is flattering to my own common sense. Years

ago, when I was writing these Notes elsewhere, I had come to the conclusion that, with all his weight—and 10st. is a terrible burden—Minting would win the Jubilee. When I got down to Kempton one of the first men I met confided to me the (supposed) fact that Florentine could not possibly be beaten. The idea of Minting giving him 2st. was absolutely preposterous, and the race, in fact, was a good thing for Florentine, though Thunderstorm was sure to run well. Before I had gone much farther another kind friend informed me that Gallinule had about a stone in hand, and that the only danger was Tyrone. While pondering on this assertion an adherent of Ashplant pointed out to me that, with 7st. 7lb., the horse was thrown in, the only thing that could possibly beat him being The Cobbler, who, with 6st. 8lb., was bound to be dangerous. I forget how many of these I backed, but no doubt I invested on at least two or three of them. The race was run, and, as history records, Minting won in a canter by three lengths from Tyrone, with The Cobbler third. After the race I lighted on an acquaintance whom I often met on various courses, but who did not know who I was. He looked exceedingly joyful, confided to me that he had had a real good race, and was good enough to hope that I had done the same. I replied that I had not; that, from all I had heard, the idea of Minting winning with 10st. had gradually seemed to me out of the question; and I asked him what on earth made him suppose that the horse would carry such a weight successfully? He replied, 'Well, there's a fellow called Rapier who writes about racing—perhaps you read his notes sometimes? He seemed to me to sum up the thing so sensibly last week that I was determined I wouldn't listen to any of the rubbish I heard, and nothing should prevent me from sticking to Minting or induce me to back anything else. You might often do worse than keep an eye on what he says.' I could only reply that I always read Rapier's Notes—not adding that I read them in proof after writing them—and that I heartily wished I had adopted Rapier's obviously excellent advice on that occasion.

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An enthusiastic advocate of automobilism reproves me for not better appreciating that method of transit. It is perhaps not unnatural that those of us who ride and drive about the country should not view with favour the whizzing motor which is so apt more or less dangerously to alarm our horses; in regard to which, however, we are told that animals will get

used to motors in the course of time—it is the period during which they are getting used to them that I do not like—and as to another objection, the extraordinarily disagreeable smell an automobile is accustomed to leave behind it, that is sure to be combated successfully in the course of time. With regard to the conveniences of a motor, there is certainly no denying them. Apart from speed contests, motors, it is pointed out to me, are especially valuable for station work, for taking shooting parties from the house to the scene of action, and so forth, one advantage of a motor being that there are no horses to be taken out and stabled, and the vehicle can be left unattended until the guns return in the evening. I am told that it is a favourite amusement for ladies to drive their motors down to Brighton or Oxford or elsewhere for lunch and return to town for dinner at the ordinary hour. My mentor on the subject of automobilism sends me an account of a trip that was lately undertaken by a six-horse power automobile as an example of what such a machine can do.

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The owner, a friend, and one servant, breakfasted at the Bull Hotel, Cambridge, and started at two minutes past ten to visit the sister University town of Oxford before dinner. The first stage was near St. Neots to Bedford, a distance of  $28\frac{3}{4}$  miles, which was covered in an hour and a half. After a stop of ten minutes at Bedford, the expedition went by Ampthill, Woburn, and Leighton Buzzard to Aylesbury,  $33\frac{1}{2}$  miles, some delay being occasioned by the presence of cattle going to and coming from Leighton Buzzard market. After a stay of fourteen minutes at Aylesbury the journey was resumed to Oxford *via* Thame,  $22\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Lunch was taken at the Clarendon Hotel, Oxford, during which the three routes to London were discussed. One was over the Chiltern Hills by High Wycombe and Beaconsfield; another by Nettlebed and Reading; a third by Dorchester, Shillingford, Wallingford, Streatley, Reading and Maidenhead, and this last was chosen. After a stay of an hour and four minutes at Oxford a start was made. Skindle's Hotel was reached in  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours, 27 minutes was allowed for tea, and the owner pulled up at his own house at Kensington at 7.51 P.M. It will thus be seen that the 150 miles were covered comfortably between the completion of a latish breakfast at Cambridge and the time of the ringing of the dressing bell in London, including delays on the road of one hour and fifty-five minutes.

It is claimed for the automobile that the 'range of life' in the country is enormously increased. The owner of a good motor can lunch or shoot with friends who live forty or fifty miles away without the inconvenience of having to catch trains and wait at country-side stations. There is, I may add, an Automobile Club at 4 Whitehall Court, which has no connection with any firm or manufactory, and the Secretary of which is at all times delighted to furnish information on the subject of his hobby.

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A feature of the present polo season is the large number of new players who are taking to the game, and the advent in London of a good many country players who did not come up to town in former years. The result is that in spite of so many polo players being out in South Africa there are still plenty to keep up the game at Ranelagh and Hurlingham, though it is difficult to get as many interesting matches as in former years owing to the absence of nearly all the soldiers. However, there have been some very good games between such teams as Old Cantabs, Rugby, Freebooters, Old Oxonians, Cheshire Hunt, and Pytchley and Warwickshire Hunts. Two very good teams, viz., Rugby : Count de Madre, Mr. Buckmaster, Mr. Freake and Mr. Walter McCreery ; Foxhunters : Captain Daly, Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Foxhall Keene and Mr. Mackey, went over for the Paris Open Tournament, when they had a very good match, unfortunately marred by Mr. Buckmaster getting a bad fall. This happened in the beginning of the fifth period when the score was 2—1 in favour of the Foxhunters. Mr. Buckmaster, after half an hour's delay, pluckily decided to finish the match, the result being that the Foxhunters won a fine game by three goals to one. Though many first-class polo players are missing this season, Captain Dennis Daly, who has not played for four years, has made a welcome return. The polo world will remember him as the brilliant back of the Freebooter team. Mr. Foxhall Keene is also playing in England this year, and is a valuable addition to the ranks of first-class polo players. If there are three more players in America as good as he is, it is a great pity they cannot get together and come and play in England for the big tournaments.

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Mr. C. D. Miller has returned from India on leave and is helping his brother in the management of Ranelagh, and is

playing polo very well this season. Mr. John Watson is again with us and playing as keenly as ever. Mr. P. W. Nickalls has been invalided home from South Africa owing to illness. He is much better now and is playing one or two days a week as brilliantly as ever. Mr. Reggie Ward is also just back from South Africa and has begun playing polo. He has three beautiful ponies, Trilby, Circe and Silver Queen. Of the old players who are at it most constantly I may mention Mr. Buckmaster, Mr. Freake, the Messrs. McCreery, Mr. Mackey, Lord Shrewsbury, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. Rawlinson, Captain Jenner, who is developing into a first-class No. 1, and the three brother Nickalls, Lord Harrington, Mr. Baring, Mr. Sheppard, Captain Lambton, Captain Renton, Count de Madre, and the Messrs. Wilson, &c. The Royal Horse Guards have several recruits and are working hard to teach them the game. Lord Ingestre has begun this season and is just as keen as his father. There are not very many new ponies of note, but Lord Shrewsbury has two or three good ones, Mr. Walter Jones has added one more to his beautiful stud, Mr. Foxhall Keene has a large stud of excellent American ponies, and Mr. John Watson has brought over a new lot from Ireland. The Champion Cup should be an interesting tournament, as probably Rugby, Freebooters, Old Cantabs, and Ranelagh will have good teams in. This year we shall miss two of the most interesting tournaments, the Military Cup at Hurlingham and the Subalterns' Cup at Ranelagh, as so many soldiers are away that there is very little chance of the matches coming off. It may be worthy of mention that both the polo grounds at Ranelagh have succeeded this season beyond all expectation, and have more than repaid the care that has been spent upon them during the winter. The new ground is really in first-class playing condition, and its excellence has taken us all, management and players, by surprise. With such an indefatigable secretary as Mr. G. A. Williams at the head of affairs it is only natural, however, that Ranelagh should be a model club.





# The Badminton Magazine

## THE GROUSE

BY ALEX. INNES SHAND

THE grouse moors and the deer forests are the gold mines of the north, with the advantage that they can always be worked to a profit and indefinitely. We know no more inspiring music than the crow of the moor-cock, and, sporting associations apart, it must come warmly home to the heart of many a Highland landowner, for it means money in these hard times. No competition with the foreigner can affect his sporting rents, and if he owns nothing but picturesque desolation, he can listen with egotistical complacency to the laments of ruined agriculturists. How little his poverty-stricken grandfather dreamed of the riches that were running to waste before there was a demand for the moors! And the crowing grouse would chime in with the exulting landowner if he had the wit to realise the altered circumstances. He is the sharpest of birds, in the limits of his instincts, but if he took short views of life, and confined himself to the outlook of the impending shooting season, he might think that the landlord's gain is his loss. So it is no doubt and in one sense, but if an anxious protector were not looking after his interests the possibilities are that he would never have been there at all. The grouse is a striking example of the survival of the strong and the suitable. Though

made for the mountain, with so much against him the marvel is that he was not exterminated in prehistoric times. True his constitution is of the toughest, and though late snowstorms are apt to addle the eggs or smother the nurslings, he can stand the worst extremities of frost and storm. But before systematic and sometimes ignorant game-preserving disturbed the balance of nature by indiscriminate proscription of all species of 'vermin,' he was beset by enemies on every side. He is by no means of a shrinking disposition ; on the contrary, he loves to prank himself in the fitful sunbursts, to parade his glories on some conspicuous hillock, and to challenge attention by his shrill note of defiance. Even his mate takes no particular care to conceal her nest, though nature has given her plumage with protective tints blending with the heather bloom, like one of those suits of neutral-coloured homespun which makes the stalker well-nigh invisible on the hillside, strewn with grey stone. And there were enemies, as we said, on every side, above and below. The golden eagles had their eyries in the hills which were seldom trodden by human foot, except when some herdsman went in search of a wandering bullock. And the small black cattle, sure-footed as they were, could not climb the beetling cliffs or penetrate the rocky corries. The peregrine falcons had their immemorial nesting-places on the face of many a precipice. The raven croaked in the dark recesses of the gloomy glens, and all these tyrants of the air had a passion for the chase, with insatiable appetites. Though they preferred to gorge themselves on a broken-necked steer or a drowned goat, they scorned nothing that came in their way. The young grouse were caught up as unconsidered trifles, and an ailing bird had small chance of escape. There were the lesser hawks in clouds, all equally industrious, and the hen-harrier nesting on the ground had a special partiality for the eggs of her neighbours. But by far the greatest danger to the nursing mothers came—as it comes now—from the grey crows and hooded crows who infested the wastes. There was no strychnine in those days, and they multiplied indefinitely, like sparrows in the rickyards of the lowlands. Quick-sighted and keen-scented, they were ever on the alert ; and as jealousy is the badge of all the predatory tribe, the first sign of excitement at any prospect of booty was the signal for a gathering from far and near. When a mother was seen to steal from her nest to feed or stretch herself, the solitary spy who showed the way was followed up by a feathered battalion, and in a second or two

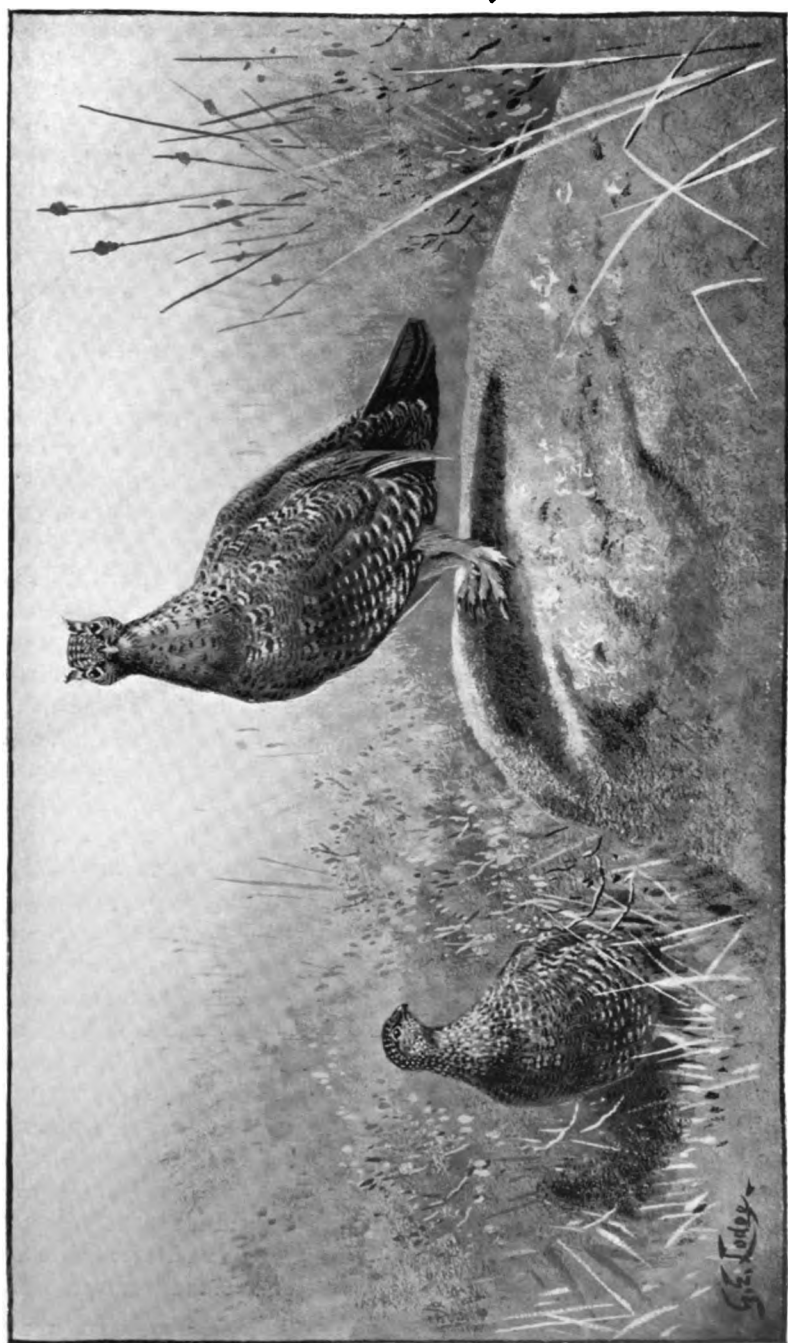
the fair prospect of a brood was represented by some scattered egg-shells. Even now how any sitting escapes the omnipresent eyes of these eternal watchers is still something of a puzzle.

But supposing the mother hatched out her brood, her anxieties were but beginning had she only known it. On the nest, when squatting among the heather-stems, she might hope to elude observation. When she led out the young cheepers to some sunny slope of turf, or along the windings of the burn, among the budding shoots of the bracken, at early morn or dewy eve, it was as if some peaceful Exmoor peasant had been benighted on the Doon trail, or as if an unarmed caravan had struck the desert on a track affected by robber Bedouins. Each corrie had its colony of lean and wiry foxes ; each cairn might be tenanted by a family of wild cats, who lived in armed neutrality with the more harmless badgers. Each summer evening towards sundown might be heard the short, sharp bark of the fox, reverberating in long echoes from rock to rock, and the melancholy wailing of the wild cats. These marauders, with their cubs or kittens left at home, were setting forth on their nightly rounds, and their prowls always led them down the courses of the burns, where there were flappers as well as grouse-chicks to be had for the questing. We have hardly indicated other hazards of grouse existence : the cold which froze, the drifts which smothered, the floods which drowned, when each runlet was in speat, to say nothing of the rank heather that was never burned, and bred those diseases from bacilli and tape-worms and thread-worms which modern science has discovered and analysed.

Nevertheless the grouse have survived and multiplied, and they well repay the attention bestowed upon them, for they not only enrich Highland lairds, but may be regarded as national benefactors. With the deer, they have been running roads and railways through the north, and bringing unfamiliar prosperity into God-forsaken glens. They have launched lines of coasting steamers, with places of call on the lochs. They keep up the staffs of keepers and gillies, well paid and housed in snug cottages, though we are bound to add that they find regular occupation for thieving confederacies of industrious poachers ; and many a gentleman, whose principles are undeniable, never cares to ask how grouse is served on his table on the evening of the 12th. They have developed trade in remote towns and villages, for many a 'merchant,' as they call a general storekeeper in Scotland, pays his way handsomely by purveying

for the innumerable shooting quarters. But all that is as nothing compared to the impulse they give to the nerves and brains of the country. When a hard-working man has passed his *première jeunesse* we know no recreation that is better worth paying for than grouse shooting ; and the marvel is not that the moors fetch fancy prices, but that the rents are not beyond all ordinary means. The change of scene and air and surroundings is sudden as it is absolute ; and all that is wanted for the wise is to take things easily. There is no compulsion to perform athletic feats as in the deer forest, or to follow a long-winded stalker on a circuit of leagues, with the possibility of catching sight of a pair of vanishing antlers. The jaded man of business renews his youth ; the stockbroker, who has been kept for a year incessantly upon the run, forgets in the soothing anodyne of mountain air the aggravating fluctuations of Westralians and the inelasticity of the Kaffir Circus ; and the Minister of the Crown, forecasting the horoscope of the Empire, is inspired with a satisfactory solution of some problem that involves its destinies and imperils its grandeur.

Railway directors and shareholders would be ungrateful indeed, if they did not regard the grouse with veneration. Next to the fair results of the morning's shooting, spread out on the brink of some diamond of the moors where we are lunching, we know no more exhilarating spectacle than the scenes at the North London railway stations of an evening in the second week of August, when the Scotch expresses, sent off in sections, are filling up for the flying journey. Campbell, who was a Highlander, would have given them prominence in his 'Pleasures of Hope' ; but, in the words of the famous ballad of 'Guy Fawkes,' neither grouse shooting nor railways were then invented. For half the pleasure of life is in anticipation, and the jaded and flurried travellers are like boys broken loose from school. The most prosaic become for the nonce unconsciously sentimental. There is a breath of the heather-breezes in the stifling atmosphere of Bloomsbury, and the sight of a pair of setters straining in the couples carries one far away from stuffed collections in the British Museum, into regions rich with the memories and the associations of former seasons. On the platform the cool spectator gradually recognises distinguished public characters, though they are disguised out of previous knowledge. The short pursy man in ill-fitting tweeds, whom you might profanely set down as a successful licensed victualler, is the eminent equity judge who is the dignified terror of the



HE LOVES TO PARADE HIS GLORIES ON SOME CONSPICUOUS HILLOCK



Law Courts. The lean military figure in knickerbockers, with shoulders slightly bent, and care seated on his brow, is the Secretary of State who has been badgered through the session by inquisitive bores—and, by heaven! there is one of the bores familiarly and audaciously nodding to him. In the next month it may come to be a question between them of moorland marches, instead of the limits of the Empire and the vagaries of Imperialism gone mad.

In short, it is a mixed multitude of well-to-do men and more or less fashionable women; and the piles of luggage in the trucks, the troops of stately male domestics and the be vies of smart lady's maids show what the grouse have been doing for the county. For it all means that the wilds have been reclaimed for luxury: these are not the sort of people, whether they come from the City or Belgravia, who will rough it as in the old days, in some squalid inn, or be content with the primitive simplicity of the shooting box. The grouse and the deer have been encouraging building speculations everywhere, from the sylvan palace down to the luxurious bachelor's lodge; and when the embarrassments of the indigenous chieftain have become too much for him, he has no difficulty in finding tenants for his dilapidated castle who will 'restore' it on his own exorbitant terms.

It is pleasant, after leaving London in fog and Paris in bitter frost, to waken up of a January morning in balmy atmosphere among the olives of Provence; but, after all, it is a languid sensation of relief, as if stretching oneself after chilly slumbers. It is a different feeling altogether—it is champagne to soda water—when you catch the early morning glimpse of the Ochills, the outlying bulwarks of the Highland hills. The day may be breaking brightly, but the clouds enveloping the hill-tops and rolling down each declivity and valley in fantastic wreaths remind you that you are in the land of the mist and the mountain. The sharp bite in the air is bracing you already, when you open the window of the sleeping-car. The bustle on the Perth platforms brings you back to everyday life and the hopes and fears of the immediate future. It is a different crowd from that at Euston or King's Cross; it is a sporting crowd, but sport in a very different sense from that which is in the ascendant at Ascot or Epsom. The *habitué* of Pall Mall shrinks involuntarily from rude contact with these stalwart kilted fellows with the sun-tanned faces and high cheek bones, who are bursting and overflowing with robust health. With them it is a case of

every man for himself and God for us all ; regardless, they drag luckless dogs behind them, squabbling vociferously for vacant dog-boxes and scrambling for seats in overflowing trains. All are setting their faces to the north, and most are fired with the passion of the moors and possessed besides by still more potent spirits. When you see the trucks loaded with gun cases and cartridge boxes you fear that looking for due delivery is like putting in for a lottery. But things do settle down somehow, and, with the inevitable delays, train after train steams out of the station. Whyte Melville has described in 'Market Harborough' how the Honourable Crasher and Mr. Sawyer, going down to the shires, were always keeping an eye on the fences and looking for likely places to take them. So the grouse shooter by the Highland line, northward bound, is meditating on strategy and tactics with reference to each glimpse of the heather. The more picturesque and romantic scenery does not commend itself to him. There is too much woodland or an excess of grass from Dunkeld to Pitlochry ; those steeps which are the approaches to Killiekrankie must be uncommonly hard walking, and it would be next to impossible to mark the birds, who are sure to be packing early and take long flights. But he gets excited over the broad rolling stretches of the business-like moors about Dalwhinnie and Dalnacaldoch, commemorated by Christopher North in the 'Noctes,' where his chief doubt is about water for the dogs. He almost imagines he can see the coveys swarming on the brown waste like ants on an anthill, and so he sinks back voluptuously from the daydream into slumber to make up for a broken night.

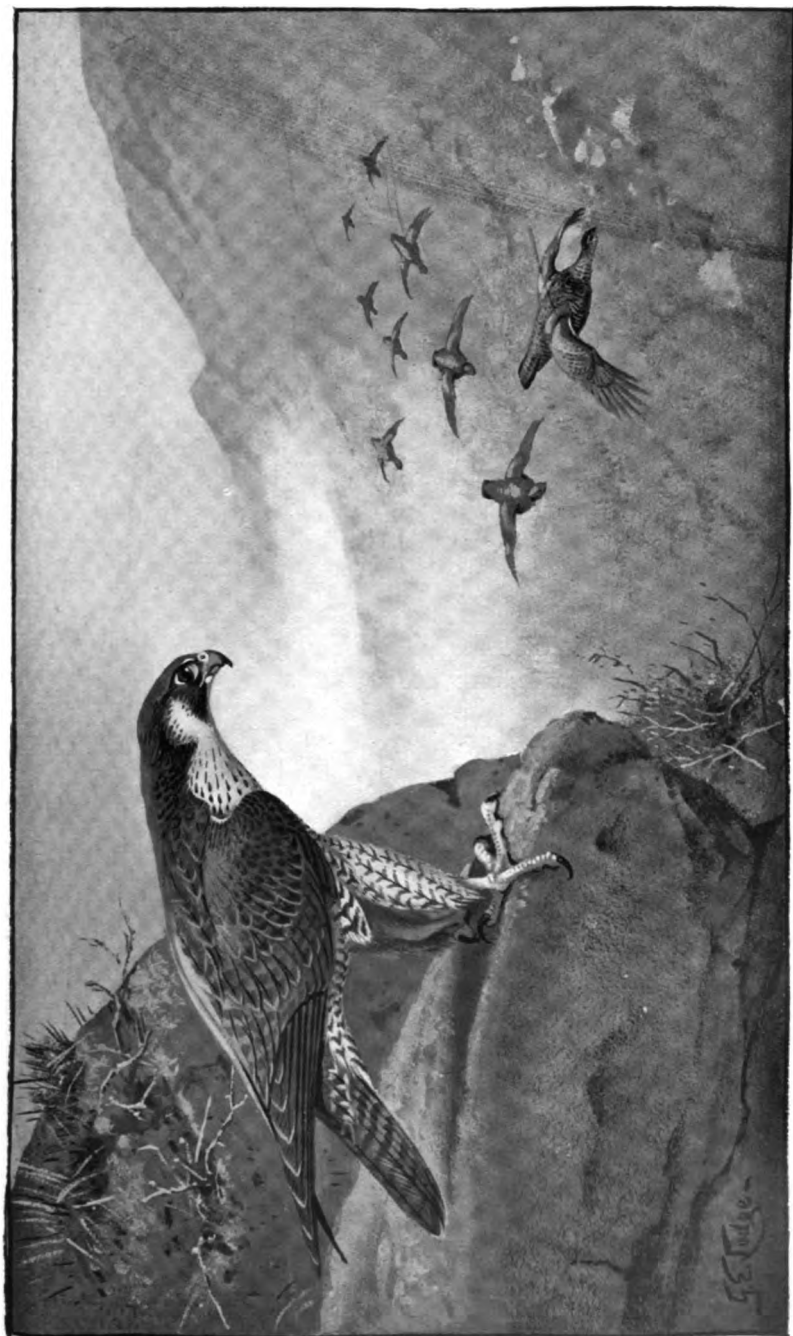
We should always advise a man to get to his moor a few days before the 12th, and bring himself into tolerable walking condition. Moreover, it is pleasant to make some acquaintance with the dogs and to learn what the birds are and where to look for them. It is always satisfactory to arrange your own beats. But it is the men of means and position who are often least their own masters ; our senators and statesmen are the slaves of their country. The modern M.P., like his dogs, must answer to the crack of the whip, and, unlike the birds he goes to pursue, pairing time is never at his own discretion. Yet each day at the opening of the season is precious, and lost opportunities can never be recalled. On the lower moors, where the birds are most abundant, the stronger coveys soon get wild, and broken weather precipitates the packing. Indeed, we know outlying positions towards the north-eastern seaboard where the



grouse sometimes take the precaution of gathering before the 12th, and migrate *en masse* to the uplands at the first sound of serious shooting. But when the belated lessee of a big shooting hurries north at last, his natural impulse is to get to work at once. Even long experience is slow to teach him that it is a case of the more haste the worse speed. But how can sinews that have been slackened or strained on the London pavements be braced up of a sudden to face the hills and to plunge for hours through holding morasses with the bog-water sucking in the heels of the boots? There can never be straight shooting unless the sportsman is always on the alert, keen to seize any chance, and ever looking out for the unlikely. Late hours after long dinners, and fitful slumbers after professing to listen to inexpressibly dreary debates, are scarcely the training that would be recommended to an athlete who has backed his chances for an impending event. We have seen feats of heroism on the moors that have scarcely been surpassed in South Africa, for seldom does the Briton fail to respond to the call of duty. We have seen an elderly gentleman, carrying heavy weight below the belt, short in the wind, and shaky on his legs, stepping out manfully in the morning, to the admiration of wondering gillies. He would have done better to condescend to a shooting pony, if the ground were practicable. For a time the spirit has it all its own way, and he is hardly sensible to the drag of the flesh. He walks briskly up to the points, making deadly rights and lefts. But the skies are cloudless, and the sun is hot, and the parching thirst soon becomes unquenchable. He stops at each spring to clear aside the duckweed, and he laces the cooling cupfuls with dashes of the mountain dew. When he subsides on the heather by the luncheon baskets he is already pretty well pumped out. He feels, besides, as if he had swallowed the Sahara; but, revived by lunch and libations, he rallies, and, after a cigar and a longer or shorter siesta, he starts on the homeward beat with renewed courage. But the pace soon tells again; the hills are steeper and the heather more slippery than they were a few hours before. The rising of the broken covey takes him by surprise; the shot seems to be running down towards the muzzles of the gun-barrels, and skims the heather instead of dropping the grouse. Indomitable pluck keeps up appearances, but he comes home disgusted with the day that promised so well, and with very good reason.

Yet something is to be said in favour of cutting things fine, especially if you are in the flush of youth and the heyday of

health and spirits. The very bustle of the late arrival—the interviewing the expectant keeper, when called into council after dinner—the speculations as to what the morrow will bring forth, are all delightfully exhilarating. We do not recommend an early start, if set on a record bag and steady shooting. But all our brightest recollections are of getting up with the crow of the early grouse cock ; though, indeed, we never waited for him to awaken us. Our weather-luck was generally good, and we can remember no decided disappointment. That was to come afterwards, in some persistent downpour, when the first fervour had worked off. But a Highland dawn is always doubtful, and the glass in these moorland regions often gives its oracles by contraries. You open your window to let in the breeze, and see the clouds lying low on the hills beyond the loch with a general impression of grey in the landscape, which in the lowlands would be significant of wet. A hurried breakfast, and when mustering on the gravel before the door, there is an indefinable ‘feel’ in the air which is hopeful. It is fresh yet balmy, and the joyous yelping of the dogs is encouraging, for the dogs, though they would be excited in any case—indeed, they are as alive to what is going to come off as the gillies—like the grouse and the blue hares and the mountain sheep are no bad barometers. There is always preliminary drudgery in getting to the beats, for naturally one heads for the marches and then begins working homewards. But the drudgery is made agreeable by the prospects of the sport and the exquisite beauty of the scenery. That beauty does not depend upon picturesqueness of landscape, though if the grand and sublime come in, so much the better. The sunbeams have been gilding the more distant crests; and now they are dissipating the mists and flooding the low ground with their mist-tempered splendours. They flash out, and flicker and flash again. The placid stillness of the loch is reflecting birch trees and salient rock angles in its mirror-like surface. Each heather-spray is spangled with glistening dewdrops ; the banks of the rippling brooklets are tapèstried with shimmering cobwebs ; and the moor birds, from the larks and the ousel to the mournful little meadow-pipit, are all singing or piping in spasmodic chorus. For the life of you, you cannot help drinking it all in, though your soul may be set on slaughter. If the keepers have any sense of the poetry of it, they make no sign ; and as for the dogs, they are only eager for business. They are gasping or choking in the leashes as a grouse springs up to right or left, and have nearly dragged



AN ENEMY



the strong gillies off their legs, who freely curse the excitement they share.

But now the prologue is over, the play is to begin. We have been climbing ridge after ridge, in a succession of gentle ascents, till we are standing on fairly high ground. The wind, though shifty, is favourable on the whole, and we are to throw off on some tempting-looking slopes, breaking down in a deep corrie. Slipping the cartridges into the breeches, we used to feel as if not a second must be lost, like the angler who is putting up his rod on the banks of a seductive bit of water. But far more uncontrollable are Don and Sancho, when the keeper has given the order—'Loose the dogs.' They shoot ahead like skimming shells from a howitzer ; but it is pretty to see how soon these high-bred and well-trained veterans remember their responsibilities and come back to their bearings. Sancho has been sweeping round in a semi-circle at something like the pace of a Derby winner, when with a suddenness that seems beyond the compass of canine anatomy he comes to a full stop. A superb statue he is, of action transformed to immobility. And Don, who has always kept an eye on his companion, has dropped as motionless in the heather behind him. There is nothing to equal in excitement the first shot of the season, and though the birds are keeping as still as the dogs, your pulses are trembling. Up gets the cock with his note of warning and alarm ; but though he takes good care of himself, leaving his wife and family to their fate, he has waited too long. Grassed, or rather heathered, he rebounds from the hillock where his mate is to be deposited, almost on the top of him. They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they are not divided. The young ones are lying still as stones or young black game, so that pretty nearly the whole covey is accounted for. A tame piece of shooting no doubt ; but you may be sure that the average difficulties will be seriously increased before many days are over, and ere the end of the season the grouse you have bought and paid for will be unapproachable as hawks. These birds are backward—perhaps a second brood—for you come on other coveys that are sharper on the outlook and stronger on the wing. Then as the sun gets hotter, the scent grows worse, till it dies altogether. Indeed, it is a mystery how absolutely grouse manage to eliminate themselves towards the middle of a warm day. But when the birds are running or the scent is faint, then is the time to admire the working of the dogs. Always eager on the

trail or the scent ; always fearful of making a fault. Don and Sancho have been taken up ; Carlo and Blanche have replaced them ; and there is Carlo cautiously drawing with distended nostrils, and the bitch following behind with dubiously feathering stern. Up springs a bird, some thirty yards ahead, and Carlo looks apprehensively over his shoulder as if he had put his foot in it, though in reality his conduct had been beyond praise.

Most men, fresh from the town, can shoot fairly well in the morning ; the time when condition tells is late in the afternoon, when the most deadly work is to be done. Of course you are casting back over the ground you have hunted and disturbed before lunch. The scattered coveys are gathering again along the slopes ; bereaved mothers are crying aloud for missing offspring, and orphans are seeking in vain for their slaughtered parents. Birds are to be picked up anywhere, and in unlikely places : as you look down on the chimneys of the lodge in light that is fading towards the gloaming, the shots will often follow faster than ever. But when a man is knocking up, he will objurgate those objectionable dogs, who will go pointing their game on out-of-the-way heights instead of hunting straight for home, and it is when he has toiled conscientiously up to the point that he finds the lead running faster to the muzzles of the barrels.

We own that we belong to the old-fashioned school, and to our mind, there is nothing like shooting over dogs. Happily dogs suit the Highlands, and in the wilder and most impracticable districts regular driving is out of the question. There can be no building of ranges of butts where hill is falling sheerly into valley and there is hardly space to pitch a tent ; you can never tell how the birds are to be outmanœuvred ; not even Highlanders or acrobats can walk those hills in line, and where the population of a parish may be counted on the fingers there is no possibility of getting drivers. But there is no doubt that on available ground driving has done much for the multiplication of the species. The moors of the Mackintosh, with their remarkable bags, are a case in point—those moors that used to be shot over by Frederick St. John with his Old Donald, when he worked quietly up the course of the Findhorn, picking up a brace of grouse here and there, when after ‘the muckle hart of Bennore’ or on similar expeditions to the hill country. In sundry other counties there are moors that may be advantageously driven. And where it can be done, setting sport aside, it ought to be done, in the interests of the grouse

and the ground. It is the only way of getting at the tough and troublesome old cocks, who, when they must forego the pleasures of lovemaking themselves, maliciously disturb the domestic felicity of their juniors. When driven they fall deservedly victims to their excessive egoism and wariness—heading the impetuous flights, they are the first to be sacrificed. For that reason, if for no other, improvised driving is always a good thing. Moreover, it is always very pretty shooting, with an endless element of chance in it. On any ground, however rugged, two or three guns may be posted, so that grouse may possibly be turned to them when it is impossible to approach the packs in any other way. Standing in some pass or beneath the ridge of a col, you hear the cry of ‘Mark’ coming down the wind. You wait and you see nothing, and that time the luck is with the grouse. Or there is a whistling of wings, the quick beat of strong pinions, and the flight has come over the hill and is going forward fast before you have well pitched the gun to your shoulder. It demands knack, skill and practice; but a few brace brought to bag by that quick, wild work seem to us more satisfactory than scores killed by some masterly performer at the butts.

For those who must snatch a short holiday, who like quick firing in the beginning of the season, who shoot from the saddle, or who must be constantly changing the manner of their amusement, well-stocked moors, relatively level, are worth more than the rents they fetch. Even on these there is always some dash of the romantic—in burns trickling down the glens, or winding through rushy meadow land beloved by the snipe and the mallard. But for choice, commend us to such wilder shootings as you find among the famous deer forests of Ross-shire, on the watershed between the seas. We know such shootings well, and confess we have been irritated almost beyond endurance by the watery climate, when confined day after day by the downpour, with cramps in the legs and a limited library. Then it is veritably the country of the mackintosh, and shooting of every sort is out of the question. Yet even the afternoon constitutional is worth waiting for; when everywhere, from behind the watery veil, you hear the roar or the murmur of many waters; when you see the river raging in flood and the waterfalls swollen to cataracts. And when the weather does clear up, there is no mistake about it. The mountains emerge in a bright transparency; the water runs off wonderfully quickly; and as for the grouse,

they seem to be sorry for your disappointments, and sit peacefully to give you fair chances. The weather is apt to improve as the season goes on, and October is often drier than August. Above all, the grouse take no unfair advantages, and, if they pack, they put it off indefinitely. On a fine day in late autumn you may make pretty sure of a few brace, and then the woodcock are beginning to drop in. Finally, there is always a variety of distractions. Climbing above the grouse beats, you come among the ptarmigan. Stray deer will wander into tempting corries, where the grass grows thick, and being kept constantly on the move by the shepherds and their collies, there is the more excitement in circumventing them. Nor is an improvised battue of the blue hares by any means bad fun, though, as they are headed upwards in their myriads, the slaughter becomes monotonous.







## PAGES FROM A COUNTRY DIARY

*July 3.*—Despite the fact that I number some very charming Americans among my friends, I must confess that up to to-day I had never been a very ardent admirer of their country and its institutions ; nor a believer in that blood-tie which, according to Mr. Chamberlain, is to bring about the millennium by an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon races of the world. This would, doubtless, be a most admirable and simple arrangement were the United States peopled by Anglo-Saxons only, but as the major portion of their population consists of individuals garnered from every race under the sun, who, in many instances, have left their country for their country's good, I had always been a little sceptical as to the bond of consanguinity as far as England is concerned. But since this morning my feelings towards America have undergone considerable modification, not to say transformation ; henceforth every citizen of that great Republic shall be to me as a man and a brother ; its yellow press shall twist the British lion's tail without extracting a murmur from that infinitesimal portion of the noble animal's anatomy represented by my unworthy self ; and I *almost* feel as if I could uncomplainingly consent to a further reduction of the value of the shares I hold in a Transatlantic railroad.

The reason for so sudden a change of opinion is this. I had arranged to lunch with the A.s, and the day being fine, determined to go on my bicycle. It is exactly fourteen miles from my doorstep to theirs along the most lonely and desolate road in the county, and I had barely reached the seventh mile-

stone when a jarring sensation about the region of the spine led, first to the horrid suspicion, and then to the dreadful certainty, that the tyre of my back wheel was punctured. Now, although I make frequent use of my bicycle, I am honestly ashamed to confess that I am as ignorant of its mechanism as any one can well be, and am, moreover, incapable of repairing even such a simple mishap as this appeared to be. Consequently the choice lay before me of walking seven miles home to be met by Belinda's flouts and jeers, or an equal distance to A.'s, where I was certain to arrive late for lunch ; but, after mature consideration, I decided on the latter course as the least painful to my feelings.

However, I had barely tramped half a mile along the hot, dusty road when I was overtaken by another bicyclist, a solitary lady, who eyed me rather queerly as she passed—I have never yet quite made up my mind whether a man looks a bigger fool riding a bicycle or wheeling it—and who, to my astonishment, dismounted when she had gone a few yards, and waited for me to catch her up. There was something about the fair stranger's appearance—a clear sallow skin, dark expressive eyes, and what I believe is termed a *petite* figure—that marked her as a foreigner, and I should have written her down a Frenchwoman, had not her curiously fashioned bicycling costume, the blue veil that protected her complexion from the attack of the envious sun, the nickel-plated courier's wallet that hung from her slender waist, and the absurdly pointed shoes with which she was shod, left me no doubt as to her nationality. Consequently I made my best bow without betraying any astonishment, when, addressing me through a most charming little nose, she inquired if she could be of any assistance.

If the newcomer's glance had been satirical before, it was doubly so when I explained the state of the case ; it was evident that, to her practical mind, the man who goes a-bicycling without the requisite knowledge to repair a punctured tyre is little better than a fool—wherein I heartily agree with her—but all she said, as she propped her own bicycle against a telegraph-post, was, 'Waal, ef you cayn't mend your machine, I guess I'll hev to fix it for you,' and without further parley she promptly proceeded to do so. Mysterious implements and tubes of evil-smelling, gluey substances were produced from her tool-bag ; in a trice my bicycle was turned upside down ; the puncture was speedily found, or, as she termed it, 'locayted' ; and rejecting my shamefaced efforts to assist her, in less than ten



THE PUNCTURE WAS SPEEDILY FOUND



minutes this *dea ex machina* had put matters to rights, my wheel was pumped tight again, and we had resumed our journey. The only comment on my incapacity which my new friend permitted herself was, that if 'I started to ride a bicycle on Amurrican roads, I should do considerable walking.'

The fair Yankee proved a most charming and communicative companion; she was, it appeared, a professor or teacher at a great American scholastic establishment for women, who had been saving up her money for years with a view to a trip to Europe. She had come over with a party of friends she intended to rejoin at Stratford-on-Avon, having left them temporarily in order to pay a visit to a relative settled in our part of England. To travel about a strange country alone seemed to her a perfectly simple proceeding, and indeed, she appeared to be a young person of remarkable independence of character. Her father—'Popper,' as she called him—dealt in dry goods somewhere in Pennsylvania, but she had apparently been emancipated from parental control for years (I suppose she was about twenty-three); and 'guessed it was best for girls to fend for themselves and not sit hanging about the stoop till some feller came bumming along to marry them.' I parted from her with a regret that I trust was mutual, and with an interchange of cards—fancy an English school teacher with a visiting-card!—while I fully intend that, when 'Sadie B. Magruder,' of the 'John Hopkins University, of Massachusetts,' resumes her professional duties 'in the fall,' she shall find a memento awaiting her of the hot and angry Englishman she so charitably befriended to-day.

*July 8.*—Tom came to lunch to say good-bye before starting—lucky dog!—for his annual trip to Norway, and told us a good story about himself. Last year, on his way down to Bergen from his river, he found himself stranded in an hotel in one of the tourist-haunted parts of Scandinavia, the proprietor of which sought to attract the wandering Briton to his hostelry by advertising 'unrivalled' ryper-shooting. Having nothing to do, Tom unstrapped his gun-case, borrowed a dog from his host, and ranged the neighbouring mountains from morn till dewy eve, with the result that he saw and bagged one bird. Just as he was leaving on the following morning the fallacious landlord approached with the visitors'-book and asked him to write a testimonial. 'With pleasure,' replied the ready Tom, and seizing the pen he wrote, 'One Ryper does not make a harvest.'

This recalled to me a personal experience of Norwegian travel. A few years ago I was going from Bergen to Thronhjelm by coasting steamer, and fell into conversation with a fellow passenger, the only other Englishman on board. He was a City clerk, a Cockney of the Cockneys, who had never been out of England before, was intensely bored with Norway, and, but that he had been ordered a sea trip by his doctor, would have gone home before. I asked him how far north he intended going. 'I've forgotten the name of the place,' he replied wearily, 'but it's something like 'Ammersmith.' It was some little time before I realised that the worthy Londoner's destination was Hammerfest!

*July 12.*—I have been otter-hunting to-day, a rare—in the sense of infrequent—sport in this part of the world. The meet was at eight o'clock, ten miles away, and consequently I had to rise a great deal earlier this morning than is either my wont or my pleasure. I suppose I was 'born tired,' for all my life long to get out of bed, whether on the finest summer, or the coldest winter, morning, has ever been one of my greatest trials; and I am fully of Whyte-Melville's opinion that 'the hour of dawn, as it is the coldest, seems also the most melancholy of the twenty-four.' Moreover, I doubt whether there is any household in Great Britain where really hot shaving water is obtainable at 5.30 A.M. (though one's bath, *per contra*, is cold enough in all conscience), while the meal which one's outraged domestics supply half an hour later is not such as to tempt a capricious appetite ordinarily accustomed to break its fast three or four hours afterwards. This in itself is sufficient to derange a middle-aged digestion, a state of affairs aggravated, in my case at all events, by immoderate consumption of tobacco at an unusual hour.

Still, I must freely confess that one forgets all these petty discomforts—which, after all, are the outcome of mere matters of habit—when one is once abroad on such a lovely summer morning as to-day. Not a cloud in the perfect blue sky, and the air at once fresh but warm, for the 'breeze of morning' which invariably heralds the dawn—what a profound observer of Nature Tennyson was!—had long since died away. The roads lay white and dusty, though the meadows were drenched and sparkling with dew; but the haymakers were already at work, and the fragrance of the fresh-cut grass filled the countryside. Every hedge, every coppice, I passed rang with the melody of a hundred happy birds; the lark hung thrilling and

trilling in the clear blue sky; the whole earth glowed at the touch of the summer sun, like a beautiful girl blushing to womanhood under her lover's kiss; and as I rode along the quiet green lanes I forgot my cold shaving water and my lukewarm breakfast, and added another paving-stone to the infernal regions by registering a silent determination to get up early every morning of my life.

Hounds were already moving off when I got to the meet, and I had just time to stable my bicycle at a farmhouse and catch them up as they reached the river. The Master had out a mixed pack of pure rough-haired otter-hounds and draft foxhounds, which, useful as the combination may be for working purposes, seemed rather unorthodox to my old-fashioned notions. Surely an otter-hound should be used for hunting otters, and a foxhound for hunting foxes. Not that I have any right to express an opinion on the matter, for, like most people, my experience of otter-hunting is but small, nor is it a sport over which I can raise any very great enthusiasm. Probably if I saw more of it I should rate it higher.

We were not very long in coming on the drag of our quarry, and then the burst of hound music it elicited was worth coming twice ten miles to hear, while the pace at which hounds carried the line along the river-bank and up the very stream itself was extraordinary. We must have gone nearly two miles at top speed, and all the time the maddening chorus never ceased for a moment, and made one forget sobbing lungs and shaking legs in its 'chime and jangle of sweet madness.' But presently we checked—some of us not unwillingly, as I can testify—at the mouth of a drain, under a great oak-tree, at the roots of which the swimming, baying pack was raging and tearing. Master and huntsman dropped waist-deep into the river and held a council of war; then hounds were drawn off and the field made to stand back; a terrier, whining and quivering with excitement, was slipped into the mouth of the drain, and a strange silence followed. But soon a noise of muffled combat came from the very bowels of the earth; suddenly a slim wiry form glided noiselessly into the river and shot ghostlike away, leaving a little trail of bubbles on the surface of the water; a second later the terrier, with one ear torn and bleeding, came scrambling and yapping from the drain; the eager pack broke away, scoring to cry, and all was once more noise and excitement. The otter must be an animal of extraordinary vitality and endurance! For two mortal hours

this one was hunted up and down the river from pool to pool and holt to holt. Once it even left the stream and ran for nearly half a mile on land through a rough swampy wood where the going was heartbreaking and the midges bit with a fury that reminded me of Scandinavia. But at last it was marked into a deep still pool with low sandy banks, and shallows above and below it, that were quickly lined with enthusiasts standing knee-deep in the water. Poor brute! It was very weary now, and it was a piteous sight to see it rise again and again to the surface for a breath of air. The pool was full of eager swimming hounds that snapped and struck at it as it rose; and much as I wished them to get the blood they so richly deserved, at the same time I felt very sorry for the hunted beast, a feeling common, I think, to all of us when viewing a sinking fox, or, worse still, a beaten hare. But here the excitement of hunting proper—*i.e.*, with horse as well as hound—was lacking, and one felt only pity for the wild animal being done to death, a sympathy that was entirely thrown away, for suddenly there came a shout from the watchers on the shallow below, a splash and a scramble as one of them tried, and failed, to tail the otter; and next moment it had slipped through them into a deep rapid stream below, and neither hounds nor huntsmen could make anything of it again.

Then, of course, with the fine inconsistency of human nature I felt rather annoyed that it had escaped!

*July 14.*—Riding home this evening I took a short cut through Lord C——'s park at R——, and stopped to admire the red-deer stags, which, I think, are finer there than anywhere I know, except perhaps Windsor Great Park. By-the-way, has any one ever noticed what a dislike horses have to the smell of deer? To-night the wind was setting from them to me, and I could hardly get my horse, the most sedate of 'slaves,' to go near them. While I was watching them ceaselessly tossing their heads to get rid of the torturing flies that swarmed on their young, sprouting horns, George, the head keeper, an old acquaintance of mine, came up and we had a chat together. In the course of conversation I asked him if the deer invariably ate their shed antlers. 'Yes,' he answered, 'when they gets the chance, but his Lordship allows me to have the cast horns for myself, and I don't let the deer eat 'em more'n I can help.'

'But what do you do with them?' I asked.

'I sells 'em to the head keeper at —— in Aberdeenshire.'





NEXT MOMENT IT HAD SLIPPED THROUGH THEM



‘And what does *he* do with them?’

‘Well, sir,’ said old George with a deprecatory little chuckle, ‘tain’t none o’ my business what he does with ‘em, so long as he pays me honest, but I *rayther* fancy that he mounts ‘em on to the hinds’ heads that he kills in the winter, and sells ‘em for Scotch stags’ heads to the tourists in the summer!’

Of a truth every trade has its tricks!

Before we parted George told me of a curious occurrence which came under his notice this spring. Going to take a partridge’s nest, of which he had got word from a farm labourer, he found a rabbit actually sitting in the nest on the eggs, one of which it had broken! I have heard of all sorts of strange foster-mothers, but never of so queer a one as this, and but that my informant’s character for veracity is unquestionable, I should be inclined to think he was romancing. My own theory is that the legitimate owner of the nest had deserted it, and that the rabbit chancing on it had said, Wemmick-like, ‘Halloa! here’s a bed. Let’s lie in it.’

Belinda’s only comment on the above anecdote, when I retailed it to her at dinner, was ‘What a bore for the rabbit if the eggs had hatched out while it was sitting on them!’

*July 23.*—A letter from Jack, who has been ranging his moors with pointers, with a view to ascertaining what show of birds he will have this season. He writes rather dolefully, and says he never remembers having seen such small coveys or such late birds; but then he is always a pessimist. *Inter alia*, he mentions that he found a brood of young birds, all a pale buff or cream colour, though the old hen was of ordinary plumage. His keeper is tremendously exercised about these birds, and begs they may not be shot when the Twelfth comes round, as he thinks they may form the foundation of a buff-coloured variety of grouse!

I recollect once seeing two or three of these etiolated grouse on a Cumbrian moor many years ago, but I think they are very rare; and I have no idea what the cause of their abnormal colouring can be. Of course albification is common enough among pheasants, and a very famous taxidermist once told me that, as regards them, it was invariably due to a diseased liver; but how far this is true, or whether grouse are similarly affected, I cannot say. Moreover, I am convinced that, with pheasants, these anomalies of colour and plumage are, to a certain extent, hereditary, and to a very great one, local. Every year I help to shoot the coverts of two of my friends,

whose estates are practically contiguous : on the one I never remember to have seen a pied bird ; on the other, and especially in one particular wood, at least seven or eight per cent. of the pheasants are more or less variegated with white.

*July 25.*—Last night to the dinner of our local Agricultural Society, an annual function where the lion lies down with the lamb, and where landlord, agent, and tenant meet to consume underdone joints and sodden fruit-pies washed down with port ‘whose father grape grew fat’ on the summers of Hamburg and not Lusitania. Warmed by this, they profess the noblest sentiments for one another ; sentiments that are less *en évidence* when rent-day comes round ; and I confess to having felt a little sceptical last night, when I saw my Radical neighbour, Mr. Tiplady, pledge ‘Fox-hunting’ in a bumper of the generous fluid.

None the less there is still a strong survival of the old feudal feeling among tenant-farmers, and personally I know no class so little affected by the democratic tendency of the age as they are. There is an inherent something about either the ownership or the occupation of land which produces a fine natural conservatism of ideas ; while, moreover, tenants are wise enough to see how indissolubly their welfare is bound up with that of their landlords. By this, however, I do not mean to imply that they are not fully alive to their own interests, nor backward in availing themselves of the various Acts of Parliament which modern beneficent legislation so frequently bestows on them.

Indeed, nowadays, it seems as though every successive Government, be it Radical or Conservative, is convinced that the land-owning class is the one best suited by fortune and temperament to bear the heaviest burden. As with the old whist axiom, ‘When in doubt, play trumps,’ so it is with every Chancellor of the Exchequer, ‘When in need of money, squeeze it out of land.’ I think it was when introducing his Death Duties Bill that Sir William Harcourt (himself, be it noted, a scion of a great land-owning family) remarked—I speak from memory—that there was a certain pride or pleasure of ownership of land that merited taxation. Now this theory may possibly hold good in connection with, say, a South African millionaire who purchases an estate as a plaything, and expects no pecuniary return for the capital he so invests. He, lucky dog, is in the enviable position of being able to talk of ‘my trees,’ ‘my farms,’ ‘my pheasants,’ or, like the great Porthos,

when he became lord of De Bracieux and Pierrefonds, of 'my air,' without having to concern himself as to their cost ; and I will charitably assume that this was the class of land-owner that Sir William Harcourt had in mind when framing his Bill.

Let us, however, take the far commoner case of a small squire who inherited an estate which had supported his forefathers in comfort, if not affluence, and which, it was confidently expected, would perform the same good office for him and his descendants. But with rents reduced fifty, and more, per cent., with the cost of living proportionately higher, and the expense attendant on the maintenance of an estate double what it was fifty years ago, this is no longer possible ; and the increased burdens on land, coupled with the final blow of the Death Duties, is slowly crushing the lesser country gentleman out of existence as surely as the repeal of the Corn Laws did the yeoman farmers of that generation. Take the case of my friend R——, who died but two years ago. He inherited a heavily mortgaged estate when comparatively a young man, and for twenty years he scraped and pinched to redeem his ancestral acres. He let his house ; he let his shooting ; he lived in the simplest fashion, and then, just as things were recovering themselves, strong, healthy man as he was, influenza and pneumonia carried him off in a week. Now many a broad acre but just freed of debt has had to be remortgaged, and his son has to face much the same state of affairs as his father did a quarter of a century ago.

The irony of the thing is that, had the original mortgages not been redeemed, they might have been set against the capital value of the estate, and so reduced the amount payable for Death Duty.

*July 28.*—Most of us in our time must have laughed over Leech's delightful picture of the Cockney barber and 'the 'air of the 'ead, and the h'air of the h'atmosphere.' I had an exact parallel to this to-day when Thomas asked for a new 'hedge clipper,' a request to which I at first demurred on the grounds that this was not the time of year for clipping hedges. Subsequent explanation, however, revealed that the article required was not for 'clippin' the 'edges,' but—with tremendous aspiration—'for trimmin' the h'edges of the grass borders.'



## A CLIMB IN THE DOLOMITES

BY H. B. MONEY-COUTTS

A GRUFF voice makes itself heard outside my door, muttering something in the most guttural of German, and I awake to the consciousness that it is three o'clock in the morning, very cold, and that the moonlight is pouring into my room, making everything as bright as day. I feel as if I would give all my worldly goods to remain where I am for an hour longer, but with a mighty effort I screw up enough courage to tumble out of bed, and begin rapidly to make my toilet. When the thermometer is as near freezing point all night as it is at San Martino towards the end of August, this is not a very long process, especially at 3 A.M., and I am arrayed in a very few minutes in my climbing kit. I then discover that I have not got a match wherewith to light the little 'Etna' in which I want to boil the milk and coffee for my breakfast, or whatever the meal taken at this unearthly hour may be called, so I grope my way downstairs in my stockings and get one from the domestic, yclept the boots, who called me. He is already hard at work in his little den before a formidable pile of boots and shoes of every conceivable make, shape and size. '*Guten Morgen,*' he says, cheerfully, and I have to go through the pantomime of striking a match and lighting an imaginary candle before I can make him understand what I want, for I have no German, worse luck!

The match in my hand, I creep back to my room and light

the 'Etna,' and before long, in spite of a queer taste in the milk, which I put down to my bad boiling (is there an art in boiling milk?) I have a hot drink ready, and am consuming my rolls and butter with avidity. A look at my watch and I see it is nearly half-past three, the time that Bettega, best of guides, had arranged for our start; so I gather up the parcel of *proviand* which the polite *Oberkellner* had made up for me the evening before, stuff anything into my capacious buttoned-up pockets that I think I may want, and feeling just like a burglar, again creep downstairs. Here by the light of the boots' candle I put on my heavy-nailed boots, which so far I have been carrying in my hand for fear of waking up the hotel with their creaking, and go out into the cold bright air.

Bettega and the porter with the ruck-sack are there before me, walking up and down the broad piazza in front of the hotel where every one takes the air in the evening, or talks to the guides about to-morrow's climb. The former comes quickly up to me with a smile and his hand outstretched. I shake hands with him warmly, and he takes the *proviand* from me and puts it into the porter's ruck-sack, where our *kretteschulé*, of which more anon, are already reposing. '*Molto bello*,' I murmur, looking at the sky, '*Sì, signor, bello tempo*,' he answers, and goes on to say (as far as I can make out with my very limited knowledge of the language) that we are going to have a very fine day. A fine specimen of a fine race is this Michele Bettega. He is a man of medium height, broad-shouldered, well-knit, and possessed of great strength, as bold as a lion, and as sure-footed as a chamois. It does one good to glance at him, for his head of curly brown hair, his blue eyes, that always look straight into your own when he speaks to you, his short crisp beard, and his sun-tanned skin, all combine to make up a true picture of manly beauty. To see him walk is a treat—his stride looks so natural and easy that you find it hard to realise that it will get him over the ground at a pace that tries one's muscles and lungs somewhat severely after months of comparative idleness in England. His age is, I imagine, somewhere between forty and fifty, and a few threads of grey are visible in his brown hair, but he has lost none of the elasticity of youth, and goes better than most of his younger fellow craftsmen, who all look upon him as the high priest of their art. Most of the Pala group are his by right of the conquest implied in the magic words '*prima volta*,' and (generally, be it said, in company with an Englishman) he has

discovered many a *traverse* and *via difficile* that makes an enjoyable variation from the usual route. He loves Englishmen ; and the pleasing custom he has of shaking hands on every possible opportunity, is, I take it, a tribute to a supposed characteristic of our race.

We are now ready to start ; the porter shoulders the rucksack, Bettega gives me my Alpen-stock, puts his ice-axe under his arm and his rope round his neck and shoulder, and we swing off through the keen crisp air. Our way lies for half a mile or so along a comparatively level path, with fields of short sweet grass on either side ; a little stream disputes the right of way with the narrow footpath, and in the silver moonlight looks like a lithe, bright, snake as it twists and turns to meet us. Soon we are in the deep shadows of the pine woods, and the path becomes steeper and rougher ; an occasional stumble is, in the uncertain light, inevitable, and the porter once is almost down, but recovers himself with a little grunt of amusement. This to my mind is always the hardest part of the day's work ; one is still inclined to be sleepy, one cannot see properly where the big stones are which lie so plentifully over the path, there is none of the excitement which comes later to keep one going, and the path is often very steep indeed. Presently we are through the wood and on rougher ground still, making our way up a broad, dry watercourse. 'Our friend the enemy,' the Cima di Val di Roda, with its three pinnacles, all of which we intend to scale, now towers up right in front of us. There is a difference in the light now—the moon is still supreme, but dawn, the rosy-fingered, is already beginning to appear, and the East is faintly tinged with the first rays of the sun.

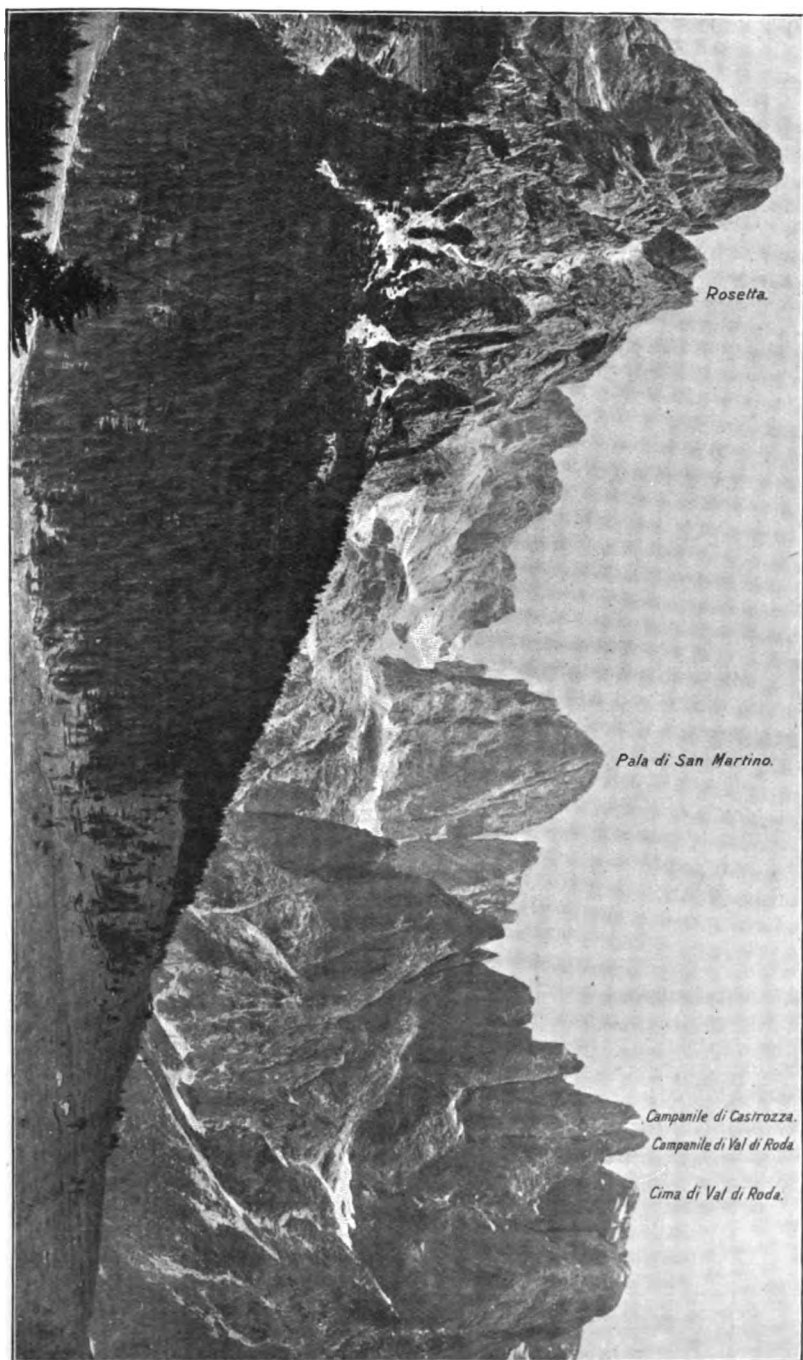
We leave the water-course, struggle up a very steep grass slope where there are a good many tufts of edelweiss, apparently thriving on the thin soil, and are at last on the rocks and at the beginning of our climb. But it is still comparatively easy going, and though Bettega looks round from time to time to see that his signor is all right, the rope is not yet wanted. A small patch of snow, which is frozen quite hard, delays us for a few minutes, and the axe has to be used ; then we go on steadily for about half an hour, using our hands as much as our feet, till a halt is called on a little plateau where a couple of broken bottles show that other climbers have been before us, though, as a matter of fact, ours was only the third or fourth ascent, by this particular way, of the Campanile di Castrozza, the first pinnacle of the Cima di Val di Roda. It is now almost broad



daylight, and we are already up a considerable height. The little village of San Martino lies right at our feet, still wrapped in shadow, but the sun has caught the wild-looking rocks near the top of the Rolle pass opposite, and bathed them in a flood of delicate light. The moon is still high in the heavens, but its light has failed and it is no longer glorious. Bettenga takes the coil of rope from round about him, and lays it on a smooth place for me; I button up my coat, for it is pretty cold still, and sitting down on it proceed to investigate the contents of the ruck-sack. Bread, meat, hard-boiled eggs and a bottle of white wine reward my search, and we are all three soon busy with our breakfast. I have been abused by more experienced climbers for drinking any alcoholic liquor on the mountains, but I find a light wine far more sustaining than that cheerless beverage, cold tea. Bettenga is a teetotaler, and has a flask of lemon and water of his own, but the porter gratefully accepts a pull from the bottle. Everything is then packed up again, and after exchanging our boots for the *krette-schue*, and giving our porter the Alpen-stock and ice-axe, so that we may have the free use of our hands, we bid him good-bye for the present. He is to descend a considerable distance again, and then make his way at once to the top of the Cima di Val di Roda by the *via ordinaria*, where we are to rejoin him, after doing the two preliminary and far more difficult *campanili*.

These *krette-schue* are light boots which are made of a stout canvas, with soles of a material something like woven string, though I am uncertain what it actually is. They give one a wonderful foothold on rocks, and make it almost an impossibility to slip, if the rock is dry and firm, no matter what the angle thereof may be. Bettenga now ropes me to him, and very glad I am to be off again, as a wind has sprung up, and the cold seems quite bitter all at once, after the halt. For ten minutes or so there is no difficulty, and I scramble close behind Bettenga, with the rope shortened between us. Then 'ein moment,' he says, ('ein' is one of his few German words) and loosens all the rope so that it may pay out easily; we have come to our first difficult bit, an awkward traverse. 'So—so—so—,' he says, showing me where he is putting his hands and feet, and moving the while across a very awkward-looking face of rock; he disappears from sight round the corner, and for the next ten minutes or so (a much longer time than usual, which warns me that there is difficulty ahead) the rope gradually uncoils itself at my feet till it is almost all paid out. Then

it tightens round my chest, and I hear his voice somewhere to the right and above me, 'All right !' 'All right !' I sing out, and try to do what he had done with such apparent ease a few minutes before. It is a kind of a confidence trick, this particular traverse on the Val di Roda ; you have to take a very long stride with your face to the rock, from left to right, and then you must leave go with your left hand, take a little spring from your left leg, and find a fresh hold for your left hand all in one motion. The spring is the difficulty ; one has to screw one's courage to the sticking point with a vengeance, after looking down between one's knees and seeing nothing for a good many hundred feet underneath one but a little cloud that has come from apparently nowhere. I wonder at the moment why I am fool enough to have left a comfortable bed on a very cold morning to risk breaking my neck on the cold side of this formidable precipice. Then the gentle pressure of the rope round my chest reminds me that a slip after all would not matter very much and somehow I get over. But though I have, in what must, I fear, have been ungainly fashion, got safely over the first bit, my difficulties are not at an end. I am standing, on one foot only, on a mere fragment of rock, about the size of a sixpence and have got anything but a firm grip with my hands ; Bettega is out of sight ; the rope disappears many yards above me over a rock that bulges out from the face of the mountain, and I cannot for the life of me see how I am to move another inch upwards or onwards. I call out to Bettega something about the *via* but he does not seem to understand, only answers with 'All right !' in an aggravatingly cheerful tone of voice and begins to pull harder than ever at the rope. I feel as if I am being cut in two, and make a frantic effort to get up a few feet higher. Ah ! now I have a good grip for one hand, at any rate, and can survey the situation more calmly. One thing is certain—I cannot get over that protruding mass of rock immediately above me ; the way must be to the right or left. I give a jerk at the rope with my unemployed hand ; Bettega understands and eases the strain a little ; I try to swing it to the right as one swings a skipping-rope, but there is a 'No, no,' from above me, and I can feel that he is trying to swing it to the left. I second his efforts, and after one or two ineffectual attempts, we get the rope off the protruding boulder aforesaid, and in the broad angle formed thereby with the rest of the precipitous wall of rock. Five minutes more of desperate scrambling, using my hands a great



*Rosetta.*

*Pala di San Martino.*

*Campanile di Castrozza.*

*Campanile di Val di Roda.*

*Cima di Val di Roda.*

deal more than my feet, and I am landed like a gasping fish at Bettega's feet, on a little platform of rock formed by the beginning of the *cammino* up which our way now lies. '*Muolto difficile*,' says he, with a smile, pointing downwards, and I agree with him most heartily, for it is the most difficult little bit of rock-climbing that I have so far seen in the Dolomites. Without the rope I could not possibly have done it, and I would have given much to have seen Bettega doing the last twenty yards or so.

I sit down with my legs one on each side of a large rock and try to recover my wind, while Bettega, with a careful look at the rope to see that it is all ready to pay out easily, starts off again, up the 'chimney.' For the benefit of those who have never tasted of the joys of climbing, I may explain that a 'chimney' is a perpendicular cleft in the face of the rock, often not unlike the section of a real chimney that one sees left in the wall of a house which is being pulled down, or has otherwise come to grief. It is obvious that such a *cammino*, difficult indeed though many of them are, affords a far better chance of hand and foothold than the sheer outer wall of the mountain. A few minutes go by, and I again hear Bettega's voice and feel the pressure of the rope; but there is no particular difficulty this time and I am soon by his side. This performance is repeated a few times and we then emerge upon a comparatively level shoulder of the mountain, the angle of which is not more, I suppose, than 45 degrees. But we are soon engaged upon another *cammino*, a much more difficult one this time. It is very deep, though narrow, and as, one after the other, in the way I have described, we slowly make our way up it, it sinks deeper and deeper into the mountain-side. Then, though the lips of the cleft are no wider apart than they were at first, it suddenly opens out above us into a regular cavern, with quite a level floor, the roof of which is almost lost in darkness. The wells are covered with slimy tricklings of water, and the whole place has a mysterious and eery look, that quite makes one long to be out in the sunshine again.

But how are we to get out? At first sight it appears to be the end of the chimney and I wonder if Bettega can possibly have made a mistake. But no, evidently not, for he has already begun to escalate the side of this gloomy cavern; he disappears round the corner of a projecting rock into the darkness; then, after minutes, which seem like hours, I hear

his voice very faintly telling me to 'kom.' It does not seem to come from above, but rather to reach me from the outside air through the lips of the *cammino*. I wonder what I am in for, but there is no time to think, and I begin to slowly make my way up the slippery wall of the cavern. I get to where the two sides meet in a regular pointed arch, with my hands on one wall and my feet on the other. It is not so dark here as I had expected, and managing with infinite pains to turn round, I see a faint glimmer of light, coming down what is apparently a narrow gallery connected with the roof of the cavern. Very slowly, for it is difficult to find any hand-hold in the dim light, with a foot on the small projections or in the small crevices of *each* wall now, and with my back chafed by the rough roof above me, I make my way towards it. I am able to scramble on to a ledge of rock that projects slightly over the dark abyss beneath me, and begin to wriggle up the narrow tunnel, which I can now see leads to the light. The last part is very narrow, but with a final effort I get my head and shoulders through the hole, and Bettega catches hold of me and pulls me on to what is quite a large platform on the mountain side. Bettega says something about an *acrobatico* and I gather that *un grasso* would not be able to get through the hole, whereat I laugh as much as my lack of breath will let me. We have still another *cammino* to negotiate, long, but not difficult, and another place where we have to crawl through a small hole again, but all is easy compared to what we have done, and we at last find ourselves in the deep crack in the rock which divides the Campanile di Castrozza from the Campanile di Val di Roda. I say 'crack' advisedly, for the tops of these two rocky pinnacles cannot, I think, be more than a hundred yards apart, yet when you are on the top of the first, you are still an hour's climb from the top of the second one. The last part of the Campanile di Castrozza is not so much difficult as dangerous; the rocks are very rotten and treacherous, and there is a considerable risk, too, from falling stones knocked down by the rope; so altogether I was very pleased when at about nine o'clock we reached the top.

There was certainly nothing to make us stay there very long, as we had no food with us and the wind was still very cold, so after writing our names and the date on a card, and depositing it in the usual bottle, we started down again. We did not attempt to get up the neighbouring Campanile by the side looking towards the pinnacle we had just left, as the rocks

there are very rotten and dangerous—indeed, that particular *via* has, I think, only been done twice—but we made a considerable detour, and finally, after crossing the top of the little Val di Roda glacier, reached the summit by the *via ordinaria* which presented no great difficulty. We now caught sight of our porter who had just arrived on the top of the ‘Cima ;’ Bettega hailed him and was answered by a pleasing ‘jödel.’ The thought that a drink was now within measurable distance did not exactly fill me with sorrow, so we soon left the Campanile and in little more than half an hour were close to the top of the Cima. There is a pretty little *cammino* and *traverse* between these two peaks, but I was too thirsty to fully appreciate their beauties. As soon as we reached the top of this our third and last peak, Bettega shook hands warmly over the successful termination of our climb ; and we all ‘set forth our hands to the viands that lay before them.’

It was now about eleven o’clock, and even at the considerable height we had reached the sun was quite hot ; so we lay and basked contentedly for some little while before moving. The view was enough to prevent one being in any hurry to be off. In front of me, close at hand, were all the fantastic giants of the Pala group ; on my right, the Sass Maor, that looks like a weeping woman ; on my left, the Pala di San Martino, appearing for all the world like an enormous cathedral dome, while I had only to turn my head to see a glorious range of snow mountains—the Italian and Swiss Alps spread out in a great gleaming belt round half the horizon. Far down in the valley beneath me was the little village of Primiero, seeming to be a collection of tiny white pebbles set in a green saucer, while the sky above me was of that particular blue you never see except at a high level and in very clear weather. There are, I think, few pleasures to be compared with the feeling of satisfaction that comes over one when one has reached the top of a mountain, after a difficult climb, has eaten one’s fill, and is smoking the pipe of peace in supreme enjoyment of the wonderful view before one. But it was getting late and I could see Bettega was impatient to be off, so exchanging our trusty *krette-schue* for our boots once more, we soon set off.

The descent by the *via ordinaria* was easy and not very interesting, save where we managed to get a short glissade, and a little further on, where we met one of the stoutest Germans I have ever seen being pulled laboriously along by two guides—he had started only half an hour after us I learnt and had

never deviated from the *via ordinaria* (which is supposed to be at least an hour and a half shorter than the other way), so his pace certainly cannot have been violent; however, all honour to him; I doubt if any Englishman of his girth would have attempted even a four mile walk. We got back to San Martina soon after three, and I found with mixed feelings, in which sorrow did not somehow predominate, that I had missed an enormous midday meal, which was only just over, in honour of the Austrian Emperor, whose birthday it was. There were not many Austrians in the hotel, but I was struck by the enthusiasm the Germans showed over an event in which one would hardly have supposed them likely to show such a very great amount of interest. That evening as we sat and drank our coffee in the cool air after an early dinner and watched 'the flaming sun lead down the dying day,' while a band, entirely composed of native talent, made sweet (!) music in the distance and my sisters tried with varying success to talk to Bettega in his native tongue about the events of the day, I felt as if rock-climbing was one of the few things worth living for and San Martino one of the most divine places upon this earth.





## ‘A STOLEN GOD’

BY H. FIELDING

It happened in China a few years ago. I was then in command of a gunboat that was used principally for going about in the rivers and estuaries. She was but a little boat and I was the only officer on board ; it was a bit lonely when I was off on my own, away from the fleet, but I liked it. One day in Hong Kong the Admiral sent for me and gave me orders.

There was a missionary in trouble at a town about a hundred miles up one of the rivers, and he had sent an urgent message for help. I was to go and see what was up and make a demonstration of force and, if that was no use, fetch the missionary if he was really in danger. So I went off and made my way up without difficulty.

It was just an ordinary Chinese country town built along the left bank of the river with a great fleet of boats anchored off it. Many of the people there live in boats and they make streets of them, big boats and little boats all fastened together, with the women washing clothes and the children scrambling about and occasionally falling into the water.

I went up above the boat place and anchored under a bluff



that ran out just above the town. The water was deep almost to the bank and the landing convenient.

As soon as I anchored an English merchant, the acting Consul, came off to me. It appeared that the trouble about the missionary had blown over. Some little boys had thrown stones at him, or something, and had been whipped. It was not necessary just then to shell the town or annex the country. There was nothing for me to do, so the Consul asked me to dinner.

He came to call for me about dusk and we went ashore together. There was a pleasant breeze blowing down the river, and as the place was very pretty I suggested to the Consul that we might take a stroll up the bluff. So we went up a winding path through the trees that grew thickly there in long tunnels of foliage and came out at last on the summit.

The top had been levelled, and there was perched a great Buddhist monastery.

They choose the places for their monasteries well. I have never seen a more beautiful place than this was. The bluff ran right out into the great river, so that it seemed almost an island, and standing there you looked on either hand over mile upon mile of gently moving water. Below was the Chinese town. So thickly packed were the houses that they seemed almost to touch, and already, though it was light on the bluff, lanterns were beginning to gleam below. Across the river were fields and forest and far away a great purple mountain crowned with a golden flush where the sunset lingered.

The monastery was walled about and there were two gateways. The one that we approached gave upon a great flight of white steps leading to the water edge. The other was on the land side. I asked the Consul if we might go in.

'We may walk through,' he said, 'though they do not like our doing so in boots. It seems to them disrespectful. But I am well enough known.' So we went in through the great bronze gates and slowly crossed the platform. It was evidently almost closing time and the devotees were leaving by the landward gates. One by one they rose from their knees before the shrine, and walked slowly away, leaving behind them little lighted candles that flickered in the breeze, and sticks of frankincense that burned slowly. The air was heavy with their scent. The platform was almost covered with shrines, and it was strange to see how much more frequented some were than others. The Consul explained this to me. 'That

shrine yonder,' he said, 'is for girls to pray at who want husbands; you see how gay it is, how many candles there are there. This one is for women who want children, and it, too, is brightly lit. Wherever you may go these shrines are almost the most frequented.'

'Are there none,' I asked, 'for men to pray at who want wives and children?'

The Consul laughed. 'Men can always find sweethearts. There are so many women, and if a man is dissatisfied with one wife he takes another. He has no need for prayer. People only pray for what they cannot otherwise obtain.' The other shrines were, he told me, for the farmer to pray at if he wants rain; there was the spirit of thunder, and the spirit in yonder shrine was the spirit of the river to whom the boatmen prayed.

Sometimes these, too, were much frequented, but to-night these were unlit. There were also other shrines. We halted a moment to look into one of them. It was already dark within, but the candles shed a flickering light, and we could see the calm, hard features of the statue glimmer uncertainly. The central figure was large, but all round were innumerable smaller figures, some of bronze and some of alabaster, also models of boats, paintings, and coils of human hair. 'They bring them,' said the Consul, 'as offerings to the shrine.'

The sun had set quickly, and the bonzes were impatient for us to be gone. The river gorge was now full of gloom, with here and there a lantern on a passing boat. The town below shone like a constellation. The river gate was closed, and beside the landward gate stood several monks ready to close it.

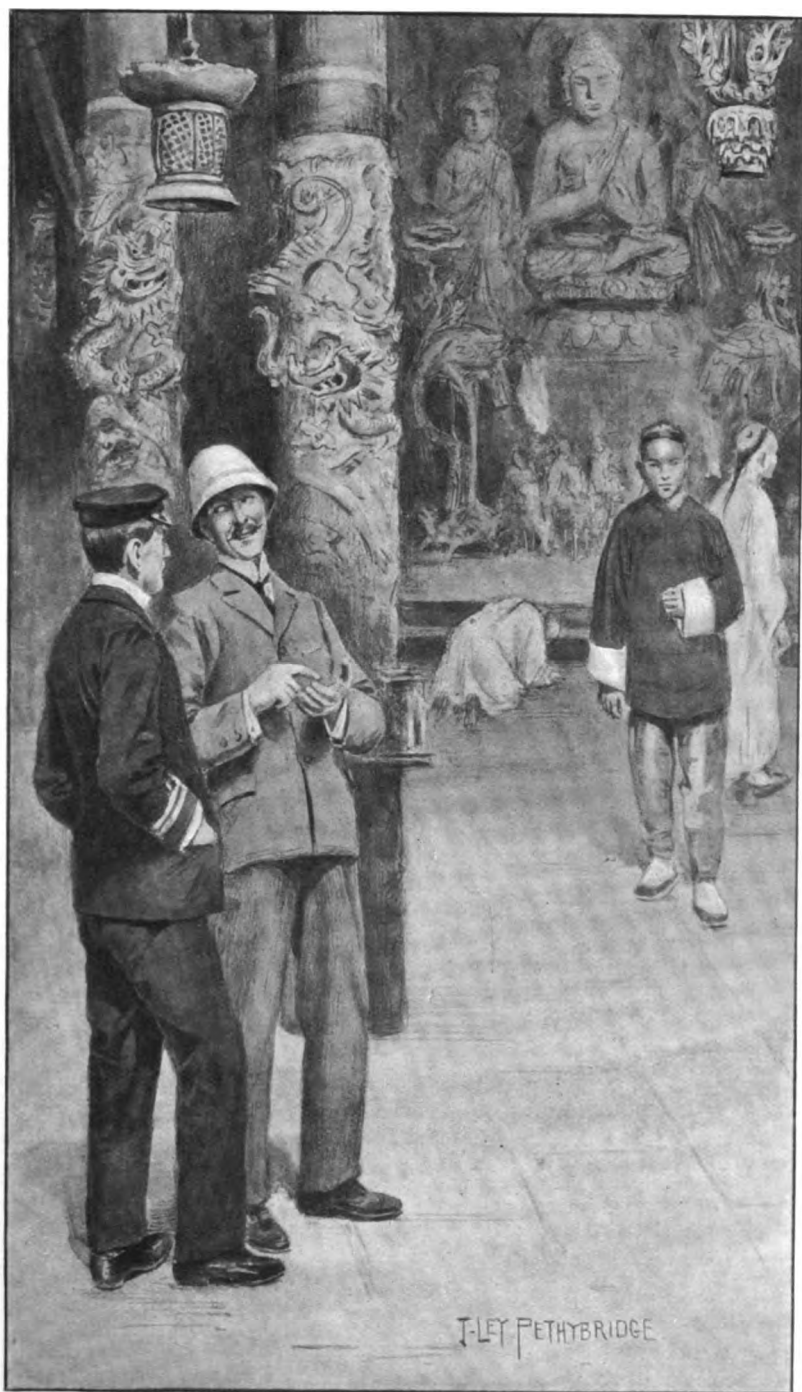
When we got outside I asked the Consul if it would be possible to get one of these images?

He shook his head. 'Not out of the temple,' he said, 'but I daresay we could get one in the town. Why?'

I said that to get one in the town would not suit me. I wanted one from the temple itself if it could be possibly managed. It was not for myself, but to fulfil a commission.

'For a collection?' he asked.

It was, I explained, for my uncle. He was a rector near Leeds, and a great collector of curios. He had the rectory full of them: spears from Australia, jade axes from Thursday Island, swords from Afghanistan. When I left home to come out to the Chinese station he had asked me to get him a joss. 'Only,' he said, 'be careful that it is genuine. There are many imita-



THE CONSUL LAUGHED



tions about, even in China. Half the curios for sale in Indian and Chinese bazaars are imported from Europe. I do not want a joss made in Germany.'

'But how am I to tell?' I asked.

And then my uncle said that he had heard that the only way to be sure of the genuine article was to get it from a temple or a pagoda. 'They know when their gods are genuine,' he said. 'Bribe a monk to give you a little image out of a temple. See what you can do.'

I was anxious to oblige my uncle as he was a kind old fellow, and might, moreover, be good for something. 'Could anything be done with the monks?' and I nodded my head backward to the temple we had just left.

But the Consul said it was quite out of the question. The very suggestion of such a thing might create a riot. He seemed a little surprised at my uncle's idea. 'Would you ask a Roman Catholic priest to sell you a saint out of a church?' he asked; 'or your uncle to sell an altar cloth?'

We had a pleasant little dinner. All the little European community were there except my missionary, who was mission-  
arising, and the Russian Consul, who was huffy about some recent diplomatic defeats he had encountered. However, we were very merry without him, and it was late when I went back to my ship; but as I passed the monastery walls gleaming whitely under a half moon, I could not but think of the josses that were there, and how well the monks could spare one out of the abundance of their images for my uncle who had no joss at all.

The next night, as I sat on deck smoking a cigar after dinner, watching the water ripple past, the memory of these images returned to me forcibly. I could see the spires and minarets far above me glimmering through the trees, and could hear the great gong that the monks struck now and then. To-morrow I was to return to Hong Kong, and before long I should be leaving the China station. What a pity it was I could not get one, just one, of these many josses! My uncle would be so disappointed. He might even cut me out of his will. Was I a fool for listening to the Consul?

Anyhow, it was now too late, as the monastery gates were long closed. I should have to buy one in the bazaar and declare it came from a temple, an inconvenient thing to do at the best.

As I meditated I began to walk up and down the deck, four strides forward and four aft. It was very cramped. The night

was young yet, and I would go and take a stroll ashore before turning in.

The tunnels beneath the trees on the bluff were very dark. Hardly any moonlight filtered through, and I stumbled against stones and hit myself against trees, so that I was glad when I came out above into the soft moonlight.

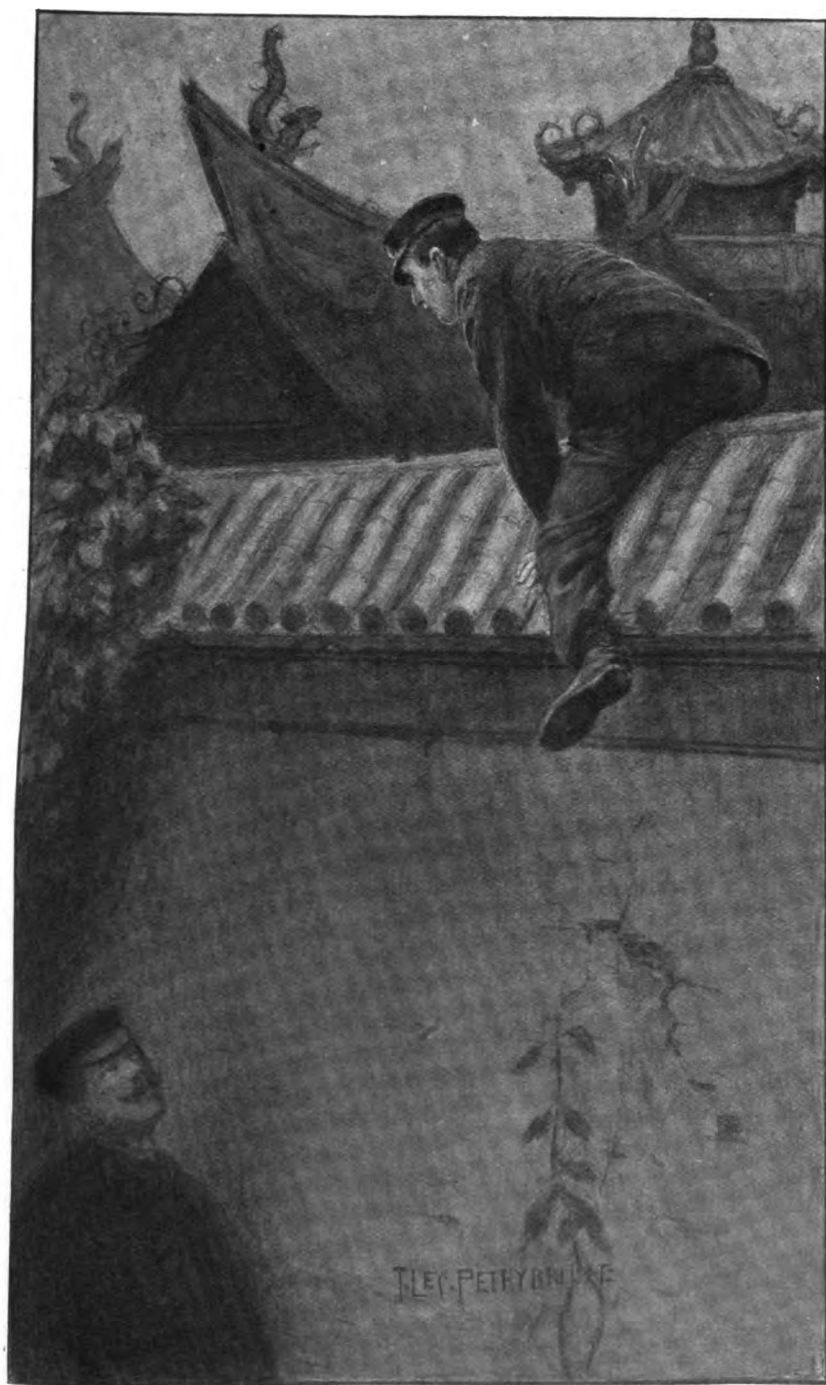
An exquisite scene was beneath me as I left the shadows of the trees. The half moon was near the horizon, and the river valley was in shadow, save where a white mist dreamed along the water and caught the moonlight. The paper lanterns in the town glimmered redly, and the country stretched away into a mysterious distance full of half-hidden things. Out of the valley rose a murmur that had no meaning in it, a wash of tides against the rocky base, of lost breezes swaying in the trees, of water-spirits may be, singing far below in that enchanted silver world. I looked at it a long time in wondering silence. Then the note of the gong from the temple behind me sounded thrice sonorously into the night, and I turned.

The temple wall was close behind me.

It was not very high. A little further on a fig-tree leant against it, giving easy foothold. In a minute I was astride the wall.

Within the walls all seemed to be asleep. There was not a movement anywhere. The shadows of the pagodas were very dense, and there were no lights that I could see. The great gong was in a shrine by the land gate, and hidden from me by several buildings. There must have been a monk awake there to ring the gong, but on my side there was no one. The moon was setting, and very shortly all would be dark.

I waited there astride the wall, hidden against the trunk of the fig-tree, till the moon fell behind the distant hill. The light was gone and it was very dark. I dropped from the wall on to the temple platform. Before the moon had set I had marked the shrine I wanted. It was but a few yards away from me as I dropped, and I suddenly remembered it was that of the river-god. Very silently I crossed the intervening distance and entered. Inside it was quite dark, so dark, indeed, that I could see nothing, and had to feel about for what I wanted. Just at first I could not find one. There were large-sized gods there in abundance, but they were too heavy. In trying to lift one I nearly dropped it and stopped in terror. The image must be light, as I had to scale a wall with it in my arms. I went on and searched further with outstretched fingers.



A DARK FIGURE LOOKING UP AT ME





I knocked over a jar with a crash that ought to have awakened the whole country, I thought ; and for ten minutes after that I held my breath and kept quiet. No one came. It was so pitch dark that I could not see anything at all there. Presently I hit my head against a beam that nearly knocked my senses out of me, and several times I nearly fell through tripping over something on the ground. Why no one came I cannot say. Monks must sleep well. Then I began to get reckless, and had half a mind to light a match, but the gong rang out suddenly and I thought better of it. It gave me such a start that I had to sit down upon the lap of a great idol to recover breath.

I do not know how long I was there, but at last I found what I wanted. My outstretched fingers closed upon a little image about fifteen inches high. It was rather heavy, but not too heavy to carry, and I put it under my coat. Then I slouched across the platform to the wall. On the inside the wall was not so high as without, and at a little distance from the fig-tree I found a place where the coping was somewhat worn. I could climb up there, crawl along the wall in the dark to my fig-tree, and so descend.

It was quite easy. I climbed up.

Directly I was astride the wall I was aware that beneath me, on the platform outside, was a dark figure looking up at me. I was discovered. In another minute the alarm would be given, and the whole place up. I should be captured, tried, and convicted as a burglar, if I was not cut to pieces first.

There was no time for hesitation. I jumped down right on the top of the man.

It was just as well he was there, for the drop was considerable, and even with him to break the fall my breath was quite knocked out of me. But after a moment to recover I regained my feet with my idol still clasped in my arms. My discoverer lay quite still. I did not stop to see if he was hurt, but ran away down the path to my ship as fast as I could.

I sailed early next morning to Hong Kong, but not too early to prevent my hearing of a dreadful mishap that had befallen the Russian Consul the night before. He had been attacked by robbers on the bluff by the temple wall, and had crawled home in a lamentable condition. The whole settlement was upset about it. I was, of course, sorry to hear of it, but there did not seem any use in my staying, so I went.

Well, I got my god, and much good he was to me ! I sent him home to my uncle, insured for large sums of money, with a

thrilling account of my dangers in getting him, and when my uncle turned him up to look underneath, he found there engraved the legend : 'Jones Bros., Pluto Works, Birmingham.' You may laugh, but it was no laughing matter for me. The old man has cut me out of his will. 'Not so much,' he wrote to me, 'because you have sent me a common bazaar idol, as because you sought to deceive me with your story of how you got it.'





## THE NEW CROQUET

BY G. H. POWELL

It seems to be fairly claimed by the votaries of this latest of game revivals that it has now established itself in our midst as a fairly serious institution. Nor need we repeat—what our intelligent readers must now weary of being told—that the croquet of 1900 at once is and is not the game known by that name in the 'sixties. It is *not* that nightmare of a pastime which, as an historian of the game points out, inspired one of the most humorous scenes of 'Alice in Wonderland' (1864), and it *is* an improved form of the scientific croquet, probably unknown to the late Mr. Dodgson, but practised by a select few of the Dons, retired officers, and divines of that date.

A game, at any rate, which could rally such a successful meeting as the first Wimbledon Tournament of this year has clearly made good its case with a large proportion of those whose support is necessary to make any pastime a permanent success. And of the new players—devotees, more or less, of other games—who looked in at the show in a tentative spirit, with the idea of enjoying a game or two and 'seeing if there were anything in it,' a majority, *ni fallimur*, must have gone away satisfied.

At any rate, there were a dozen or score of matches played off in the first three or four days of which no one professing to any interest in things 'gamey' could have been an apathetic spectator. Perhaps the one unsatisfactory inference left on the mind of such a looker-on would have been the profound and dazing *uncertainty* of croquet, science, tactics, and all *compris*.

We can imagine the admiration with which he might have watched the contest of Messrs. Bonham Carter and Jessopp. Mr. Carter, that *rusé* veteran, began with his familiar prize puzzle of playing back into the first hoop, which had the intended effect of delaying his opponent's game. Yet the

latter, a strong and effective player, ran right away ; and it was not till he had made some twenty points that Mr. Carter got in, and, going round in his finest and safest form, carried off the game. After such an uphill victory, one might have thought, who is likely to stand before him ? In fact, it seemed he was going to repeat the process with the Rev. C. Powell, *till* the latter got in, and in a moment the whole scene and prospect changed. In two finished and flawless breaks Mr. Powell went out with as much ease and precision as if there had been no eager opponent there at all, leaving Mr. Carter beaten indeed, but with absolutely nothing for which to blame himself. This, of course, was a contest of fairly equal champions. The disappearance of first-class players in the early stages of such a tournament is often as rapid and remarkable as that of the hosts of Xerxes. We count them by the dozen or so at break of day,

And at the sunset where are they ?

They are 'fearfully unlucky' in their shots, or they succumb to one or other of the accidents of croquet. So that anything like the permanent supremacy of one or two players for years together, as at lawn tennis, is a thing practically unknown, or perhaps a solid testimonial to the practical equality of the first five or six croquet experts. There is, we may here mention, a well-formulated demand in croquet for the 'best out of three' test, now applied in finals and semi-finals ; and it is sincerely to be hoped that in future there may be at least one or two tournaments during the year when this may be extended to all matches, the players, of course, being limited to those of the first three or four classes. Such first-class meetings would certainly improve the game, while admission to them would be in itself a distinction. (And we are glad to note that the principle has been applied to the competition for the Gold Medal of the U.A.E.C.A.)

The season, by the way, began with the sudden rise into fame of a young Irish champion, Mr. Roper, who distinguished himself by easily vanquishing both Mr. Bonham Carter and the present London champion, Mr. John Austin, of Maidstone. But Mr. Roper succumbed at a very early stage in the Open Singles at Wimbledon. A still greater surprise was the complete collapse, in the Open Doubles, of the strongest pair of players known to the croquet world—the redoubtable Mr. Bruce and the brilliant Miss Gower, who, by one of the mysterious accidents referred to, failed to assert themselves against the

steady painstaking perseverance of Mr. and Mrs. Blackett. The play of Mrs. Blackett (who was unfortunately prevented by ill-health from playing off the final tie in the 'Ladies' *v.* Miss Gower) deserves even more emphatic praise, being of that effective and sagacious excellence that most merits success. It was a matter of general regret that the public was deprived of the pleasure of watching a match which would have presented the most interesting contrasts of style and play. In the final of the Doubles Mr. Roper and his excellent partner, Miss Cowie, succeeded (after a hard in-and-out contest played through pouring rain) in defeating Mr. Trevor Williams and Miss Olive Henry, whose spirited shooting did much to enliven the contest.

In this, as in other matches, the Irish champion exhibited a combination of genius and audacity of which more anon. We cannot help regretting that he has added one more to the collection of peculiar, not to say ungainly, 'styles' which do *not*, to our thinking, grace the modern croquet lawn. Mr. Roper, though there is nothing lame about his play, holds his mallet crutchwise. It seems to us very difficult to hit the ball freely in this attitude. We should be honestly glad if it were impossible.

The complex question of style is the subject rather of academic discussion than of practical advice. The object being, in croquet as in golf, to hit the ball in a variety of different ways with the maximum of precision, the 'best style' for any given player—however many suggestions may be made to him as to details of attitude, swing, grasp of club, &c. &c.—is that which enables him or her to achieve most easily the desired result.

The general style of a croquet-player is, we fancy, practically settled for him before he first, with languid curiosity or novel enthusiasm, takes up a mallet. For each player athletic antecedents instinctively decide whether he or she is to fall into the one or the other of the main classes of stylist—side-players, to wit, or forward-players. The first may be defined as hitting 'naturally'—*i.e.*, as every golfer, cricketer, or hockey-player would be disposed to hit, with more or less of a swing in a sideway direction nearly parallel to a line connecting the points of the toes; in fact, much as an archer shoots. The forward-player, with a more cramped action and less swing, hits in the direction in which he faces—*i.e.*, more or less parallel to the line of his right foot.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the man or woman who is used to cricket or golf is naturally a 'side-player,' while the croquet-specialist more often than not plays forward. Among 'forward-players,' moreover, are a few who play so far forward (*i.e.*, in front of themselves) as almost to require a separate classification.

At least two brilliant lady medallists have carried this particular fashion to an amazing length. To hold out a mallet in front of you, hanging it from your projected left hand as from a fulcrum, and swinging it with your right as if, we have heard it said, it were something 'you were tired of and going to throw away,' to play a croquet-ball 'as if you were helping yourself with a spoon to something at a rather inconvenient distance,' this might, to many impartial judges, appear the most impossible method of procedure in the world. It may *seem* to give, as one constantly hears spectators say, 'no control over the ball or even the mallet,' and to be liable—in case the club employed be a heavy one—to overbalance the player. The only answer to such cavillings is—wait till you have seen the game played by one of the proficients in question. You will then perceive that there may perhaps be as many ways of playing the game of croquet as of 'constructing tribal lays.'

But exceptional styles, however unexceptionable *per se*, do not alter general rules. The combined drawbacks of both forward and side play seem to us, in the case considered, to be overridden by unique natural genius and peculiar accuracy of 'eye.' But it remains a general rule that the essence of ordinary forward play is the peculiarly intense and precise control which it gives over the ball; and, whatever may be thought of the comparative appearances of the two things, there seems to be little doubt that front play in general wins more games than side.

Of the players ever seen on the lawns at Wimbledon, what equal number, for example, could be set against Mr. Bonham Carter, Mr. Bruce, Captain Drummond, Mr. Austin, Miss Gower, Mrs. Brigstocks, Miss Stone, and Miss O. Henry—all forward-players?

The distinction is essentially connected with the whole question of the size, weight and handling of mallets, and the peculiar nature of the game of croquet as a tax upon the nervous system. The player of the one school hankers, as it were, after freedom. The mallet is to him an implement to be swung, like a bat or club, by its handle. The more or less conscious aim

of the other is to transform himself and his mallet into a single croquet machine, from which the 'personal equation' of the player is to be, as far as possible, eliminated. The handle of the implement he can scarcely be said to use as a handle (seeing that he quite commonly grasps it by the neck), but *as a lever*, and because that is his only way of actuating the head, which he treats, as far as possible, as a cue, wherewith not so much to hit as to 'poke' or thrust the ball. And the mallet, far from being a mere tool in his hands, becomes a sort of anchor, by the weight of which he hopes to steady himself against the tempests that agitate the croquet-player's breast.

It is melancholy to reflect that the mass of players seem to find themselves gradually driven in the direction of this style and mental attitude. We would much rather see a player lift his mallet shoulder high to 'rush' a ball twenty yards, like one who has never known what it is to miss an object within easy reach. But the croquetist whose nerves have once been shaken soon acquires the idea that the more swing allowed to the mallet the less is the probability of its coming down in the position from which it started. And that, of course, is the first essential.

*Prima facie*, no doubt it is matter of wonder that any real advantage should be secured by merely 'looking at' a golf club, or 'looking along' a croquet-mallet, in proximity to a ball; but that the capacity of the human muscles for resuming, to one-sixteenth of an inch, a position once selected is even more marvellous, the finest example of the phenomenon being, no doubt, a magnificent 'drive' at golf.

The croquet-mallet, of course, is a vastly clumsier tool, the weight of which, while preventing it from soaring so high, serves also to keep it steady in the shorter swing it has to perform. Hence it naturally occurs to the 'shaky' player—and what players are not 'shaky' at times?—to reduce the swing to a minimum, and let the weight of the mallet, as far as possible, do everything.

Thus the action of 'forward play' approximates, as we have said, to the use of the cue in billiards. The stroke is less of a hit than of a thrust from the shoulder, and the general result a style which is more forcible and effective than picturesque. Any play more suggestive of strength and *certainly* than that, for example, of Mr. Bonham Carter at his best can scarcely be imagined. But probably no casual athletic spectator would for a moment compare Mr. Carter's style, impressive (and

suggestive of something serious in the engineering line) as it is, with the easy and natural swing of Mr. Trevor Williams, a finished player whom, for the credit of the game, we should be glad to see divide its honours as often as possible with the Rev. C. Powell.

This ex-champion, whose free and spirited style seems always to give pleasure, enjoys the distinction of being one of the two or three first-class side-players (Mr. C. Heneage is, perhaps, another), and one of the very few who hold the racket by the handle proper (*i.e.*, by the top of the shaft) and swing it (not infrequently) to the height of the shoulder.

It is significant, however, that Mr. Powell (though, doubtless, not in the best of form) was hopelessly beaten in the Championship Finals at Wimbledon by Mr. Austin, of Maidstone, the representative of an in every respect opposite and antithetical style. Mr. Austin plays with what some satirical critics have called the 'scythe' or 'village pump-handled' racket. In other words, he has two 'handles' attached to the shaft of his racket, which implement *might* consequently be said to possess 'three handles.' Indeed one critic has gone so far as to suggest a new rule intended to reflect on this (alleged) monstrosity, viz., 'No racket shall have fewer than one or more than five handles.' But supposing he were only allowed to play '*with one handle at a time*'? This, we take it, would better meet the difficulty. For the aforesaid champion, of course, uses both his hooks or appendages at once—one to hang the racket by, the other by which to propel it. A more serious proposal now in the air would limit the legal form of handle to 'a plain shaft.' This, perhaps, would be in the best interests of the game. Mr. Austin's racket and style combined represent the natural apotheosis of forward play. Place his operative handle a little lower and it would become a mere extension of the racket-head. It should be mentioned that, whereas the most characteristic front-players grasp the top of the racket *from behind*, on the lever principle explained above, there are a few experts, notably Mr. W. W. Bruce and Mr. Bonham Carter, who put the left hand in front of the club, as if holding a bat. And Mr. Bruce, who plays with a very light racket of small size and great antiquity, gets an incredible amount of swing out of the forward position, being, as we have heard it put, one of those genii who 'would play just as well with the kitchen poker.' Mr. Carter, on the other hand, swings very little, playing with a particularly heavy head of



‘*lignum vitæ*,’ which he has trained to do most of the work for him.

To swing the right arm far backwards in this position is indeed a physically difficult feat, and the constraint thus imposed (where the weight of the mallet will do the work required) has doubtless a steadying effect upon the average player, who seems to feel that for the emergencies of croquet his arms are not to be trusted with the freedom allowable to those of a batsman or a golfer.

A thoroughly respectable ‘form,’ which seems to come halfway between the two prominent schools aforesaid, is that of Mr. Willis, indubitably one of the two or three finest exponents of the scientific game, one who certainly ‘hits’ the ball, and hits it *up*, in a fashion peculiar to himself, putting on a great deal of ‘follow’ (very useful in overcoming the friction of a thick newly painted hoop). But Mr. Willis’s swing is limited, and follows a direction somewhere between the two referred to.

In the constrained forward style, as it seems to us, everything—all the lighter artistic feeling of the thing, so to speak—is sacrificed to accuracy and *rigidity*. All that delicate ‘feel’ and manipulation of the ball which belong to the player who has the whole length of a springy shaft between his hands and the mallet-head are completely lost. And a croquet-mallet, after all, is built to be swung (and to ‘spring’ in the process), *not* to be used as a cue (much less—what is the real ultimate ideal of this style?—as a *carpenter’s plane*!). Specialists may eliminate all elasticity from the club by sticking the end of a punt-pole into a huge baulk of timber bound with brass, but the result (whether furnished with one handle or five) is really a *monstrum informe ingens* with all the romance of play knocked out of it. The practitioner depends, as we have said, upon mechanical accuracy—which is, doubtless, in the majority of cases, more easily attained in this fashion—but where his accuracy fails him we believe that the ‘dead’ manner in which the ball is poked or thrust often prevents it, for example, from running a hoop, where a light springy ‘hit,’ especially a ‘rising’ hit such as just referred to, would have made it ripple through.

All this, it may be said, is theory, a thing perfectly harmless to any well-established fact. It only means that our advice to the tiro, young or old, at a date when scores of people all over the country are taking up croquet, would be, ‘If you must play at all, play naturally *if you can*.’ (The mental reservation

implied shall remain unprinted.) To the tiro we may further add, cultivate the 'feel' of the ball. Play as if you grasped it in your hand and pinched it this way or that. Study its various paces, their cause and effect, advice which may, perhaps, be specially addressed to lady players not of the first or second class. The thing which has been brought of late years to a perfection beautiful to contemplate is the 'angular' distribution of balls about the table in the course of the 'four-ball break'; the exact location, that is, of *two balls at a time* in positions equally important but many yards apart. It remains a remarkable fact, noticed by several writers on the game, that many lady players, proficient in other respects, 'do not understand angles.' If so, they should study them. Many a poor he-man playing at many a provincial tournament may be observed struggling to explain to a partner (who, perhaps, roquets balls and runs hoops more easily than he does) how easy it is to split the balls with fair precision, *at an acute angle*.

Sometimes, of course, it is want of strength that produces the failure, but more often a real want of attention and discernment, perhaps of faith in the non-obvious.

'Split into position,' says the partner. And his fair companion 'splits' as if never to meet again, her own ball drifting loosely away three yards to one side of the hoop, and the other twice as far in front of it. 'No,' he says, when watching preparations for a repetition of this fatal manœuvre; 'don't let the balls go where they like. Plant them where *you* like. Grasp them, as it were, in the hollow of your mallet. Hit firmly, but not too quickly, in a line between your two destinations, and *finish up the stroke steadily*, without letting your right hand run away with your left.'

'Shan't I do it with a roll?' perhaps she says.

'No,' answers the mentor; 'never do with a roll what can be done with a clean stroke, which *stops the ball* with infinitely more precision. In rolling you "put on" you know not what of wild and strange impetus. By a clean hit you not only impel the ball, you can also "time it" better than anyhow else.'

Not, of course, that the 'roll' is not to be studied. A pair of balls cannot be sent the full length of the court, travelling as if yoked together, by a mere stroke of the mallet, but only by that lawful union of the stroke and the 'push' which is peculiar to the game of croquet. It is here, by the way, that the 'foul stroke' properly so-called is to be looked for, or (by those who

wish to avoid all unpleasantness) to be studiously ignored. A positively double stroke in which the playing-ball is hit once for the other and once for itself, is, of course, not to be endured; but anything short of that in which two knocks are distinctly audible must be taken as all right. The roll is to be played as a single prolonged stroke and carried well through. This is especially so in the case where the playing-ball is to be 'forced through' the other or given an impetus sufficient to overtake it. For this purpose, as for the close 'split,' the mallet must be held very tight and may legitimately be grasped rather low down. Some people hold it equally tight for all purposes, even for the 'rush'—a stroke which really deserves careful study, and in which many beginners find serious difficulty, and complain of the ball jumping. This manœuvre is the very opposite antithesis of the roll. In the latter the mallet should cling lovingly to the ball to the last moment compatible with a (theoretically) single stroke. In the 'rush' the two should part company as quickly as possible. In other words, the (playing) ball, if it is to propel the other any distance, *cannot be hit too quickly*. It should be given no time to think—or to get up off the ground—but treated as a part of the mallet.

For, let the novice remember, it will do as it is done by. 'Chop' or 'top' the playing ball ever so little, and it will either jump the player altogether or strike it so high as scarcely to produce any effect. To avoid this you must not 'press' or 'take hold' of it at all, and for this purpose the mallet should be handled as lightly and freely as is compatible with aiming. It is well to press the ball for the purposes of a split or an approach, for there you want to stop it, and the pressure applied in one of these tight measured strokes corresponds to 'screw' in billiards. But in rushing, the playing ball is, for once, a mere instrument. The sooner you are rid of it the better. The maximum of pace is to be acquired in the minimum of distance.

We may notice in conclusion a tendency exhibited by one or two of the youngest and most brilliant players referred to above, in playing their breaks to leave everything, or, at any rate, a great deal too much, to the 'rush.' In certain highly gifted hands no play can exactly be called dangerous, but it is not to be imitated.

The beginner should doubtless learn to regard the 'rush' as *the* means of locomotion in all ordinary manœuvres, and should thoroughly master all the niceties of the stroke.

But the 'four-ball break,' it cannot be too strongly reiterated, should depend in the main upon the *croquet* stroke, upon the measured leisurely drive, that is, by which, *e.g.*, after running Hoop 2, the used ball is driven diagonally across the ground from hoop to hoop, and the player stopped in the middle within easy range of his turning ball.

This stroke, as executed by Mr. Willis or Mr. Bonham Carter, is the true 'daily bread' of the orthodox player. To place the balls, so to speak, anywhere, and to depend when the time comes for running the hoop on 'getting the rush' in that direction from some six or seven yards off this is, in truth, 'monkey tricks not gowf,' nor croquet. Moreover, the diagonal drive across the court, a thing which ought to leave the croqueted ball within two or three feet of the hoop for which it is to be used, has the advantage of being a 'natural strength' stroke. It simply requires a steady hand and an easy, moderate swing.

Will the 'new *croquet*' continue to flourish among us? Will it maintain the rate of progress of the last six years? The list of tournaments for the season certainly shows no signs of falling off. All over the length and breadth of the country well-attended meetings are being held and are to be held at such frequent intervals as to give the pot-hunting croquetist—if there be such people (a fact of which we are officially unaware)—incessant employment from early in May to late in September. Then the annual meeting at the Devonshire Park, Eastbourne—which owes its popularity more to the general suitability of the place to the purpose than to the intrinsic excellence of the grounds at that date after the tennis tournament—will close the season, except for those who utilise a felt court in winter time. These few must, we fancy, be more than enthusiasts; for croquet, which can never rival billiards as a science, or tennis as an exercise, is attractive mainly as an outdoor game—for hot weather, on the prevalence of which its fortunes must, to a peculiar extent, depend.



## FROM THE SOLENT TO THE ZUYDER ZEE IN A FOUR-TONNER

BY MAUDE SPEED

EVERYTHING seemed against us when the day came for our start ; but we had made up our minds to set sail on the longest day, and if the ten plagues of Egypt had descended on the Solent in a body they would have found us under way and bound for the Dutch coast ! As it was, we (my husband and I and the boat) got off in the tail-end of a gale that had whipped the spray over our decks as we lay at anchor in Southampton Water ; still, by mid-day the wind moderated and the glass soon began rising at such a rate that it could only mean a foul wind coming for us, and we therefore kept sailing on from the afternoon of June 21 till 4 A.M. the following morning, when we brought up just inside the outer-harbour at Newhaven for a brief rest and breakfast, after which we immediately got the anchor up again, as the change of wind was certain to come. And come it did, when we were off Eastbourne ; but we said, as Buller did when he crossed the Tugela, 'There must be no turning back' ; and we thrashed on all through that day and night, through the next day, and far into the next night, when we wearily crawled into Dover Harbour. A coastguardsman hailed us from the quay and asked the name of our boat. I replied to the question and heard him say to his mate, 'Oh ! he has got a boy with him.' The next question was, 'Where do you come from, young feller ?' I answered that also, and wondered if he would see us in the morning and find out his mistake ! We slept that night the sleep that is the reward of a very short night's rest followed by forty hours on end with only

one or two brief naps snatched in turns during the long sail. I must confess, indeed, that even the Sunday church-bells ringing for service did not arouse us from our slumbers! Hunger did at last, though, and the prospect of a good dinner at the Lord Warden seemed too tempting to be foregone with such fine appetites to do justice to it. On the Monday, after replenishing our stores, we had a glorious reach across to Calais, with fresh east wind necessitating just one reef in the mainsail.

Such a four hours' sail as that atones for much of the discomfort one must often put up with in small-boat cruising. We had made fast to some convenient-looking piles, and were coating the mainsail, when a stout Monsieur accosted us in his best English, saying, 'Sare, you are very bad placed there,' and he went on to tell us that we were close to the mouth of a drain that discharged its contents at low water. So we had to shift to another berth higher up, alongside of a large smack that had no one on board; but here again we had no peace, for we had just got off to sleep when a voice that was neither that of an angel nor a nightingale broke in upon our dreams, shouting hoarsely, 'Monsieur! Vite! Nous partons toute suite'; and before we had time to throw on some hasty attire and come on deck the owner of our neighbouring boat had begun casting off our ropes and preparing to get under way in that impatient state of excited hurry in which the French seem to do everything! So for the third time we had to find another place, and in that we were left in peace till the morning. Before getting off I went ashore for fresh provisions and some of the delicious hot fried potatoes sold at the little stalls in these towns, which beat anything the best of restaurant *chefs* can send up in that line.

The wind continued in the E., so we had another long beat to Dunkerque, and yet another over the twenty-three miles that intervene between that port and Ostend, where we expected to stay some days, as we thought we should find a difficulty in tearing ourselves away from a town that has such a name as a holiday resort. 'How nice,' we said, 'to be able to live for nothing in a place where our other compatriots are paying through the nose for the plainest accommodation!' However, our enthusiasm gradually sank down as we in vain tried to discover the secrets of Ostend's charms. A man told me once that he had been paying thirty shillings a night for his room alone there, but I could not get out of him what he found in the place to make the game worth the candle; he said he didn't



WE THRASHED ON ALL THROUGH THAT DAY AND NIGHT, AND FAR ON INTO THE NEXT NIGHT





know, and smiled darkly, but I never got behind that smile, and my private opinion is that the sole attraction there is the gambling, which goes on freely. Many of the rich and fast world throng there on that account, and the rest follow them blindly and without reasons of their own. Unlike Monte Carlo, which possesses every natural advantage, and would still be attractive without its Casino, we summed up Ostend as follows: Hot, sandy, treeless country all round, poor bands, second-rate shops, bare shadeless digue, and famine prices charged for everything—those asked by the laundress were ridiculous, and would give points even to the Cairo hotel proprietors' demands. So we soon had enough of Ostend, and leaving it to the simpering fashion-plates who throng the parade, sailed on to Flushing, where we arrived that evening, and after the usual interview with the custom-house officer, passed through the lock-gates into the canal and continued on till dusk came upon us at the typical old Dutch town of Middelburg, with its high church tower, from which the carillon peals forth the passing hours to the country round. Though getting dark when we arrived I had to leave the skipper to stow sails while I ran to the town for provisions, knowing that the Dutch are even stricter sabbatarians than the Scotch, and that not so much as a crust of bread would be procurable on the morrow.

The shops and streets were crowded with girls doing their Saturday night's shopping, dressed in the quaint and picturesque dress that is still in vogue there. I found it difficult to get what I wanted, as no one there knew any language but their own, and of that I could speak not one word! However, I returned at last with my basket full, and some experience gained as to the prices of things. Loaf-sugar is nearly a shilling per pound in our money, and everything with sugar in it is very dear. Altogether I found Holland a wretched place for shopping, and quite revelled in the Ramsgate shops when we arrived there on our return to England. When away from the large towns we had almost to live on the heavy, close-grained black bread, eggs, cheese, and eels; milk is very cheap, but meat difficult to procure anywhere, particularly mutton, which is reserved for feasts and special occasions. Even the commonest sweets, such as peppermints, are sixpence an ounce; and when we distributed some at one place we visited to the children who were watching us from the quay they besieged our boat to such a degree all the next day, and made such a clamour and uproar, that we had to take a hasty departure from the town to get away from them!

In our next day's run we passed out of the Middelburg canal at Veere and emerged into that wonderful network of creeks and estuaries which lies between that place and Helvoetsluis. The channels are all well marked, and if the chart be carefully studied the whole time no mistake need be made. From Helvoetsluis we passed through the Voorne Canal into the river Maas and up that to Rotterdam. Everywhere we stopped a crowd collected to look at us, peering down through the skylight, and even venturing on deck sometimes till invited to withdraw to a more respectful distance. In one place a man must have made quite a nice little sum by rowing people out to the stern of our boat, from which they could gaze into the cabin and see us at tea. No doubt the little place looked cosy in the red lights of our silk lamp-shade, with the blue and white china tea things on the table and the fish frying on the stove close to us. The boat came backwards and forwards all the evening with its complement of passengers, and I can only hope they considered the show worth the money! The Dutch boats are all so immensely heavy and substantial that our little craft looked quite fragile and fairylike by the side of them.

Though Holland is such a grand place for sailing, you rarely find a Dutch yacht, and I never remember once seeing a lady in a boat, though the wives of the bargemen are very good help-meets to them in their work, and can steer and make ropes fast as well as their husbands. The whole race are the plainest set of people I have seen in any country. One seldom notes a pretty face amongst the young women, but the old are all without a redeeming point, their figures either as straight and flat as a deal board or as substantial and shapeless as a tub—no happy medium. The men were also left in the cold when beauty was served out, and there is a great family likeness between them all.

From Rotterdam we pursued our way by river canal and mere to Amsterdam, bringing up for each night among the reeds and rushes or mooring to some village quay. Nothing shows one the country better than this slow sailing through the heart of it. Amsterdam is an immense city and (from the canal in which we were lying) an evil-smelling one; in fact, I thought it would beat any Oriental town in the odour line that I have ever been in! The boys and children are very rude and noisy there, as, indeed, everywhere in Holland. A large crowd of them, being amused at my yachting-cap, followed me one day through the streets shouting at my heels. I took no notice of

them until a big boy tried to snatch a button off the back of my coat, and that I thought going a bit too far, so I turned hastily round and smashed the handle of my umbrella over his head, at which he turned and fled, howling lustily, and the remaining children continued looking from the other side of the street. The stone-throwing propensities of these unruly urchins, too, is a well-known bugbear to the yachtsman in Holland, skylights being frequently broken as a joke by the boys.

A fifty-mile run up the great North Holland Ship Canal brought us past the celebrated cheese-making town of Alkmaar to the Helder, where we passed through the canal-gates out into the shallow waters of that curious little land-locked sea that we had been steering for all along—the Zuyder Zee ; and as the editor will think his readers have had a long enough sail for the present, I will drop our anchor here and bring this little account to a close. It is written mainly as a guide to other owners of small yachts to follow in our wake ; for a cruise of that sort is quite easy to accomplish, and is so much more interesting to look back upon than the same time spent about our own familiar home ports and sailing grounds.





## ORANGE RIVER GAME IN OLD DAYS

BY F. H. H. GUILLEMARD

THE march of civilisation in Africa is, no doubt, an excellent thing in its way. It has given us the sleeping-car in lieu of the waggon, and the iced long drink where a dip from the *fontein* was the best that offered. It has even given us the literary circles and restful life of Johannesburg, and many other blessings which I need not enlarge upon here. But, for all that, the changes which have taken place do not entirely commend themselves to the sportsman any more than to the lover of nature, for wherever he goes he has to bewail the rapid disappearance of the game. He has a sneaking affection for the beasts that perish; he does not want them to perish too fast; and although he may himself have caused the decrease of some of them, he has done so merely because he loves them, and he has no desire but that they should roam in undiminished numbers over the veldt where Harris and Gordon Cumming first descried them in their countless myriads.

What his wishes may be, however, matters little. He may equally yearn to have existed in the days of the mastodon and the gigantic sivatherium, with a pom-pom or some suitable weapon wherewith to encounter them, but the one wish is as impossible to realise as the other. The plain game of Southern Africa approaches the doom of the Siwalik fauna, and approaches it rapidly, unless some bacillus of even more potent character than that of the Black Death sweeps man from the face of the earth and leaves it a fair field for the lower animals.

There are, of course, some few survivors. Within the borders of the Orange River Colony Burchell's zebra and the black wildebeest roam no longer, but many of the farms have yet some springbok, and the blesbok too is still to be found, though

the war must have further reduced their numbers. The Kalahari will hold them for a while. But elsewhere they exist much as the buffalo exists in America, and even if they do not eventually go the way of the dodo and the great auk, they may be classed rather as unsecured zoological specimens than as quarry for the sportsman's rifle.

Yet what sights Andrew Smith and Harris and the older travellers must have seen in the early days! The latter describes the country near the Orange River as being 'literally white with springbucks, myriads of which covered the plain,' and the district about the Moritsani, where Mafeking now stands, seems to have been even more densely packed. 'I turned off the road,' continues Harris, 'in pursuit of a troop of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another, which was joined by a third still larger; then by a vast herd of zebras and again by more gnoos, with sassaybes and hartebeestes pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game.' Baldwin, too, as late as the fifties, seems to have found them in undiminished numbers. How the land could ever have supported them is a mystery, but undoubtedly in droughts they perished in numbers from insufficiency of grass. The 'trek-bokken' described both by Gordon Cumming and Harris, when the springbok, all heading in the same direction, marched past in uninterrupted columns for two or three days at a time, must certainly have undertaken these curious migrations in search of food. 'On climbing the low range of hills,' says Cumming, 'I beheld the plains and even the hillsides which stretched away on every side of me thickly covered, not with herds, but with one vast mass of springboks; as far as the eye could strain, the landscape was alive with them, until they softened down into a dim red mass of living creatures.' They were undoubtedly seeking fresh pasture. Water seems by no means a daily necessity for them; indeed, I believe that springbok can go for days together without drinking.

But even at a much later period the game still swarmed in the (then) Free State, though not, of course, in the myriads above described. When in the Republic in 1877, I remember being told by a man who had been engaged some years before in surveying farms there that their work had been considerably interfered with by the game, as they were often unable to keep their surveying staffs in view. To my eye, unspoilt by the millions that were an everyday sight to Gordon Cumming and

those of his time, the north-west of the Free State at the period I have just named seemed as full of game as the Zoological Gardens. In one of the large salt-pans not far from the Rhenoster River I once saw a pack of quite five thousand blesbok and bontebok, and a very pretty sight it was. But when talking to the older Boers they would invariably say, 'Daar is niet meer wild ni', het is altemaal gedaan'—'There is no more game, it's gone.'

What was chiefly answerable for the departure of this vast mass of animal life I cannot say. The disappearance, apparently, was not sudden and complete, as in the case of the buffalo in America, but steady, though tolerably rapid. No doubt the discovery of the Rand put the finishing touch to it, after the farmers had once grasped the fact that the hides of the smaller antelopes were just as realisable an asset as those of rhino or giraffe. Probably, too, as in the case of the American buffalo, and, it is said, in that of some of the primitive races of man—though this latter may be doubted—there is a point in reduction which, if passed, means the inevitable extinction of the species, or at best its bare existence and nothing more.

However this may be, the veldt is now empty and lifeless. There is something about these vast flats, limitless seas of grass whose treeless level surface is only broken here and there by some flat-topped kopje, which gives an impression of loneliness that the sea—the only thing in any way resembling them—never gives. Yet, in spite of this, I do not know any part of the world where one feels a greater sense of exhilaration. The winter mornings, especially, are glorious. After a night cold enough to put a light coating of ice on the pails in camp the sun rises over a veldt sparkling with hoar-frost, and is soon shining with such power as to make us need a coat rather as a protection from its rays than to keep us warm. Then it is that one experiences the delight in mere existence which travellers have so often spoken of as the special gift of the high veldt. The air is like champagne, for we are five thousand feet above the sea, and as one stretches into an easy canter over the plain one feels, especially when the game is in sight, that after all life is worth living, and that there might be many worse places than the 'Free State.' Our men now fighting there have, no doubt, to undergo hardships, for these are inseparable from every campaign, but we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that the theatre of war is one of the healthiest regions in the world.

At the time of which I write, now nearly a quarter of a

century ago, not only were there no railways, but not even made roads. The *paadjies*, as the Boers call them, were mere waggon-tracks, and when these seemed more than usually rough or sandy the *voorlooper* merely set about making another on his own account by tugging his leaders to one side or the other, as seemed him good. Of cultivation as we understand it there was little or nothing. At rare intervals a Boer farm might be seen, generally recognisable in the distance by its little clump of trees, and here there might be some attempt at a tilling of the soil, which found expression chiefly in the growing of mealies or forage and the cultivation of a small garden. In this respect there is not much change even now. The Boer has never been an agriculturist, and never will be. But there is no reason why what we now term the Orange River Colony should not, in time to come, make a respectable figure as a corn-growing country, though its character, at all events in the northern and western portions, would seem to indicate that it is more suited for cattle or horse ranching.

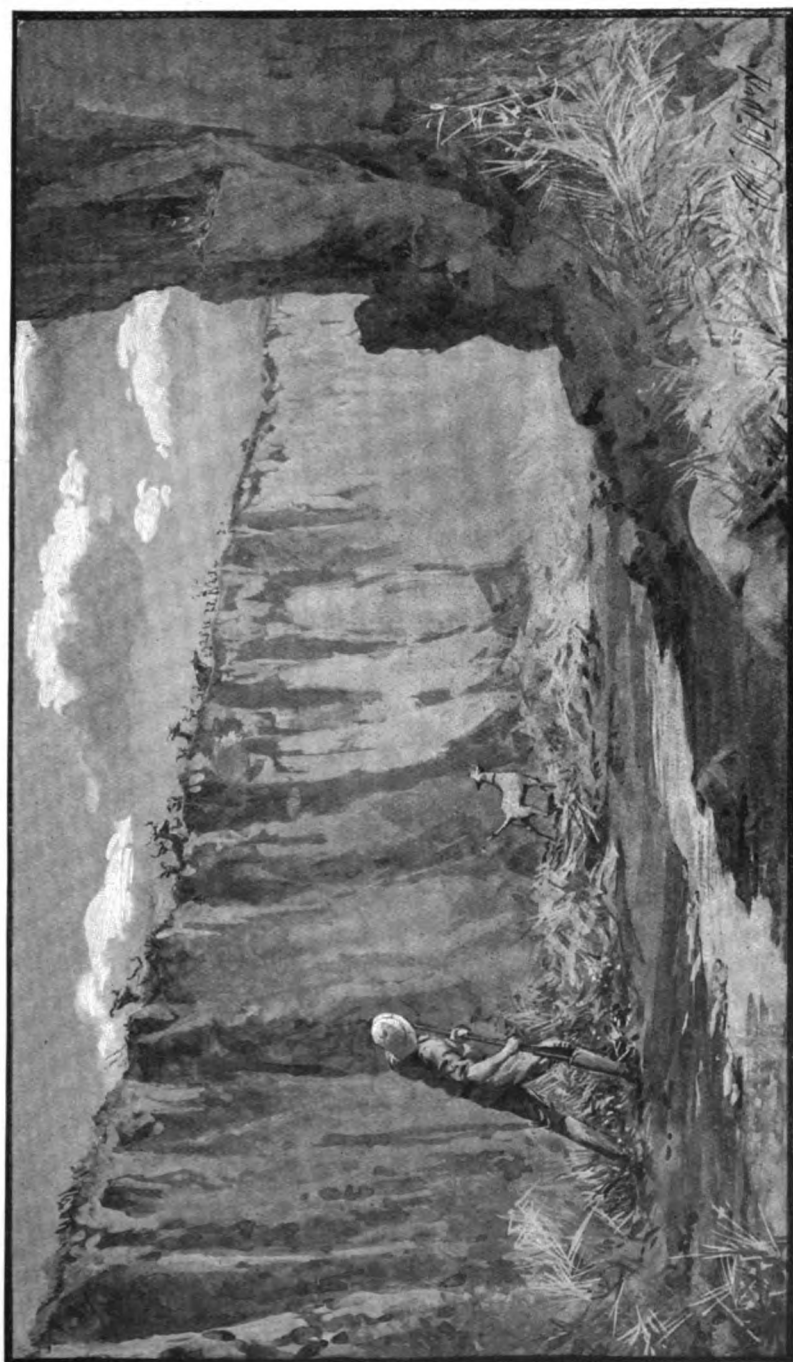
It is time to turn back to the game, however, the favourite haunt of which, as I have said, was towards the north-west, near the Valsch, Vet, and Rhenoster Rivers, though springbok were, of course, to be found everywhere. These latter gazelles—for gazelles they are—are certainly the most graceful of all the South African prairie antelopes. It would, indeed, be difficult to find more beautiful animals, or any more engaging as pets, for the young ones are very easily tamed. Watching them through a telescope, or when lying up at a *scherm* waiting for more important game, their movements never failed to fascinate one. They spring and bound about in a very lively and graceful manner, and this habit has given them their name, but their full capabilities in this way are best seen when they come to a road or waggon-track, which seldom fails to arouse their suspicions. The leaders, after careful reconnoitring, jump it first, and their example is followed by the rest of the herd—a pretty and most peculiar sight, for they do not take it flying, but jump almost straight upwards in a remarkably sudden manner, like the hopping of a flea. These bounds are prodigious. It is, of course, difficult to judge of their height at the distance the buck must necessarily be from the observer, but I remember on one occasion trying to estimate it by the size of the animals themselves, and putting it down at about 11 ft., but it would not astonish me to learn that they are capable of considerably more.

The Boer plan of hunting the springbok and other game of the flat country was (one must use the past tense) simple enough. Even in those days it was too shy to permit a nearer approach than four hundred yards or so, and stalking is not an amusement which commends itself to the mind of the Boer, who likes to 'mak sikker' and wants to husband his cartridges. Moreover, no one goes on foot in South Africa, so our friend Oom Piet, let us say, who is willing to show us some sport, mounts his wiry little pony, which is trained to stop on laying a hand on its neck, and when we have sighted the game commences operations by slowly riding towards it. The buck soon take the alarm, run together, pause, make off in one direction for a moment or two, stop again, and then change their course, finally streaming off in a line which is seldom right away from their pursuer but generally more or less at an angle. This gives our friend his opportunity, for, knowing that, like sheep, they will stick to their course without changing, he rides to cut them off. His pony understands the game as well as he does, and often takes his own line himself, keeping one eye on the buck and another on his going, which is none of the best, for, to say nothing of ant-hills, the veldt is literally riddled with porcupine and ant-bear holes, invisible till one is upon them, when they have to be jumped or swerved, as the case may be.

The world is sometimes a not unpleasant place, when, for example, one has just landed a forty-pounder after a two-hour struggle, or made a right and left at cock ; but, take it all round, this racing after these great herds of game is as exciting a business as anything I know. There is something, too, in the air, and in the sense of boundlessness and freedom which these vast plains give—a something that one gets nowhere else. The psychological moment is reached when you rein your horse up and jump off just as the herd comes thundering past, enveloped in clouds of dust, which render it anything but easy to pick your shot. In this way one sometimes gets the blesbok and springbok, but more especially the former, within a few yards ; indeed, I have been on more than one occasion actually amongst them.

Now, if you are a tyro, somewhat blown, and above a bit excited, it is as likely as not that you will discover, when the rush is past, that you have had the 200 yds. sight up ; but you may be quite sure that Oom Piet has not, and that there are two bucks on the ground as the result of his operations when the herd has swept on. There is no time to be lost, however,





SHALL I GET A SHOT?

*Drawing by Mr. Charles Sheldon after a Sketch by Mr. Seppings Wright*



and you make a dash for your horse, who, well trained to the work, has been standing motionless meanwhile, but is now as anxious as you are to be off after them again. Mounting a fidgety brute with a heavy Express in one's hand is not always an easy matter, and you will probably find yourself careering over the veldt spread-eagled over your saddle, wondering when you will get your stirrup and whether you slipped the safety-bolt forward or not. Fortunately all is right, and as you sit down to a steady run of a quarter of an hour or so—this time a stern-chase, for you will scarcely get another cut-off again—you will have time to wonder how on earth you are going to find the two buck left behind on a plain so devoid of landmarks.

You need not worry, for Piet will lead us to them pretty straight after we have tailed out the one that, in spite of that 200 yds. flap having been up, you have managed to wound. By-and-by the pace becomes too much for him, and he separates out from the rest of the herd. When you see this it will not be very long before you get him, and while you dismount and give him the *coup de grâce* your companion will press on and get another shot, perhaps, before giving up the chase. Springbok, however, like most of the South African antelopes, are pretty tough, and one may sometimes hit them very hard and yet not get them. I remember once stalking up to the edge of a little cliff-surrounded pan near the Valsch river, and getting a broad-side shot at a fine old buck barely fifty yards off with a .360 Express. He fell at once, and going back for my horse, which I had left at some little distance, I returned with it to pack him. I found the buck hit immediately behind the shoulder, and had actually laid my hand on his horn as a preliminary to giving him his quietus, when to my astonishment he sprang to his feet, nearly knocking me over, and made off at top speed. I mounted and gave chase, when he joined a large herd of his fellows, and although I rode this for some time he never tailed out. The herd then separated, and I think I must have followed the wrong lot, for I never got him after all.

I have never seen any explanation of the use of the long white infolded hairs, which are arranged in the form of a stripe down the lower part of the back and over the rump of this species. They can erect this at will, and very often do so, and the sight of a number of these graceful creatures flashing these tossing plumes of white in the sunlight is a curious and pretty one. I do not know if any other gazelle has this peculiar characteristic, but Mr. Holder describes something similar in

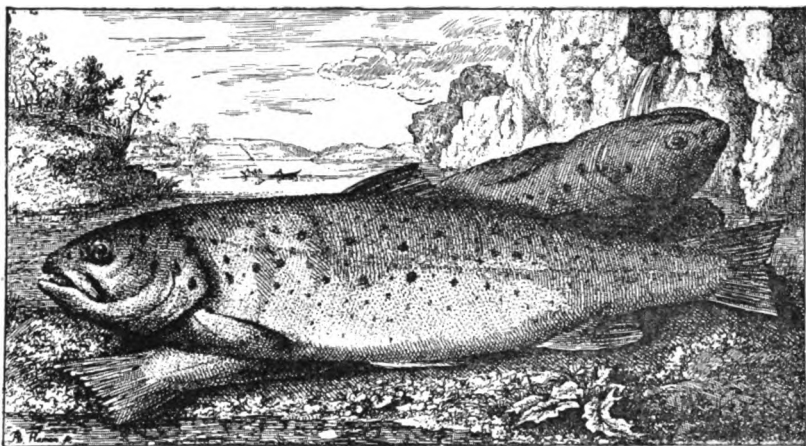
the prongbuck, and thinks that it is used as a signal of alarm ; but this, I feel quite sure, is not its explanation in the case of the springbok. The meat of *Gazella eucore*, to give it its scientific name, is, like that of most African antelopes, very dry. One's boys know this, and scramble for the *vet-darm* or tripe—the lower part especially, as this is fat and juicy. A still more prized object is the tail, the skin of which is used to mend the stems of pipes, so often broken in camp. Pulled on while fresh, like the finger of a glove, it sets like iron, and answers its purpose admirably. The under surface of the tail, which is bare, is put uppermost, and the little snow-white tuft of hair of the upper side makes a neat adornment to the pipe beneath.

The blesboks and bonteboks were in even larger herds than the springboks in 1877. They are, indeed, more truly gregarious than the latter, for one seldom sees them in small groups of three or four only, as one not infrequently sees springbok. They are much alike—so much so as to be indistinguishable at a distance—the colour of both being a sort of lilac-brown. The chief difference between them is that the white blaze, which characterises both and gives the blesbok its name, is, in the latter animal, crossed by a dark bar on the forehead, while in the bontebok the face is of an unbroken white. The Boers, who regard the game not for the sport it affords, but for the amount of meat there is on it, prefer these animals and the wildebeest to the springbok, and as they were quite as easy, if not easier, to get, ridden down in the manner I have just described, it is not wonderful that they were the first to be cleared off. Both species are often—indeed, as far as my experience goes, almost always—affected by curious and most unpleasant-looking parasites, huge maggotlike creatures as large as one's thumb, which inhabit the nasal passages and frontal sinuses, but, in spite of their size, they do not seem to cause their hosts much inconvenience. Africa is the true home of parasitism—fowls, hares, birds, and indeed almost all animals swarming both inside and out, and the skinner's task is apt to arouse all sorts of uncomfortable reflections in his mind.

Though the blue wildebeest used to be found well south of the Limpopo, it is in reality not a true South African species, and ranges up as far as the Victoria Nyanza, so it is not likely to be exterminated just yet. Its cousin, the black wildebeest, on the other hand, is almost certainly doomed to extinction, for it is essentially a creature of the plains, and never went very far north. Even in the palmy days of Harris and Gordon

Cumming they do not seem to have existed in the vast numbers the springbok and blesbok did, and a quarter of a century ago they had ceased to be at all common in the Free State. The veldt is certainly the poorer for their absence, for they were distinctly the liveliest of its inhabitants and the most interesting. More extraordinary creatures surely never greeted a hunter's eye. While the springbok may be best described as sportive and graceful, and the blesboks and bonteboks as rather stupid and sheeplike, the wildebeest can only be characterised as lunatic. No one could call them responsible for their actions, they must have been hopelessly *non compos* ever since their existence as a species, for anything more absurd than their antics cannot be imagined. They rush round and round in circles, fling their heads and legs about, and engage in sham-fights with an energy that is wonderful, now and again varying the performance by what seem to be attempts to stand on their heads; indeed, there is scarcely any strange attitude which they do not assume. I have never remarked these curious antelopes in large herds, but always in small packs, so I presume this is their usual habit, though quite possibly it may have been due to the inroads upon their numbers. Solitary individuals used often to be seen—an uncommon thing with the blesbok or hartebeest. This latter ungainly-looking animal can no longer, I should imagine, be reckoned among the game of the Orange River Colony, where it used once to be so common.

To the lesser game, the rheeboks—who, like the Boers, love the stony kopjes—the steenboks, and others, I need not here allude. As a rule one sees but little of them, owing to the superior attractions of their larger relatives. They are, moreover, by no means easy to get, presenting a small mark as they go away at a great pace among the rocks, a little too far for a shot-gun and 'loopers,' and rather too much of a snap shot for a .500 Express. It is the game of the plains on which one's memory chiefly dwells in recalling long past days in South Africa. And now little remains of it but millions of whitening bones, lying side by side with the carcasses of horses and oxen, the paper, and the glittering biscuit-tins which our vast army has left upon its trail.



## A MONTH IN NORWAY

BY THE HON. W. A. ORDE-POWLETT

WE were young, and kind friends had told us we were idiots to take a cheap fishing in Norway, an advertisement of which had appeared in the *Field*; nevertheless we stuck to our guns and, what is more, never regretted we had done so, in fact after our first sojourn there we made arrangements to take it on for five years, and wish it had been for twenty. Neither of us had fished for salmon in Norway before, but we knew enough, aided by the advice of numerous friends, not to expect much for the small rent we were paying. July was the month we had selected, and the 2nd found us comfortably installed in our Norwegian home, at a farmhouse in one of the loveliest of the many lovely valleys of that country; one which, although so beautiful, has so far been mercifully spared from the hordes of tourists, thanks to its being somewhat inaccessible. Our beat was a good way up the river, and we had been warned that, unless the season was an early one, we could not expect many fish till near the middle of the month, as many a heavy rapid had to be 'negotiated' before they could enter the sacred precincts of our water. This proved to be the case; unfortunately for us the season was an extremely late one, so for the first fortnight we devoted ourselves to the trout, and rare fun we had. They ran up to 3lb., the average being about  $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and

many a bag of thirty and even fifty apiece did we manage to get.

Notwithstanding that our energies were turned troutwards we never neglected to cast over the best of the salmon pools at least once a day and generally a great deal oftener. Nothing rewarded our efforts till the 20th. I had just finished casting over what we considered the best pool, and was holding the rod behind my back, like a billiard cue, while my gillie was rowing to shore, when a violent pull as nearly as possible snatched my rod out of my hands. Somehow or other I managed to get it to its right position with the fish still on. He sailed about quite quietly for some time, when he suddenly



OUR NORWEGIAN HOME

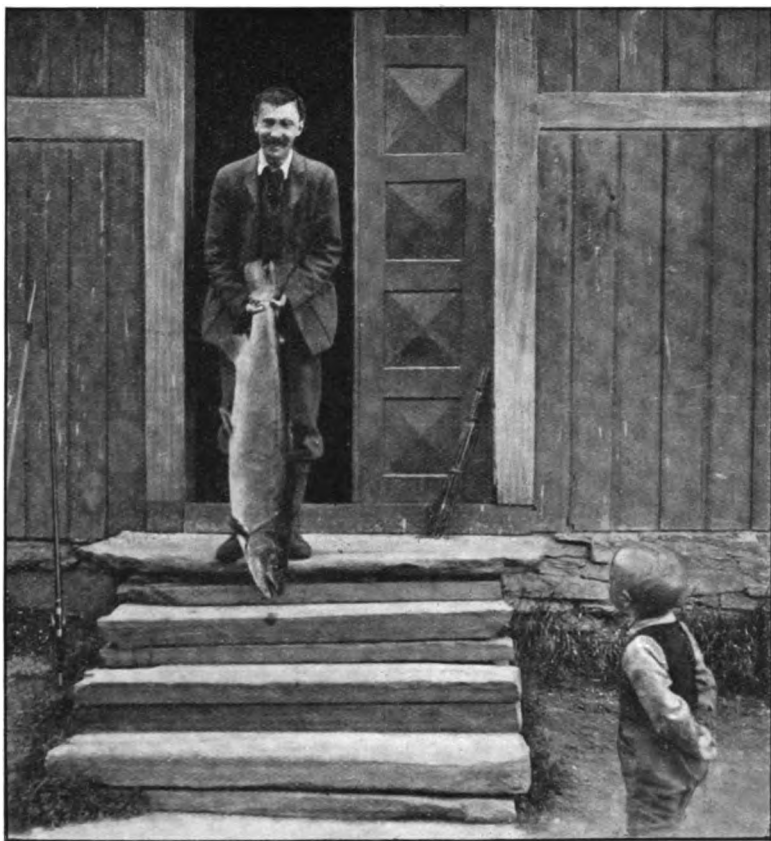
came to the top of the water and began lashing it into foam with his huge tail. Then we saw what a monster he was, quite 35lb. my gillie muttered, and I did not think he was far wrong. Having dashed about to his satisfaction, he retired beneath the surface and went headlong for the heavy rapids at the foot of the pool. Alas! I did my best to stop him, but my efforts were futile; the line flew back in my face minus fly and fish. Brother anglers, a fellow feeling will enable you to sympathise with me; here was the first fish I had hooked in Norway, and by far the biggest I had ever had hold of anywhere, gone—gone for ever! My gillie, Halva, and I said little, but looked many things as we wearily and sadly wended our way home.

However, better luck was in store; next day I landed my first Norwegian fish, a beauty of 21lb., and my friend did ditto.

The day after that was a blank, the river being rather too high ; but on the following morning I jumped early out of bed with an instinctive feeling that it was to be a great day, for had I not the best pool again and, moreover, my companion had seen a big fish rising there the previous evening. It certainly is a lovely spot for a fish, a heavy rapid at the top gradually calming down to a deep, swift stream, with enormous boulders, broken off the hills above, scattered over the bed of the river. The morning was dull but fine, and, putting on a double-barrelled 2/o Jock Scott, I was soon afloat at the head of the pool. 'Rather too deep and rapid there at present,' I thought, and for some ten yards or so I cast in vain. Just about half-way down, a sure place for a rise as has been proved by us many a time since, a great fish fairly flew at my fly, displaying the whole of his vast proportions as he did so. 'Meget, meget stor,' ejaculated Halva, and I agreed with him though saying nothing. How a big salmon can make one's heart beat and one's arms ache too for that matter ! At first he did not appear to realise the situation and allowed us to row quickly ashore and get on to the bank. My tackle was sound I knew, and if it only were not for those rapids below—but no time to think of that now, for off he went, and for a quarter of an hour we had a very lively time of it. Up and down that pool he flew, at one moment out of the water at the far side of the river, at the next trying to get behind an enormous boulder about the size of an ordinary room close under my feet, which manœuvre the crystal clearness of the water enabled us to see and frustrate. Off again to the top of the pool he dashed and then came rolling down, more or less tired—he rather less and I rather more, for it was a warm morning and the perspiration began to pour off me. Right under our bank he came, where the water was six or eight feet deep. 'Gaff him now !' I shouted to Halva, but he apparently was quite unnerved and stood motionless. Meanwhile, the fish recovered himself and went down stream with sullen jerks. Oh those jerks ! I thanked my stars I had carefully selected my tackle before starting, but nothing would save the situation if he once got into those swirling waters, where I had lost his brother three days before. Right to the brink of them he went and then he hesitated. Slowly and step by step I persuaded him back into the pool again. One more rush and he had had enough ; I guided him to the bank where Halva cleverly gaffed and drew him ashore. I was about as done as the fish, but what mattered that when my steelyard, which registers up to



40lb., was unable to weigh him! Triumphantly we bore him home, where he turned the scales at a trifle over 41lb., the biggest fish that had ever been caught on the beat. His cast, excellently made in Bergen, now adorns my room, and although I have since then caught many a fish in that particular pool, none ever



MY 41LB. SALMON

has, and I do not suppose ever will, come up to this one in size, the second that fell to my rod in Norwegian waters.

One more occurrence which seems noteworthy took place on this same water. Our lowest pool was a typical one for salmon; a strong torrent at the head gradually calming into a broad clear stream and fishable from both sides, requiring a long line to reach the centre from either of them. Immediately below it were some famous rapids, where the river rushes through a narrow gorge, which it is said the fish take at least

a week to pass. Hence, our pool, the first they reached after their troubles, was almost bound to be a favourite spot where they would rest awhile to recuperate their energies ; but no, every day we tried it carefully with fly, minnow and prawn without ever even seeing a fish. The natives said they used to catch salmon there, but careful research only discovered one trustworthy capture which took place two years previously.



THE RESULT OF AN HOUR AND A HALF'S FISHING

So, as you may imagine, it was with no very pleasurable anticipations that I sauntered down to Löpol one afternoon in the last week of July. The weather, too, did its best to dishearten me, the rain coming down in torrents and a bitterly cold wind blowing right up stream.

Halva was not with me that day ; but I had Iver, as good a boatman and gaffer as could be found, and he talked English too ! I mounted a 3/0 Jock Scott and we began about half way down the north side of the cast, the water being too high to afford any chance farther up. My wife was sitting cold and

wretched on the bank, resting a few moments preparatory to walking home again, when, strange to say, at my fourth cast I was fast in a fish, and, at the same moment, saw another rise in the middle of the stream a few yards lower down. My fish was not a very stout-hearted one, and I soon had him, or rather her, on the bank, a hen fish of 12lb. Off we went again and I just managed to get my fly right over the one we had seen rising. He fairly flew at it and lucky it was he came so well, for I had a very long line out and the stream had instantly bagged it in the centre. However, I had him fast enough, and a strong one he was, but after a quarter of an hour's exciting tussle he joined his lady friend on the bank, a cock of 13lb. There was, by this time, little water left to fish on the north side and another dozen casts finished it. Iver rowed up and crossed the rapid at the top to the other side. Rather ticklish work it is too : a false stroke would land one in eternity, for the chance of getting out of the boiling waters is a very remote one indeed. However, we crossed safely, barring a thorough drenching, and almost before I had fairly got my line out I was into another fish, which proved to be a grilse of 6lb. Ten yards lower down and yet another pull, but this time I only just felt him and he would not come again. Nearly at the bottom of the cast another came up and him also I had fast. A sulky beast he was and took me a long time to get out, but patience has its reward and at length I brought my fourth fish to shore, 12lb. The rain and wind had become unbearable, so home we went to find that my companion had got three in another part of the water, and these seven fish together with one I had caught elsewhere in the early morning form the subject of the accompanying photograph. Why this pool had never yielded us a fish before is a mystery, but its glories now revived for did not my companion beat my record the very next morning by killing five therein and losing several more? I killed two in half an hour, weighing 36lb. between them.



## THE RULES OF GOLF, AS THEY ARE UNDERSTOOD

BY WILLIAM PIGOTT

IN most games which a man undertakes to play a good working knowledge of the rules is considered essential at the outset. It is not common to see a man playing cricket who is unaware that if he walks out of his ground he is liable to be stumped, or engaging in a friendly set at lawn-tennis without appreciating that he must not volley the serve, and who, moreover, continues habitually to do this without any remonstrance from his opponent. It is otherwise at golf. A man usually begins with no further idea of the rules than that it is necessary to cover the ground between the tee and the hole in as few strokes as possible, and, what is much more remarkable, continues to a fair proficiency without considerably augmenting his knowledge. The other day I was watching two men play up to the home green on one of the links near London. To judge from their drives, they were by no means inexperienced performers. It happened that the ball of one of them, which was lying in dangerous proximity to a hazard, was accidentally kicked by some boys on to the green. After administering an exceedingly mild rebuke to the delinquents, the player appealed to his opponent as to what he should do. 'Oh,' said the opponent, rather gloomily, 'play it where it lies, I suppose'; a piece of advice which the other proceeded to follow, after murmuring something about 'bad luck for you.' The point, of course, is that neither of the players evidently had the least conception of Rule XXII., which says distinctly enough: 'If a ball at rest be displaced by any agency outside the match, the player shall drop it or another ball as nearly as possible at the spot where it lay.'

At another time, I was a spectator while two equally sound players were approaching the same green. The second approach chanced to fall upon the ball already on the green,

considerably impairing the latter's position. The rule, of course, in such a case gives the owner of the displaced ball the option of replacing it in its original position. On this occasion, however, the two opponents, after mutually agreeing that they had 'never seen such a thing happen before,' decided that the ball must be played where it lay. That is the invariable resource of golfers who don't know the rules: 'Play it where it lies.' I once knew a man whose ball had stuck in the top of a tree gravely called upon 'to play it where it lies.' As the player was neither particularly young nor remarkably slim, the stroke presented obvious difficulties.

Breaches of the rules occasionally occur, however, so blatant that mere ignorance is insufficient to account for them; these, indeed, can only be ascribed to a sudden attack of mental paralysis on the part of the delinquent. I was playing recently with a golfer of six years' standing who, with the utmost *sang froid*, pressed down an inconvenient hummock behind his ball *with his foot*. I lay stress on the means by which the deed was accomplished, because it was unusually barefaced. We are all of us acquainted with the plan whereby, under the liberty of grounding one's club, a nicely weighted brassy can be turned into a very fair working substitute for a lawn-beater. But the man who, in the eye of day and of his caddie, can utilise his *foot* as a means of overcoming the bashful retirement of a golf ball is not common.

One rule which most players have at least a nodding acquaintance with is that which prohibits the grounding of the club in a bunker. But even this is only imperfectly understood in many cases. It is not at all unusual to hear a man who has transgressed it make some such remark as, 'Oh, I touched the sand! I ought to lose a stroke,' in a tone which clearly shows his expectation that, the offence having been generously admitted on his side, his opponent will as generously tell him to take no notice of it: which, as a matter of fact, he usually does. A corresponding remark at cricket would be, 'Oh, I've hit the wicket! I ought to lose a run!' We may doubt whether the plaintive confession and appraisal of the penalty would be equally successful in that case. There is some excuse, however, for the very wide custom which prevails among golfers to pass over breaches of the touching sand rule, for the penalty appeals to every one's sense of justice as being too heavy for the offence. Were it the loss of a stroke instead of the loss of the hole, it would be paid and accepted as a matter of course.

Another rule which seems to bear too hardly on the striker is that providing for the case of a lost ball, although there are obvious difficulties in the way of changing it. In match play, of course, the penalty is the loss of the hole, while, in playing by the score, it is enacted that 'the player shall return as nearly as possible to the spot where the ball was struck, tee another ball and lose a stroke.' The point is that it is not the hopeless fizzle which loses the ball, but the big drive slightly off the line. It is better to 'miss the globe' than to turn a long ball into whins or what-not. The opponent experiences no gratification in notching a hole by such means. The win which gives genuine satisfaction is that gained by the last putt or by an accurate approach. And who has not felt the hardship of the rule in playing a medal round? A man makes what appears to him to be a very fair drive. True, it is a trifle pulled, but what of that, it is well on its way and he can reach the green with his next. He walks up to it in good spirits; the ball declines to show itself; and what a mournful change comes over the aspect of things! He is two clear strokes to the bad, even presuming he can get another drive so good, he has to tramp sadly back over the ground already traversed, often in the face of advancing players, and he is a shilling out of pocket. Unless a man's nervous system is exceptionally equable, such an incident may put him off his game for the rest of the round.

In some cases one is almost tempted to wish that a man's knowledge of the rules was even more limited than it actually is. That a little learning is a dangerous thing becomes abundantly clear in the preliminaries one occasionally sees made for a putt. The player has a general idea that a certain amount of preparation of the line is permitted by the rules, and accordingly sets himself to tread down with scrupulous care every little irregularity of surface between his ball and the hole. Whether he is permitted to do so in peace, depends upon the amount of faith which his opponent has in his own impression of its illegality and the degree of intimacy existing between them.

Another rule which appears to be capable of considerable extension in practice is the one relating to 'ground under repair.' Under its supposed authority, I have known balls to be lifted from inconvenient proximity to a stoneheap, the trunk of a fallen tree, and a dead lamb in a bunker. Indeed, so widely is it made use of to get out of an unpromising lie, that

one is compelled to think that many people's idea of it must be, 'ground which *ought* to be under repair.' Again, the clause which permits you to move any 'wheelbarrow, tool, roller, grass-cutter, box, or other similar obstruction,' has, by a generous interpretation of the text, been made to include upon different occasions such various articles as a bicycle, a picnic-hamper, a bottomless boat, and a pig that couldn't walk.

Sometimes a player's ignorance of the rules tells against himself. I have seen a man painfully endeavouring to negotiate a stimey with three balls on the green, or when the two balls were almost touching. On the other hand, an impression, which no argument can eradicate, seems to have grown up among certain golfers, that a stimey cannot lie if the obstructing ball is within six inches of the hole. Whether it originated in the natural disinclination of some billiard player to 'pot the white,' or is a mere confusion of the real rule, it is impossible to say. Quite apart from these little eccentricities of dealing with it, however, in the opinion of a great number of players, the game of golf would be no worse if the whole business of stimey were done away with. It is not considered etiquette deliberately to stimey a man, while the opportunities for the play of chance are sufficiently frequent without introducing one which could be avoided.

The ignorance of the general laws of golf, great as it is, is trifling when compared with that which often prevails in regard to the local rules which most clubs frame to provide for the peculiarities of their own courses. In many cases there is no printed record of them; they exist only in the minds of the members, or, more commonly, of the caddies. The result is that a careless, happy confusion reigns, and in not a few clubs it appears to be the habit of players to invent the rules as the exigencies arise. 'What do you do here?' asks a visitor, after landing his ball in some incredible place which no general laws ever contemplated or could contemplate. 'Oh, pick out and lose a stroke, I suppose,' answers the member, without attempting to disguise the fact that the suggestion merely represents his private idea for the solution of the difficulty. I sometimes play over a course where it is necessary to drive over a small wood from one of the tees. There are no fewer than three variations of the line of procedure after depositing a ball in this wood, each of which has been expounded to me as the correct one by a different opponent. I have been told to drop a ball at the nearest point on the course along the line of entry and

lose a stroke, to tee a ball on the teeing ground and lose a stroke, and to drop a ball on the teeing ground and lose only the distance—all perfectly fair regulations, but confusing to the stranger. It is in reference to boundaries, especially on inland greens, that the necessity for local rules most commonly arises. Some clubs have a different rule for each particular fence, dyke, plantation, or embankment along the course—a system which may have its advantages, though they are difficult to see. The custom most generally in vogue at these clubs appears to be to play out unless there is barbed wire, in which case only to play out if the state of the score makes it worth the pain.

The subtleties of golfing etiquette, by a curious anomaly, seem to be better understood than the hard and fast rules by golfers as a whole. It is a subject, however, which must necessarily have its pitfalls for tiros. The other day, when about to play a match, my opponent and I were confronted at the first tee by the strange spectacle of a man with twelve new balls neatly teed in a line before him. There was a caddy out in the country with the empty box, whose business was to run for the balls as he hit them ; and, as the striker's drives ranged from behind cover-point to deep square leg, and he waited only so long between them as it took him to step from one ball to the next, one was inclined to wonder if the boy's remuneration was upon the ordinary scale. After making two or three strokes, he became aware of our presence, removed four of the balls with their four tees, and politely asked us to proceed. We played our drives, and had advanced some twenty yards in their wake, when I noticed a ball trickle past my feet. I looked round, and found our friend of the twelve tees with his club over his left shoulder, muttering something about 'meant it to go over there.' He was quite bland and smiling, and obviously utterly failed to recognise the fact that only the providential completeness of his fizzle had saved him from endangering the life of a fellow creature. For all that one was constrained to admire his perseverance, for he was still conscientiously topping when we returned—but with a new caddy to field for him. Whether the first had struck work or had sunk under the strain remains a mystery.





## THE CHASE OF THE WILD RED DEER

BY ARTHUR HEINEMANN

EVER since the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Hugh Pollard, ranger of the royal forest of Exmoor, kept a pack of hounds at Simonsbath, there has flourished with varying success the chase of stag and hind across the rank coarse grass of Exmoor and the heather-purple rolling country of its environs. The great houses of the West have each taken in turn the duties of the mastership. In 1775 Sir Thomas Acland, who could ride from Holnicote, his cosy thatched hunting-box nestling in the fat vale of Porlock, to his principal seat at Killerton near Exeter, thirty miles south as the crow flies, all the way on his own land, handed over the reins of office to Colonel Basset, of Umberleigh. To him, in 1784, succeeded the second Sir Thomas Acland, known far and wide as 'Sir Thomas—His Honour.' During his ten years of mastership 73 stags and 77 hinds were brought to hand. In 1794 Colonel Basset was again at the head of affairs, followed in 1802 by Mr. Worth, who kept the hounds as a subscription pack till 1810, when Lord Graves became master. Then for six years, 1812–1818, Earl Fortescue had the hounds, killing 108 deer. From 1818–1825, when the old pack of staghounds was sold, Mr. Stucley Lucas, of Baron's Down, was master. Sir Arthur Chichester, a committee, Hon. Newton Fellowes, Sir Arthur Chichester

(2nd), all took their turn, till in 1849 Mr. Theobald, the first master who was not a West-countryman, assumed the management, but found the chase of the wild deer a very different thing from the pursuit of the carted animal, and failed to take a single 'forest king' or nimble hind! Next season, Mr. Geo. Luxton brought a pack of harriers to hunt the deer, but did no better than his predecessor. He was followed by Captain West, who showed good sport. Mr. Carew, of Colepriest, then had a turn till 1853, when Captain West again became master.

Now comes an important date in the annals of stag-hunting, to wit, the year 1855, when Mr. George Fenwick Bisset, a gentleman of Berkshire, became master of what have ever since been called the 'Devon and Somerset Staghounds.' He hunted the country eventually with great success and according to the old accepted canons of the sport. Beginning with a total of 4 kills and 1 stag saved in twenty-five hunting days, he, in 1880, accounted for 75 deer in ninety-four hunting days. During his mastership (1855-1880) his total of kills was 605.

In 1880 he was succeeded by Lord Ebrington, in one season of whose mastership over one hundred deer were taken. Mr. C. H. Basset did excellent service, and was popular with the farmers, and Colonel Hornby (from the Queen's), who did not kill many hinds, fill up the interval before we come to the present master, Mr. R. A. Sanders.

The deer have increased enormously and spread widely of late years, and last season Sir John Amory hunted a portion of the southern division of the hunt, the united packs accounting for no fewer than 176 deer (inclusive of those killed on the Quantocks), a total which, large as it may appear to the outsider, has had small apparent effect on the large herd of deer, which still do as much damage as ever to cornfield and orchard.

So much for the history of the pack. Let us now take a glance at the country over which the deer roam at will. From Barnstaple on the west to Bridgwater on the east; from the Bristol Channel or Severn Sea, as far south as Tiverton (stragglers have been found at Beaworthy in Mid-Devon, and near Weston-super-Mare, and on rugged Dartmoor), the sound of horn and cry of hound may be heard from July to April. Exmoor, or 'The Forest' as it is called, is but an oasis of grass round Simonsbath, but there are heather-clad hills, deep combes, and wooded valleys, all of which afford sanctuary to the only herd of wild red deer extant in England, save only those in Martindale. Down most of the combes, whose sides



DOWN OVER A STEEP GULLY, AND UP THE OTHER SIDE



are clothed with thick covert of scrub oak, flows a stream, whose brown peaty waters afford 'soil' and refreshment to many a thirsty deer. Exe and Barle, Horner and Haddeo, Bray and Lyn—all could tell many a tale of tired feet. Well might the deer exclaim, did they know Horace :

Qui gurgēs aut quæ flumina . . . quæ caret ora cruore nostro ?

Without let or hindrance, year in, year out, the deer wander o'er fern and heather, grass-land and gorse, rolling in the summer in some soggy 'soiling-pit' at the head of a combe after a night raid on the young corn, or standing in herds on the open, exposed slopes of stony Dunkery in the winter time. No one feeds or preserves them in any way through the long trying Exmoor winter, but no man's hand is against them, save that of the occasional deer-poacher who skulks behind the beech-fence where they rack through to feed in the hill farmer's turnip-field. Protected, indeed, they are by the provisions of the Deer Act and the good will of landlord and tenant, who are bound together in that great bond of sport—'Prosperity to Stag-hunting'—the hunt motto. Every year in the spring the stags shed their horns, which forthwith grow up again with an extra point or increased thickness until the age comes when a horn is said to be 'going back'—*i.e.*, the number of points decrease year by year. By August the horns are fully formed but are still covered with a soft furry 'velvet,' which gradually peels off in strips till by September the bone is hard and clean. During all this time the horns are very sensitive and soft, and the stag does not travel far, but keeps in the cool coverts, shaking his head to and fro among the tall ferns to brush off the tormenting flies. In October he fights his fellows for the favours of the hinds. Winter finds him poor and weak. In June (occasionally as late as September) the hinds lay down their calves—at first all dappled with white spots. A stag is not 'warrantable'—*i.e.*, huntable, according to the canons of the chase, till five years of age, though now and then a 'galloper,' as a four-year-old is termed, shows one of those runs that live for ever in the memory of him who is lucky enough to participate in it. A stag with 'brow, bay, and trey' points on either horn is said to have 'all his rights,' and two, three, and four small points on top are then to be found, occasionally more ; short, half-formed points or knobs are called 'offers.' A twelve-pointer is usually a six-year-old. Now and again one-horned deer are found, as also 'nott'-stags or stags with no horns at

all. A stag, when the rutting season comes on, bellows or 'bells' to collect the hinds and challenge his rivals to combat. The sound is a very weird and eerie one, and may be taken for the mooing of a bullock in distress.

Now as to the chase—for a chase in very sooth it is, demanding skill in woodcraft and venerie; endurance and discernment in riding; pluck and perseverance from hounds, huntsman, and followers—from the harbouring of the stag in Hawkridge in the early hours of daylight to the last wild death-leap into the Severn Sea from the terrace at Glen-thorne, full a score of miles away, at five o'clock in the afternoon. The harbourer, the night before the meet, goes round the coverts and feeding grounds of the deer and tries to discover if there be a warrantable stag using in the neighbourhood. Information (from local men), deduction (from the size of the 'slot' or hoof-print he sees in the gap through the fence), actual vision—all go to help him in his search after knowledge. Just before dawn, when the stag quits his feeding ground and goes to make his bed for the day in some adjacent covert, the harbourer is on the alert. A shadowy form in the half-light leisurely moves across the cornfield opposite and pops over the beech-fence into the wood. Making a *détour* the harbourer again crouches patiently in a coign of vantage, and after waiting perhaps an hour, espies the stag pushing his way through the scrub oak on the opposite side of the combe. The light is now stronger, so he takes out his glasses and fixes his gaze on the stag. Yes, he has all his rights and three a-top on either horn, easily to be seen as he shakes his head to keep off the flies or frays his horns (to get rid of the velvet) against that young larch tree! Presently he moves on till under that umbrella-shaped tree he stops and lies down. After an hour or so of waiting to make sure his stag has not gone out, the harbourer goes in ever-narrowing circles all round the covert and sees if there is any slot leading out again. No! Well then, unless disturbed by some stray nut-picker, his stag is safely harboured. At eleven o'clock the master and huntsman, with the pack, arrive at the old thatched farmhouse looking across Sweetworthy to Dunkery's purple flank. The pack are kennelled, and two to five couple of staunch old hounds drafted out, called 'tufters'; these the huntsman, joined by the harbourer, takes off to lay on the line of the stag where he had entered the wood from the cornfield. 'Heu! in there. Huic! Huic!' says Antony's cheery voice, and soon old Michael opens on the

foil and Slowboy and Windsor too join in. A crash of twigs, a swish of boughs, and our stag bounds from his bed of ferns.

To and fro through the wood the tufters drive him, never giving him time to hunt up a younger stag or some meek hind to take those dreaded clamorous hounds off his foil, till, forced at last to break covert, he sets his proud head for the open moor. Look well at him now, friend, for you will not see him again till you have ridden many a mile to Badgworthy Water. Stopping the tufters, Antony gallops back to the farm for the pack, blowing right lustily on his horn to warn the patient and expectant field. The hounds are soon laid on the stag's line, and dash off in a long string, not packing together as when after a fox (though they be six-and-twenty-inch foxhounds), for so sweet and holding is a deer's scent that every hound can enjoy it without striving to head. Up over the stony side of Dunkery's 'graveyard,' away with freshening scent over the 'wet' ground of Langcombe Head, till we get on the sounder heather and fern and grass at the head of Embercombe. Down over a steep goyle or gulley, and up the other side, hounds drive on with swinging stride. *Quantus equis, quantus adest viris, sudor.* Across Lucot Moor now they point over! More bog-pits and rank wet grassland. Take a pull now at your horse till, crossing that road, you find yourself on a good going once more. The chase sweeps on far ahead on the skyline; on Mill Hill you see a moving object pointing for the Deer Park, while below you on your left the cry of hounds echoes down the combe. Across Weir Water's Head, over the treacherous ground of Acmead swamp, with fir-sheltered Larkbarrow on your left, you make your way as best you can. Badgworthy Water is the point, so your pilot tells you, and he is right, for as you reach the edge of the hillside you see the stag below you splashing down the rocky bed of the stream, while close behind him is the clamouring pack. Reaching a deep pool, he stands at last to bay, while the hounds surround him at a respectful distance, all but a rash puppy, who dashes in only to receive the sharp thrust from the deadly brow points as this King of the Forest plunges forward. But Sidney gets behind him and lassoes his horns with a head-line. Antony steps forward to give the death stroke and all is over. The paunch is thrown to the hounds and the slots are cut off as trophies. The head is the master's, but the carcase belongs to the landowner on whose estate the stag was harboured, and is distributed among his tenants.

Once the writer remembers five deer (four hinds and a male

deer) being secured in one day. Often the deer take to the sea, and hounds are drowned through exhaustion. Only last season two couple met with a watery grave off the Quantocks, while brave Guardsman took his last death leap over the cliffs almost on the back of the gallant stag that had led that great chase from distant Hawkridge. Last year two good stags were brought to land in the same boat at Porlock Weir. Some two or three seasons back we killed a good stag at 1.30 at Malsmead, and at 3.30 laid on to another one at Hoar Oak Cottage, which finally beat hounds at 7.45 at Molland Wood, in the Bray country. Once a stag was chased and captured at sea by a steam launch containing some of 'the field'; another was taken in Porlock village, another in the dining-room at Steart. One of the longest chases on record is that from Yard Down to Luecombe, when only about eight finished, while in 1857 hounds ran without a check from Cloutsham to Wooda Bay, twenty-two miles as the crow flies.







## BICYCLING TO BLOODHOUNDS

BY C. HILL WILSON

HUNTING is an instinct we are said to inherit from the cave-dweller. We are so apt to lay the blame of all our bad qualities on the shoulders of our long-suffering prehistoric ancestors that it is pleasant in this instance to be able to feel nothing but gratitude to them for having transmitted the characteristic to us. Since we cannot all hunt foxes in Leicestershire (nor, in fact, any of us during the summer), a few particulars of a sport which can be indulged in by any one who cares for hunting, and will take the trouble to keep even one hound, may be interesting.

My advice may be summed up in three words: 'Buy a bloodhound.' I am not blind to the fact that it is presumptuous, even for a writer of my own high calibre, to disagree with Shakespeare; but I cannot help feeling he was wrong in saying there was nothing in a name. At any rate the bloodhound has been to a great extent a victim to the sense of horror which his name never fails to raise. In fiction he never appears until almost the last chapter, when, galloping across the page, he invariably proceeds to tear some one to pieces. The bloodhound of romance seems to point out murderers, and even homicides (if they do not happen to be the hero of the book), by a sort of mysterious instinct, and gives tongue loudly on a scent which is three years old. His ferocity is such that the reader shudders as he turns the pages, and if of a nervous temperament will do well to skip altogether the passage where he occurs. In real life, however, if properly treated, he is the most amiable and docile of dogs. In fact, his only vice, if vice it can be called, he shares with the innocent babe in the nursery—a tendency to slobber. And as his affection is

apt to take a demonstrative form, the habit is sometimes objectionable.

Having bought your bloodhound—and it is better to start with a puppy—the next thing is to train it. Nor is this a difficult matter, for if it is well bred—and why keep one which is not?—all that is necessary is to give it the opportunity of training itself. To paraphrase a well-known advertisement, you lay the trail and instinct does the rest. Whoever is going to run (for I need not say that man is our quarry) should let the hound see him start, and even call him at first, while some one else holds him back on a lead. Let the runner get out of sight as quickly as possible, and go a few hundred yards only in a fairly straight line up wind, and, of course, on grass. Then let the hound work it out slowly, and when he finds reward him with some scraps of meat and make much of him. Soon more complicated runs can be arranged with turns and twists in them, the runner getting through fences, over railings, &c., but only where the hound can follow easily.

It is best, at any rate at first, before one has absolute confidence in one's pupil, to have a stick with a piece of paper, or even a small flag, left at every turn or difficult place, so that, should he lose the scent, one can lay him on again. As soon as he runs well on grass you can introduce short runs on the road, returning to the grass after, say, forty or fifty yards of road to begin with. When he can follow a scent without hesitation on the road, then the real sport begins; though, no doubt, a cross-country run would be great fun for those who ride. Give the runner, say, twenty minutes' start, and let him choose as unfrequented a road as possible, then lay the hound on, and, mounting your bicycles, follow him as he makes out the scent, slowly at first, but gaining confidence as he goes, sometimes checking for a moment where the scent has been crossed, then taking it up again and flying forward at a pace which makes it all the cyclist can do to keep him in sight. In fact, as the hound gains experience, it will be found that he is apt to go too fast for the riders unless they are very good, especially in a hilly country. To remedy this, the best plan is to lay the course as much as possible down hill; and if a very steep hill has to be mounted, the runner may make a detour into an adjoining field and return to the road again, so that the hound has to cover more ground than those who follow.

A few hints may be useful to the person who is appointed to lay the trail. At any rate at first, always walk on any grass



THE FLYING MAN AND THE FEARSOME HOUND



that happens to grow by the roadside, and generally go as much to one side of the road as possible. There are two reasons for this : first, if there is a gutter, the ground near it will be damper and so hold the scent better; and secondly, ordinary persons (if sober) do not make a practice of walking in the gutter, and so the scent is less likely to be fouled.

A few years ago, when the bicycling mania was at its height, people were quite pleased to ride merely for the sake of riding. But those days are passed. Even the fortunate individual who can thread needles without dismounting from her machine finds that her very success is apt to breed satiety. Still as cycling is a healthy and invigorating amusement, it is a pity it should die out, and I cannot help feeling that those who have enjoyed the pleasures of man-hunting on bicycles will agree that it provides excellent sport, and furnishes just the object one so often wants as an excuse for a ride. Of course, distances and all other details can be regulated according to the different capacities of hounds and riders.

Hostesses are often hard pressed to know what to do to amuse their guests at garden parties. Surely, a man-hunt (in the strict sense of the word) would prove both a novel and popular way of passing the time? As there would probably be some who could not keep the hound in view the whole time, it would be as well for the runner to put down small flags at intervals, and especially wherever he turned. Prizes even might be presented to those who arrived first at the find, though this seems rather to degrade the sport of hunting, which, like virtue, should be its own reward. Additional zest might be given if when the guests assembled the hostess explained to them that her husband, who was known to be a man of the most retiring disposition, and to avoid all social engagements, had disappeared.

‘Let’s track him down with the bloodhound!’ she might say. And since even the fairest of their sex are not altogether free from a suspicion of cruelty, especially towards those with such manifestly bad taste as to seek to avoid them, the proposition would be hailed with delight. The hound is laid on; every one mounts their bicycle and prepares to follow. Soon there is no doubt that the line has been hit off, and excitement rises as the hound races down a long, steep hill, which tests the coasting capacities of its followers to the utmost. Turning sharply to the right, the hound leaves the road and enters a small wood through which runs a stream—just the place for a picnic. Here

sure enough the guilty host is discovered. And if the fact that he is surrounded by an elaborately prepared tea, laid for twenty, can hardly be regarded as a pure coincidence, still, every one is very willing under the circumstances to overlook these evidences of a put-up job.

When I first took to a bloodhound, I was inclined to be disappointed that she did not give tongue when running man, thinking that the moral effect on poachers of hearing 'the deep-voiced hound' baying on their track could not be otherwise than disquieting. Mr. Brough, who is perhaps the greatest living authority on the subject, very kindly informed me that hounds differ very much in this respect, according to how they are bred ; they are less likely to give tongue when hunted singly than when run in couples. I cannot help thinking that for road hunting the less the hound throws its tongue the better, as its voice, though beautiful to its owner, might be apt to spread devastation and panic as it followed the line across some village green.

A rather funny incident happened on the occasion of our first road run. Coming round a corner, hot and breathless and perhaps looking somewhat wild and excited, I saw a clergyman standing by his bicycle in the middle of the road, evidently waiting for some one. Now as ill luck would have it, I mistook him for the rector of a neighbouring parish, with whom, having a slight acquaintance, I had some time before discussed the pleasures of bloodhound running. Fearing he might think it rude if I passed without stopping to speak, and not wishing to foul the scent by going up to shake hands, I kept as far away from him as the road would allow, and called out in fun, 'Sorry I can't stop, but I am pursued by a bloodhound.' He looked up, and it dawned upon me that it was not my friend at all, but a complete stranger. It is impossible to describe the look of mingled horror and consternation that came into his face, as with a voice in which sympathy fought with a not unreasonable terror, but which was meant to be soothing, he replied :

'My good friend, believe me, you are labouring under an hallucination, there is no one pursuing you.'

Not unnaturally he had taken me for an escaped lunatic. What must have been his feelings when, a few minutes later, a real bloodhound swung round the same corner in full cry, closely followed on bicycles by my wife and a friend, who, though the most amiable of men, is of somewhat ferocious exterior. Whether he thought we were all three lunatics, or

that I was the author of some nameless crime, endeavouring to escape from justice, it is impossible to say. Nor had I any opportunity of explaining to him how matters really stood ; for, mounting his bicycle, he vanished like a flash, riding at a pace one would not have thought compatible either with the dignity of his office or his somewhat portly dimensions. I cannot help having a malicious hope that when, in the bosom of his family, he told the story of the flying man, the fearsome hound, and the two pursuers, there may have been some one to answer him, ' My poor friend, believe me, it was all an hallucination.' Should these lines chance to reach the eyes of his friends, they may serve to free him from the unjust stigma which is apt to attach itself to one who is subject to illusions. If so I shall not have written in vain.





## A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions : that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of public school interest will be welcome.

We shall be unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and we reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. The Proprietors reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

## THE JUNE COMPETITION

The First Prize in the June competition has been divided among the following competitors : Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb, Cornwall ; Mr. E. Fawcett, Torquay ; and Mr. Grayston Bird, Bath. Original drawings have been sent to the takers of other photographs, some of which are here reproduced.





SHOOTING WILD DUCK

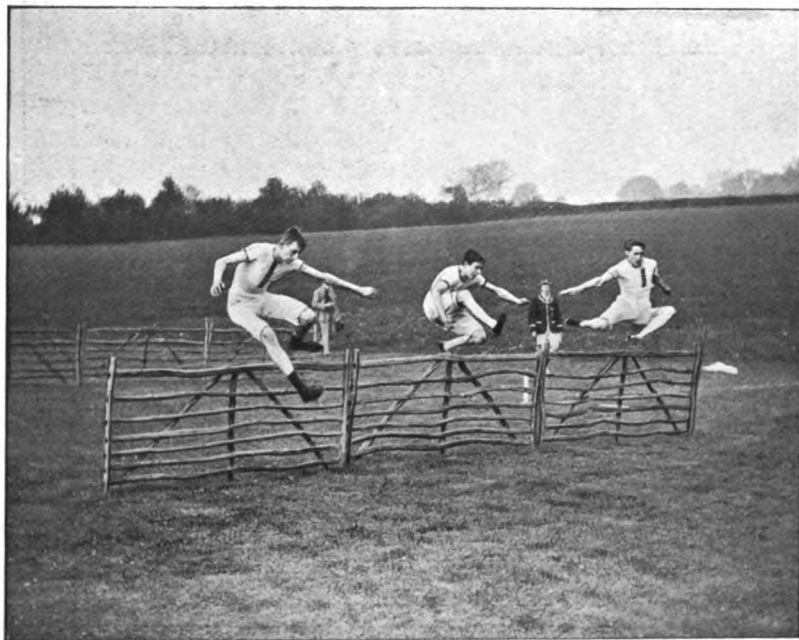
*Photograph taken by Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb, Cornwall*



WHERE WILL IT RISE?'

THE DARTMOOR OTTER-HOUNDS ON THE DART, NEAR BUCKFASTLEIGH

*Photograph taken by Mr. E. D. Fawcett, Livermead House, Torquay*



FINAL OF HURDLE RACE, BATH COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS, MAY 1900

*Photograph taken by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath*



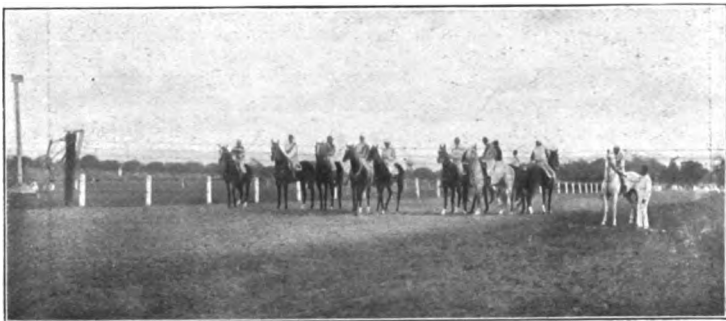
STAG-HUNTING. THE STAG TAKES TO THE WATER

*Photograph taken by Mr. Fred Spalding, Chelmsford*



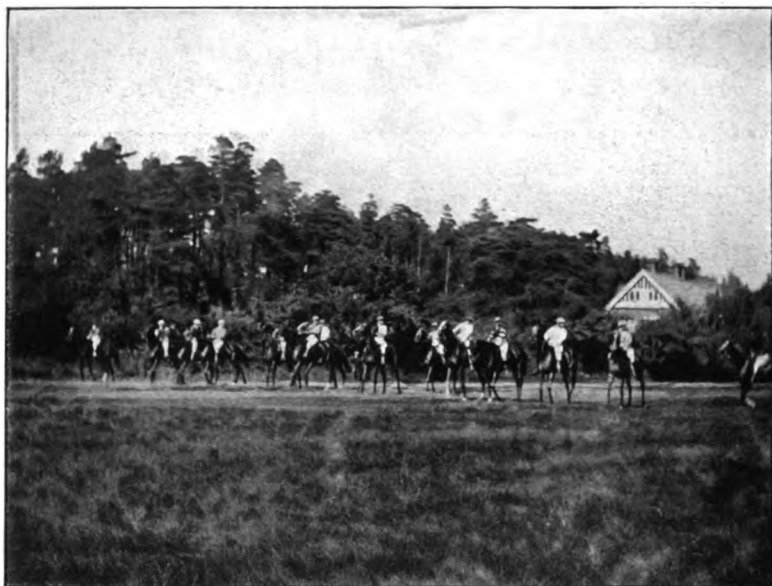
STAG-HUNTING. STAG CAUGHT

*Photograph taken by Mr. Fred Spalding, Chelmsford*



POONA RACES. START FOR THE GOVERNOR'S CUP

*Photograph taken by Mr. R. Goodfellow, Lieut. 4th Lancers Hyd. Cent. Hingoli, Deccan*



THE START FOR THE WOKINGHAM STAKES, ASCOT, 1899  
*Photograph taken by Mrs. Skidmore, The Bank House, Ascot*



MEET OF THE NEW FOREST FOX-HOUNDS AT LYNTHURST, APRIL 1900  
*Photograph taken by Miss Dora Fell, Knells, Carlisle*



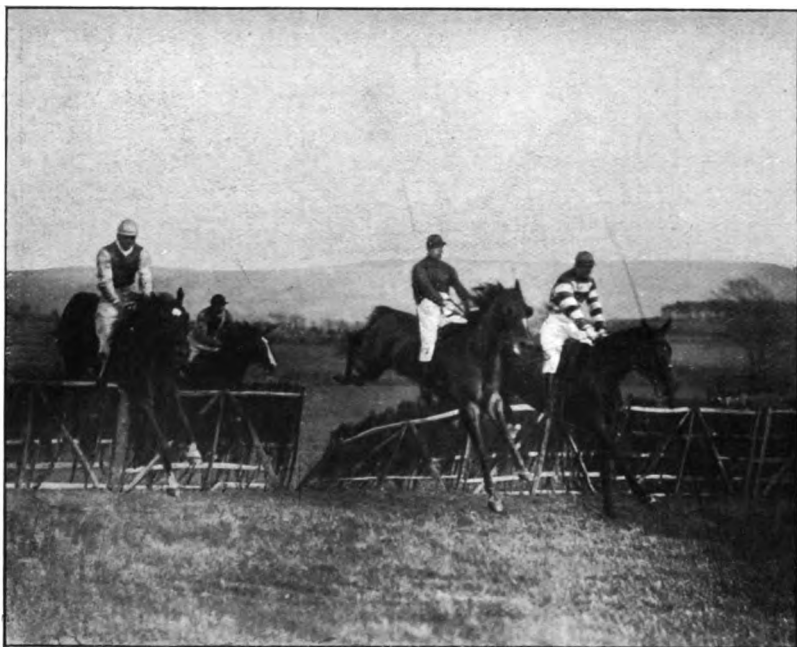
THE FISHERMAN'S FAVOURITE NOOK

*Photograph taken by Mr. L. G. André, Paris*



CROSSING THE SOUTH FORK OF THE PAYETTE, SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS, IDAHO

*Photograph taken by Mr. H. C. Nelson, Collingham Gardens, S.W.*



HANDICAP HURDLE PLATE HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES

*Photograph taken by Mr. B. R. Reed, Oakerland House, Hexham*



THE WATER JUMP HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES

*Photograph taken by Mr. B. R. Reed, Oakerland House, Hexham*



'VAGRANT'

*Photograph taken by Mr. Charles N. French, Cuskinny, Queenstown*



THE WONDER TRAP. TWENTY-TWO AT A TAKE

*Photograph taken by Miss Mabel M. Thomson, Woodperry, Oxford*



WELL OVER!

*Photograph taken by Mr. A. Clarkson, Ballymena*



BREAKING IN AN AMERICAN HORSE

*Photograph taken by Mrs. Auberon Stourton, Whitchurch, Reading*





## NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THE opinion has been recently expressed that there is not at present a really good horse in training. One would naturally like to believe that this is wrong, but it seems difficult to contradict the assertion. With regard to the two-year-olds, it is curious to observe how very often races have been won by heads and necks this season; and it is generally understood that when margins are as narrow as this the animals are bad, or at any rate moderate. Going back to the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket we find Tannstickor beating Discoverer a head, with the Sweet Duchess filly a neck behind. At Epsom during Derby week—I am only considering the better class races—First Fruit won the Great Surrey Foal Stakes by a neck from the St. Isabela colt. At Ascot, Good Morning won the Coventry by a head from Volodyovski, with Canterbury close up. Veles beat Lord Melton a head in the Forty-Eighth Triennial; the Limosa colt won the New Stakes by a neck from Orchid, and Rigo the New Biennial by a neck from the St. Isabela colt. The same sort of thing was seen at the Newmarket First July. Veles and Doricles ran a dead heat in the July Stakes, with the Limosa colt a neck behind. San Francisco secured the Plantation Stakes by a head from Little Gert. Volodyovski beat Princess Melton by a neck in the Stud Produce Stakes, and Nahlband won the Fulbourne from Sandbag by a head, Veronese third, beaten a neck. The much-talked-of General—people seem to talk most when they know least—made a very poor exhibition of himself in the Exeter Stakes; though as a matter of fact the story of his being the best of Mr. Musker's two-year-olds never had any foundation. He is,

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nevertheless, very likely to win good races. There seems, however, to be no avoiding the conclusion that the two-year-olds are considerably below the average. Good Morning went far to destroy his reputation by his failure in the July Stakes.

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What is the best animal in training? It will not be surprising if at the end of the year La Roche enjoys this reputation. As I remarked last month, John Porter did not entertain anything like a high opinion of her until she was tried before the Epsom Summer Meeting; but that gallop suggested to him that she would have little difficulty in winning the Oaks, which, in fact, she won with no difficulty at all. It is hard to say how much behind La Roche Merry Gal was at Epsom, and it certainly seemed a very courageous thing on the part of Mr. W. H. Walker to endeavour to match his filly against her Epsom conqueror, as he desired to do at Newmarket. Some excuse for Merry Gal not being nearer was, however, put forward. Few things are more perplexing than the attempt accurately to estimate the beating one horse gives another, and there were great differences of opinion as to what Merry Gal had in hand when she won the Princess of Wales' Stakes from Diamond Jubilee. Many people altogether fail to realise the effect of weight up the severe Bunbury mile. I remember the late Duke of Beaufort going into the question, and quoting a number of instances of what a 7lb. penalty meant on this course. It would not be easy to obtain a better opinion than that of John Porter, who had nothing running in the race, and who thought that 7lb. or perhaps 10lb. would have brought the first and second together at Newmarket. That means to say that Diamond Jubilee is about a 7lb. better animal than Mr. W. H. Walker's filly; but, from the ridiculous ease with which La Roche won the Oaks, it was evident that Merry Gal received a very great deal more than a 7lb. beating on the Surrey Downs—we must chance the excuse—and the subsequent running of La Roche confirmed the idea of her excellence. It is to be hoped that this good filly will not be handicapped out of the Cesarewitch if she is entered.

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The recollection of such a horseman as Tom Cannon winning the March Stakes on Amphion, and the spectacle of the American jockeys sitting on their horses' necks and flipping

away in curious underhand fashion with their whips, are in the most remarkable contrast. The former seemed the acme of grace, the latter is altogether the reverse ; but facts and figures are not to be controverted, and it is impossible to deny the effectiveness of the American method. One may not like the look of the thing, but the results speak for themselves, and it is useless to attempt to blind oneself to the skill of the riders from the other side of the Atlantic, though it may be mentioned in passing that, at the time of writing, the averages of Mornington Cannon and Tod Sloan are practically the same, both having won about twice in every nine mounts. There can also be no sort of doubt about the soundness of Sloan's judgment. I was very much struck with this after he had ridden Inquisitive in the One Thousand Guineas. Lord Ellesmere's filly was only beaten three-parts of a length, there was a general idea that she was running on, that her failure when tried was probably in large measure due to the fact of her not being ready, and that she was very likely indeed to reverse the One Thousand running in the Oaks. Sloan, however, was not of that opinion. Near as he had been to winning the One Thousand, when he got off the mare he expressed the opinion that she was very little good, and when asked to ride her at Epsom, at once declined to do so. She ran very badly in the Oaks, and subsequently no better at Ascot in the Coronation Stakes. It was quite evident that he had summed up her capacity correctly. As for little Reiff, he is a wonderful boy. Of course, if an animal swerves badly at the finish of a race, the little lad cannot keep it straight, but the strange thing is that so few horses do swerve with him.

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One always expects to find good taste, discretion, and the best traditions of journalism in *The Times*, but in one particular the reverse of these qualities is constantly observable. For various reasons a certain number of owners of racehorses prefer to use assumed names, and there is a sort of honourable understanding that the *incognito* shall be recognised by writers on turf affairs. *The Times*, however, which should set a good example, is a bad offender in this particular. One of my friends, who, for excellent reasons of his own, enters horses in a name he has taken for racing purposes, complains bitterly of the circumstance that this assumed name is constantly, if not invariably, ignored, and his identity proclaimed in *The Times* ; and I must say it seems to me that he has just cause for

his protest. There can be no excuse for the writer's conduct, and it is surprising that on *The Times*, of all papers, such a thing should be permitted. A few years ago another friend of mine assumed a name when he rode steeplechases. Two old ladies of his family were in constant apprehension that he would break his neck, and, simply to avoid causing them pain and anxiety, he rode under a name which he knew they would not recognise, though practically every one who 'went racing' knew who he was. *The Times* was not the culprit in this case, but the editor of a weekly paper thought proper to ask why Lord So-and-so felt it necessary to call himself Mr. Blank, and went on to imply, if not indeed to assert, that he did so from the worst and meanest motives. Surely if a gentleman pays a fee for registering an assumed name, enters his horses in that name, and is so described in the *Calendar* and on race-cards, it is a gross piece of impertinence altogether to ignore his obvious wishes and habitually to describe him by the name he bears in private life. I think there can be little doubt that the editor of *The Times* is not aware of his contributor's bad manners.

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A correspondent kindly writes to me from a place in Canada as follows : ' I was much interested to read in your Magazine an account of the Duke of Beaufort's visit to France to hunt wolves. I brought out fifteen couple of hounds to this country to hunt cayote, and have had grand sport. The creature is, as I daresay you know, of the wolf tribe, only smaller, standing as he does from about 13 inches at shoulder. Most of my hounds were unentered, and they took kindly to the game at once. Out of five couple of hounds that had been entered to fox at home, however, I could only get one couple to follow the new game. I have never yet come across a wolf here. They are reported in some districts, but are now very scarce in most parts, which is an exceedingly lucky thing for the stockmen. I fancy the wolves here are much larger than in France, as they go as a rule well over 100lb., and there are well-authenticated stories of some which have weighed from 140lb. to 160lb. I once measured six myself that had been poisoned ; the biggest was a dog 22 inches at the shoulder. The cayotes themselves go a great pace, and are wonderful stayers. Scent is extra ordinarily good on the prairie, but hounds seem to get more blown here than they do at home. This may possibly be owing to the altitude, and they will perhaps do better another

year, as last season was my first. Big hounds are no use. Once, towards the end of last November, my pack ran hard across the middle of a small frozen lake, there being no snow on the ice, and the game at least two miles ahead at the time. My bag for October and December last year was nineteen cayotes killed, and ten run to ground.' It seems rather strange to me that the unentered hounds should take so kindly to the new game, whilst those that had been entered to fox cannot be persuaded to do so.

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Semendria is recognised as the best horse in France, and I have been trying to get a good portrait of her for publication



SEMENDRIA

here. I am afraid I have not been particularly successful, for in this picture the grey filly's appearance is anything but attractive ; indeed, to be frank, she strikes one as the reverse of good looking. But 'handsome is as handsome does.' She has the excellent habit of winning her races, of galloping fast and of staying, as an animal must do to win the Grand Prix even in a poor year. She has won close on £20,000 in stakes, her three

successes this year having brought in £17,373, to which £4187 ought to have been added, for her jockey admits that he threw away the Prix Lupin. It is much to be regretted that no subscriptions to her sire, Le Sancy, are obtainable by owners of English mares.

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A vigorous attempt is to be made, I am told, to popularise trotting races. I am afraid the attempt is destined to failure. It would certainly be too sweeping to say that the sport has not hitherto been in good hands in this country, for amongst those who run and own trotters there are no doubt many estimable persons, just as there are assuredly many exceedingly disreputable ones amongst the owners of racehorses; but whether justly or unjustly, it is an unfortunate fact that a kind of stigma seems to rest on trotting. The great drawback to it, however, strikes me as consisting in the fact that it is not exciting; though I confess that I say this from a somewhat limited personal knowledge. The chief essential in a race is *pace*. These trotters never appear to be going really fast, and when one is putting on steam it is always probable that he will break, there is invariably, at any rate, the fear that he may do so, and it is particularly exasperating when the break actually does occur. I do not know whether business is really prosperous at Neuilly-Levallois, a course near Paris which is nearly entirely devoted to trotting, but I have occasionally seen trotting races at Vincennes, where they are sandwiched in sometimes between contests on the flat and over jumps, and I must confess that the trotting has never struck me as in the least interesting.

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Readers are aware that General Baden-Powell has been a contributor to this magazine. It would, I think, be equally absurd and unnecessary to say that his articles are worth reading and his drawings worth looking at; but I may draw attention to the advertisement of 'Sport in War'—a reproduction in book form of the sketches he has written for *The Badminton*.



# The Badminton Magazine

## TOMMY, A BOMBAY BOY

BY GEORGE RAVEN DALE

THE boys were new to the country. Of course they were. Such things never happen to anybody but the veriest 'Griffin'; which term is applied to all youngsters who have served less than their one year, month and day. After that period they are supposed to know things and to keep their silly heads out of mischief.

Their regiment, which had been landed at Bombay some ten days previously, was railing up country to a distant station in the North-west Provinces, and, following the usual routine, they travelled in the troop-train by night, and lay at one or other of the rest camps along their route during the day. The word 'rest camp' would seem to imply that a beneficent Government expected that they would employ the day so as to fortify themselves after the fatigues of the night. The three boys, however, considered each of these rest camps in the light of a base from which to start a shooting expedition, and thought, if they ever thought about the matter at all, how awfully good the authorities were to give them such excellent opportunities of getting a little *shikar*.

They were so delightfully green too. Smith it was who shot the filthy refuse-hawk at Deolali, and carried it back in

triumph with a view to having it stuffed and set up in his ancestral halls, to be exhibited as a choice specimen of the golden eagle. The native who had accompanied him flatly refused to carry it, and Smith thought, 'Poor man, he's not strong enough. What very poor physique these Asiatics have !' Jones was the one who made such a splendid bag of snippets in the belief that they were snipe ; whilst Robinson, after displaying three or four paddy-birds, modestly informed his audience that he had not previously been acquainted with the species, but that he was informed that they were a somewhat rare game called 'cockh nay.'

The further they went up country, however, their experience grew wider. One eventful day saw the massacre of their first 'deer'—a chinkara doe—and that had brought down the vials of the junior Major's wrath. So they learnt to despise the commoner kinds of birds and to know that it was a crime of the blackest villainy to scatter death amongst the females of the antelope tribe. They also learnt what quail were like, and occasionally even managed to hit a few, though the results were very disproportionate to the number of cartridges used.

If their knowledge was primitive, their outfit was very much up-to-date indeed. Each was possessed of the latest pattern gun, with all the newest improvements. In those days, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, hammerless weapons were not quite so common as they have since become ; and a good many of the other subalterns, who knew more, but were not so well equipped, rather envied them their weapons. One Saturday the regiment arrived at a rest camp situated on the confines of a small cantonment in a large native State ; and joy ! they were to halt there over Sunday

'What a chance !' said Smith.

'Do you think he'll give us leave ?' said Jones.

'Can you lend me a hundred cartridges ?' said Robinson.

The chance was there, right enough. Leave was obtained from a somewhat doubtful Colonel. The cartridges were borrowed. Then the three set off to shoot all the remainder of the day, all Sunday, and to return in time to join the regiment as it entrained for the next stage.

It was Sunday morning, and the three were just finishing a somewhat *al fresco* breakfast, consisting of every thirst-provoking, indigestible commodity known to the purveyors of tinned provisions. Soda water had already run out, and they would have to exist for the rest of the day on what doubtful water they



might come across. Their 'bag' lay scattered around them—not that it was much, but it looked to them fairly imposing when not laid too closely.

'Come on!' said Smith. 'Time we were stirring again.' Smith was the hardened sportsman of the lot; the stern despiser of the pleasures of the table.

'What a hurry you are in. It's so cool here and it's such a lovely view. Wish I'd got my "sketch-book,"' said Jones of the artistic temperament.

'Why the deuce can't you wait till I have finished my breakfast?' said Robinson with his mouth full. He it was who managed the commissariat part of the expedition, and loved *pâté-de-fois-gras*.

Half an hour afterwards they were hard at work walking some fields of *dal*. The merry little quail got up with a bir-r-r, right and left. Bang, bang, bang! went the guns. As they approached a village a couple of grey partridge and a hare covered with sores were added to the collection. It was a great day.

Then they went through a nullah with many trees and shrubs, for the side of the village they had now gone to was uncultivated jungle. Some natives came towards them and shouted, apparently at them, but ten days' residence in India is not sufficient to be able to understand all that is said in the vernacular.

'What do they want?' said Jones.

'Don't know. Tell them to *chaprho*,' said Robinson, who had found out that the first essential for ruling a people is to tell them to keep silent.

Just then a great bird got up from their very feet. The three were so astonished that they actually omitted to fire, and the bird was quickly in safety.

'By Jove!' exclaimed Smith. 'I believe that was a bustard!'

'Bustard! your grandmother,' said Robinson, who was sometimes rude. 'More likely another of your golden eagles. Can't you see, you silly ass, it was a peacock!'

'So it was,' chimed in Jones. 'And look forward there; two, four, six, seven of them!'

'Come on, you fellows,' said Robinson. 'Let's get round 'em and bag the whole lot.'

'But is it quite the game?' asked Smith, who had been more impressed by so much of game law as they had heard than the others. 'Perhaps they are tame.'

'It seems rather brutal to shoot a peacock,' suggested Jones.

'Game? Brutal? You silly owls! not a bit of it. My brother in the Queen's Own Ghazies says they give ripping shooting driven out of sugar cane, or that sort of thing. Don't you know the whole land is alive with them? only we have not happened to light on any yet.'

The others fell in with Robinson's idea, and making somewhat of a circuit, they came on the spot where they had seen the peafowl. First one got up. Bang! bang! fired Robinson and Smith, and the bird dropped. Then two more; and four barrels were sent at them. Fast and furious some half-dozen others managed to rise and escape whilst the boys were reloading; and finally, after they had got ready, a last pair gave them the opportunity of again emptying their barrels. Then they counted the slain.

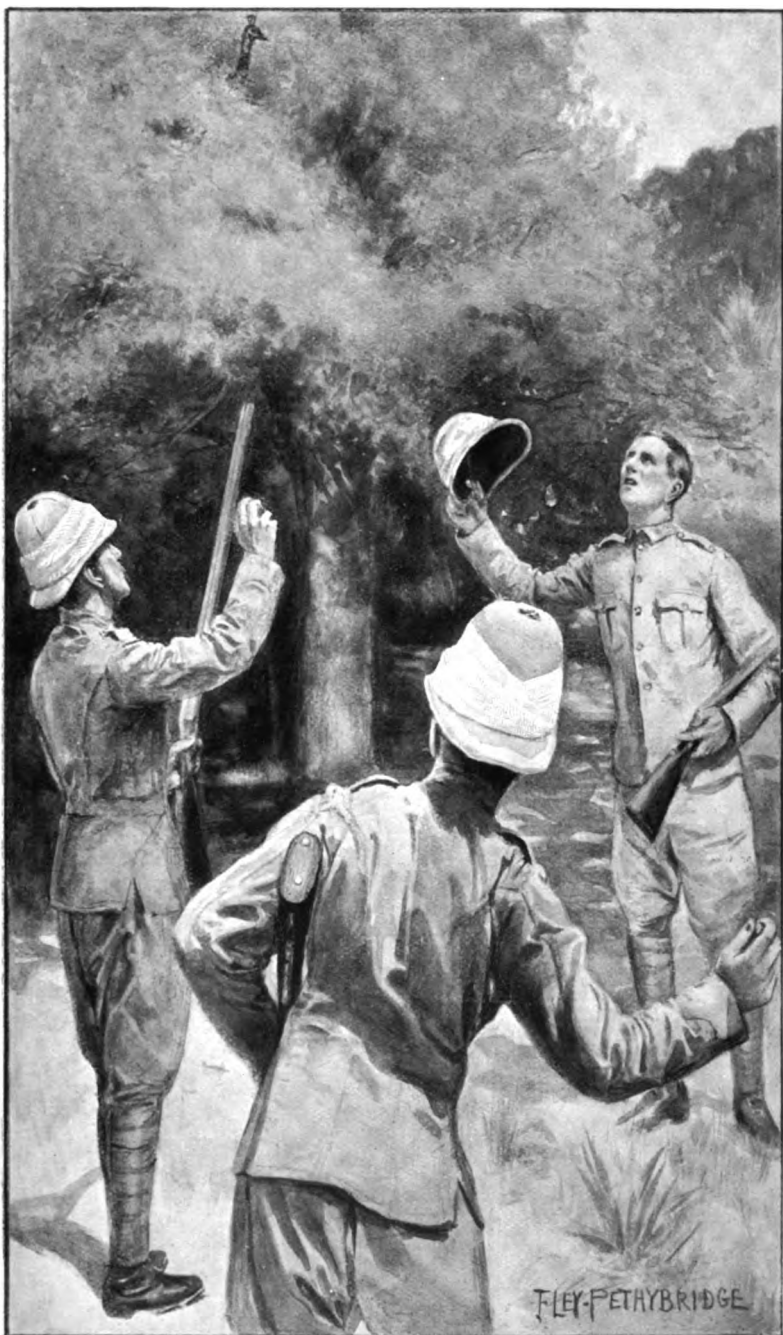
Three peafowl were on the ground killed or helpless. Feathers were flying about galore, and gave evidence that some of the escaped birds were capable of carrying away a good deal of shot. The boys were delighted, and as Smith had marked a spot where two or three of the refugees had settled, they went after them.

The inhabitants of the village seemed to be much interested in the proceedings. Men were rushing about, shouting and gesticulating. Children were flying to their mothers, and all the dogs in the place barked as if they wanted to take their share in the fun or whatever it was. The bolder spirits among the men followed our heroes, and seemed to be taking counsel among themselves. The boys went on, intent on further slaughter, and lost sight of their followers. Cautiously they approached the big tree whither the birds had flown. They could not see them.

'I know they are there,' said Smith. 'I marked them all the way.'

They peered into the foliage of the tree, now on one side, now on another, but could find nothing. The others told him he must be mistaken, but he stuck to it. So they looked again. At last a head and taper neck appeared over a branch high up. They were satisfied.

Now to get him to move, for another lesson had been learnt—game must not be shot sitting. They 'shooed' and made other terrifying noises, but the wily peafowl refused to be drawn. Then Smith took his gun in his left hand and threw a stone, which went true, hitting the branch where an old cock



**SMITH THREW A STONE, HITTING THE BRANCH WHERE AN OLD COCK BIRD  
WAS PERCHED**

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bird was perched. This had the desired result, and his appearance was greeted by no less than five barrels. Down, down he fluttered, endeavouring to keep himself up by one outstretched wing. Three pairs of eyes were fixed on the falling king when—a sudden shout! a rush of men; a scrimmage! and the boys were surrounded by an angry and excited crowd.

They fought manfully, but had no chance. Their guns were seized before they knew they were attacked, but they clung to them with bull-dog tenacity. Jones had still one barrel loaded and in the struggle this went off, severely wounding a man at some little distance. At last their guns were wrested from them, they were overcome and thrown to the ground battered and exhausted. They were bound and trussed like so many chickens, and finally carried off in triumph, but not before they had been half killed by the hammering administered to them.

The next thing they had any very clear recollection of was finding themselves in a large open space on the outskirts of the village. A little to their right was a lordly peepul tree, but the natives, with true refinement of cruelty, had been careful to place them away from the shade afforded by it. A large platform of stonework with one large pillar in the centre, a few effigies of Hindu deities, a few smearings of red paint, together with the miscellaneous rubbish of an Indian village, were the main features of the scene in their immediate neighbourhood. Around them squatted or stood a group of natives, all of them excited and angry.

‘What on earth is the meaning of all this?’ asked Smith of his companions.

‘Don’t know,’ said Robinson. ‘Don’t care. Only wish I could get at them.’

He tugged viciously at his cords as he spoke, but the fastening was too secure to give him any hope of loosening them.

Then they went through some form of inquisition at the hands of a grey-bearded elderly man. As the questions were asked in Hindustani, the boys were unable to form any idea as to their gist. They spoke to their captors in English, but this also was without effect.

‘Can’t you think of any Hindustani, Jones?’ said Robinson. Jones was the most studiously inclined, and had been seen studying ‘Forbes’ Hindustani Grammar’ on various occasions.

Jones thought for a moment, and then addressed the

assembly. His words were few, but they had their effect. He said, 'Jas you soors!'<sup>1</sup>

The whole assembly thereupon fell upon them and buffeted them. Kicks succeeded blows, and then they were smitten with native slippers by way of variety. Every insult was heaped upon them, every possible indignity was perpetrated. Helpless and almost senseless, they lay and wondered if their end were coming. At last the people were drawn off, and for a while there was calm.

The grey-beard addressed the assembled villagers. The boys could not even make a guess at what was passing, but were thankful enough that, for the time being, their tortures had ceased. Many of the men dispersed, but a few were left, apparently as a guard over them.

'I'm awfully sorry, you fellows,' said a thin weak voice, 'but it was my fault.'

It was Jones who was speaking, though nobody would have recognised the voice.

'What do you mean, old boy?' asked Robinson. He was not in much better plight, but Jones, as the spokesman, had received the greater share of punishment.

'It was my con-founded gun, first; and—and then what I said to 'em.'

To haughtily order your captors 'to go,' and at the same time to call them *soors*, is not perhaps quite the best way for a prisoner to ingratiate himself with those who hold him bound, but the others were quick in their sympathy.

'You could not help it, old man,' said Smith. 'Your gun going off was quite an accident, and we were attacked first.'

'Besides, I'm jolly glad you called them *soors*,' said Robinson. 'I'd have done it myself, but I could only think of English cuss-words.'

They were quiet for some time, and then Robinson spoke again.

'I told Tommy to bring us some lunch about two o'clock. I wonder if he will hear what has happened and get off. If he *can* only manage to let the regiment know!'

'Tommy' was a Portuguese 'boy,' black as coal, whom Robinson had picked up as a servant. He was one of that class who make their living by finding a master on board ship as a steamer arrives in Bombay, travelling up country with him and robbing him at every turn; to be discharged as soon as

<sup>1</sup> 'Get out, you pigs!'



'DELHI ! DELHI ! EK !





his 'sahib' knows a little about the country. Then he goes down to Bombay again to pick up another greenhorn. The game is a paying one for some time, but generally after some years of it there are too many ex-masters to warn anybody they may see in the clutches of 'Tommy' and his like.

By-and-by a dreadful thirst assailed them, and Jones was urged to ask for water.

'Pani! Pani!' he said, but their guards only laughed. The day wore on; there was no sign of Tommy. He must have got away and given the alarm; so at least they hoped—but oh! the thirst. 'Pani! Pani!' they said in chorus.

Towards evening, at a time when, by rights, they should have been nearing the rest camp, there was a new stir in the village. Everybody turned out to meet a ferocious looking old man, mounted on a wretched little pony, who rode up with a following of some half-dozen men. The group once more formed round the boys, and the new-comer, together with the grey-beard of the morning, took up positions facing the prisoners in the centre of the circle.

The guns were produced and inspected. The wounded man came forward and showed his hurt. The slain peafowl were brought and laid on the ground.

'That's it,' said Jones. 'That's it! This is a Hindu State, and the peafowl is a sacred bird.'

'Then the whole thing is *my* cursed fault,' said Robinson. 'Old Pink Puggri there'—that was the new-comer—'looks about as high an old blackguard as ever I saw in my life. Wonder what he has come for?'

They were not long in doubt. Pink Puggri seemed to be the constituted judge and jury of the proceedings, with a strange bias against the prisoners. Grey-beard appeared as counsel for the prosecution. Pink Puggri walked towards them, spat at them, and throwing aside his clothing showed the cicatrice of an ancient wound, extending from the point of the right shoulder down across his hairy chest and through the left nipple of his breast.

'Delhi! Delhi! Ek!'<sup>1</sup> he shouted furiously, pointing to the scar. Then he exhibited his left hand, three fingers of which were missing. 'Lucknow! Lucknow! Do,' he exclaimed. Then he pointed to what looked like an old bullet wound in his thigh, and smiting his hands together gasped 'Jhansi! Jhansi! teen! ek! do! teen!' He pointed in turn to each of

<sup>1</sup> Ek, one; do, two; teen, three; bus, enough.

the three prisoners, and again counted 'Ek! Do! Teen! Teen! bus.'

Three men came forward, carrying the three guns. They turned out the contents of Smith's cartridge bag, opened the breech, and loaded.

'They are going to shoot us!' said Smith.

'It's all my fault!' said Robinson.

'Good-bye, old fellows!' said Jones. And they all bade each other good-bye.

The men advanced to within five paces and raised the guns. The boys waited to receive their fate as British subalterns should. They said nothing further, but through the mind of each passed much the same thoughts, the same short prayer. Jones and Smith closed their eyes. Robinson glared at his enemies and strove once more to burst his bonds. The guns were presented, aim was taken—and then the weapons were lowered with expressions of wonder and surprise.

'Look up! you fellows! Look up!' shouted Robinson in ecstasy. 'It's the catch! the safety catch!'

The others looked, and sure enough their would-be executioners were examining the guns in a very bewildered way.

'Blessings on our gun-makers! We are a point ahead of the Asiatic yet. The silly beggars don't understand the safety catch. Oh! oh!' and Jones laughed, and his two friends laughed to keep him company.

'Go it! you cripples; have another shot.'

The guns were unloaded, and fresh cartridges were inserted. Pink Puggri railed at the men whose ignorance had baulked his thirst for vengeance. They aimed again—and again the guns would not fire. Other men were called up who handled the weapons and tried to shoot with them, but again with no result.

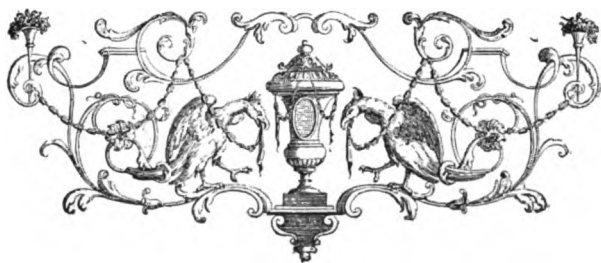
'But what if they shove the catch up by accident?' It was Jones who spoke. The others told him to hold his peace and not to think of such a contingency. They again laughed at their captors, and bade them 'Go.'

The cartridges were examined, at open, and the wonder increased. An iron vessel containing fire was brought and a cartridge was placed among the hot embers. It exploded, scattering them around. Pink Puggri seized one of the guns, loaded it himself, and himself aimed at Robinson. Nothing happened.

In a fury he seized the weapon by the barrels and struck at

Robinson with the butt end. In reversing it he must have slid up the catch, and the jar as the stock came down full on Robinson's head did the rest. Both barrels exploded simultaneously, and two charges of No. 6 shot went like two bullets into the old ruffian's chest. It was his last wound. Before the smoke had cleared away the old mutineer's spirit had passed to the land beyond.

The natives fled in terror, shouting that it was magic, and that great was the power of the sahibs. Robinson lay stunned. The others were helpless to assist him. A galloping of horses was heard, a troop of irregular Raj cavalry burst into the open space, amongst them was Tommy. Tommy, the faithful ; Tommy the wise, who, hearing of the straits they were in, had managed to get away quietly and give the alarm. Tommy who had saved his masters' lives. Tommy, who must henceforth quit the Bombay new-comer business to live in comfort for the rest of his life as his master's most favoured servant.





## PAGES FROM A COUNTRY DIARY

*August 3.*—I wonder if the ordinary black-and-white artist will ever learn that a rider, when urging his horse to its utmost speed, does not do so with a loose rein? I have been particularly struck by the ignorance of this fact displayed in the more or less imaginative pictures of war scenes which have appeared in the illustrated papers during the last few months, and only to-day came across one depicting a very unkempt Boer flying for his life across some rough rock-strewn ground from a patrol of beautifully groomed Lancers got up as if for a birthday parade at Aldershot. The Boer who was the prominent figure in the illustration was depicted sitting bolt upright in his saddle, holding his rifle above his head with one hand, while his reins dangled in a beautiful curve from the other to his horse's mouth. Now, although I have never been in South Africa, and therefore did not see the incident portrayed any more than the gentleman who drew it, I can nevertheless tell him exactly what the fugitive Dopper did, or would have done, under the circumstances. He would have slung his rifle across his back; he would have thrust his feet into the stirrups as far as his *veldtschoen* would allow him; and, bending forward on his horse's neck, he would have at once roused it and held it together by taking it short by the head.

The poetical theory of a 'loose rein and bloody spur' would

be an excellent one were it not opposed to common sense and experience ; and the immediate consequences to the poet who spurred a horse with a loose rein are easily conjectured.

*August 4.*—To the cricket match at W—— Park. It happened that the home team was short of a player, and the services of the local policeman—one of the biggest and fattest men I ever clapped eyes on—were enlisted as a substitute. He modestly confessed to being ‘only a poorish player,’ and indeed displayed the courage of ignorance by presently going in to face fast bowling on a bumpy wicket without gloves, and with only one pad on the wrong leg. Remonstrance and entreaty against such temerity were unavailing, and only met by the confident assurance that he ‘allus played loike that.’ His subsequent performance reminded me of the man who ‘ad a hover from Jackson.’ The first ball he received rose off the ground like a shot from a cannon, catching him fairly in that mysterious portion of our anatomy known as ‘the wind,’ and stopped the game for three minutes while the representative of the law rolled in speechless agony on the ground ; the second—a vicious full pitch—caught him straight on his unguarded shin ; and the third bowled him.

*August 11.*—Few writers were keener observers of the lesser foibles of human nature than Whyte Melville, and when in ‘Market Harborough’ he makes Mr. Sawyer journey from the Old Country to the Shires by way of London, he points out how an Englishman, no matter whence or whither he may be bound, nor what loss of time or money such a proceeding may involve, invariably, when travelling, prefers to reach his destination *vid* the metropolis. The truth of this axiom was brought home to me last night when Belinda and I travelled down to Scotland by the night mail from King’s Cross, for this was hardly our most direct route from home to Inverness-shire. In this we were, of course, chiefly actuated by Belinda’s desire to be *dans le mouvement* ; and indeed I must confess that the departure of the Limited Mail to the North, from one of the great London termini, on the eve of the ‘Twelfth,’ is a sufficiently exhilarating scene.

The ponderous train, already trembling and throbbing with the pent-up energy of the huge engine that will presently drag it along those shining rails at the rate of fifty miles an hour ; the belated passengers, attended by perspiring porters labouring under gun-cases and bundles of fishing-rods, vainly seeking admission into compartments already filled to their utmost

capacity; the impassive drab-coated lackeys and trim ladies' maids guarding jewel-cases and dressing-bags, whose fair owners are busy at the bookstall laying in a stock of ephemeral literature they will never trouble to read; the constant stream of eager hurrying faces, strangely white under the glare of the electric light; and the general air of pleasurable excitement all combine to raise the spirits of even those to whom the scene, alas! has no longer the charm of novelty.

But when we were at last fairly launched on our journey, and had been flying through the peaceful summer night under the light of the harvest moon for two or three hours, there came the inevitable reaction attendant on prolonged travel. The incessant clank and rattle of the great swinging train became well-nigh intolerable, and though we snatched an uneasy slumber during the night, dawn found us cramped and feverish with the dust of travel in our mouths; and it was with a feeling of intense relief that at last we woke to find we were slackening speed over the green haughs that surround the fair city of Perth, and to see the morning sun shining on the rolling Tay.

Oh! the delight of leaving the hot, stuffy railway-carriage and inhaling the fresh air blowing down cool and pure from the Highlands. Oh! the pleasure of plunging one's dusty, travel-heated face into clean water. How good, too, the subsequent hot coffee and salmon cutlets which seem the perennial breakfast dish at Perth station! How pleasant the post-prandial cigarette when one had secured one's seats in the Highland train, and had time to look for friends and acquaintances among one's fellow travellers! By the way, I was immensely struck by the clear, fresh complexions of the ladies after their eight hours' journey on a hot summer's night, and I could not help drawing an inward comparison between their appearance and that of the fair foreigners who, *en route* to the Riviera, crowd from the *train-de-luxe* at much the same hour of the morning to demand *café au lait* at the buffets of Avignon or Lyons.

*August 16.*—Out shooting to-day we had a most delightful instance of a dog's instinct or sagacity—I hardly know which to call it. There had been a good deal of sickness in our host's kennel, and so, being short of dogs, Andrew the keeper was dispatched to Kingussie to try and pick up some make-shifts. By hook or by crook he managed to secure a couple, one of which was sent out with Tom (my host) and myself, who were shooting together to-day. It was a small, melancholy looking setter, just emerging from puppyhood, which,

although fairly well broken, had never 'taken the field' before. Its mean appearance did not lead us to anticipate that it would prove a very useful adjunct to our day's sport, but in this we were agreeably disappointed, for except a puppy-like tendency to potter and make false points, no dog could have worked better or more conscientiously, and that it was certainly endowed with reasoning power this anecdote will show. As we came to the edge of a little lochan on the moor, a brace of grouse rose and flew across it. Rather foolishly, as we had no retriever with us, I shot them right and left and they fell in the very middle of the little tarn. There was no breeze to drift them to shore, and though we vainly endeavoured to bring them to us by hurling stones and lumps of peat over them, it seemed at last as though we should have either to swim for them or leave them; when the young dog, which had been squatting on its haunches watching our fruitless efforts, rose, and without the slightest encouragement from us, quietly waded into the water, swam out to the *farthest* bird, brought it back, dropped it at our feet, and then just as quietly returned and fetched the other. Now this must have been pure instinctive reasoning on the dog's part; it had not been taught to retrieve, for all subsequent efforts to induce it to do so, whether on land or in water, proved unavailing; but it argued in its own mind that we evidently could not get the birds for ourselves, and that unless it did so for us, we should waste a great deal of valuable time over them, which it could spend more agreeably in hunting. It evinced no satisfaction over its achievement, and treated our commendation with absolute indifference.

Again, late in the evening, just as we were giving up shooting, it led us for a long way down to the edge of a deep sluggish peat-stream. Here it stopped, crouching, and indicated to us as plainly as it could that the grouse it was winding were on the other side of the stream; as, however, this was too deep to wade and too wide to jump we were reluctantly obliged to call it off its point and retrace our footsteps. But the dog was terribly exercised in spirit by this; it evidently thought it was suspected of making a false point, for doing which it had more than once been reprovved during the day, and it followed us unwillingly, looking back over its shoulder. At last, however, its injured feelings became too strong for it; it broke away heedless of objurgations and whistlings, galloped back as hard as it could to the stream, plunged in, scrambled out on the other side, went direct to a

covey of grouse, flushed it, and then, satisfied that it had redeemed its character for veracity, came straight back to us.

There is a great future before that dog if only it be properly treated.

*August 17.*—At dinner last night the conversation turned on the dictum that Scotch people have no sense of humour : a theory from which I dissented, for in their own 'pawky' vein, I consider them a most humorous race. In doing so, however, I felt I was acting very chivalrously, for only once in my life have I been guilty of a 'good thing,' and then cruel fate ordained that I should waste it on a North Briton, on whom it fell pointless.

'Twas my firstborn and oh ! how I prized it !  
My darling, my treasure, my own !  
This brain and none other devised it—

and lo ! my one little grain of attic salt lit on the cold and unresponsive soil of Caledonia.

Several years ago I happened to be travelling from Edinburgh to Perth, the only other occupant of my carriage being an elderly gentleman engaged in reading the *Scotsman*. This he presently courteously offered to me, remarking as he did so, 'I see it is rumoured they are going to create Mr. — a peer. I should like to know what he has done to deserve a peerage, beyond making a fortune in the opium trade.' 'Indeed,' I answered airily, 'evidently a case of "opium cum dignitate" — and the fellow—a modern Athenian too, for his speech bewrayed him—never saw it.

I retailed this anecdote last night and found that I had a partner in misfortune ; Mrs. X— recounting how she too had tried to joke with a Scotchman, with the result that not only did her pleasantry fall flat, but made the subject of it very angry into the bargain. It appeared that a certain rather pompous Highland laird—the sort of man who prays in church for the adjacent country of England—sought her advice as to a suitable costume in which to appear at a fancy dress ball to which they were both bidden. 'But,' said Mrs. X— in all good faith, 'what need have you of a fancy dress ? Go in your kilt.' The Scotchman regarded her with an offended eye. 'In *my* country,' he remarked stiffly, 'the kilt is not regarded as *fancy* dress.' 'Oh ! indeed,' replied the lady, who has a sharp little tongue of her own, 'then I suppose trousers are'—'and would you believe it,' she added plaintively, 'the creature was *furious*.'



*August 18.*—To-day I had an ideal day's shooting. The weather was perfect, sunny and warm, yet with just a bracing suspicion of autumn in the clear atmosphere ; the dogs worked beautifully ; the grouse lay well—but not *too* well ; and in Tom, who is my host, I had a most congenial companion. We got thirty-two brace of grouse, besides 'extras,' than which no man of moderate tastes can desire a better day's sport. But to me the chief pleasure of the day was in the glorious scenery among which we were shooting. Tom's moor is only separated from a famous deer forest by a mile-wide loch ; and lying smoking my pipe after lunch, and watching the play of light and shade on hill and corrie as the gentle summer clouds drifted across the sky, Kingsley's beautiful lines came back to me :

Oh the wafts o' heather honey, and the music of the brae  
As I watch the great harts feeding nearer, nearer all the day,  
Oh ! to hark the eagle screaming, sweeping, ringing round the sky.

If one wrote pages one could not express the poetry of sport and wild life more eloquently than is done in these three lines ; and yet there must be many to whom they are meaningless, and who have never heard the 'music o' the brae.' But only let such a one go up by himself on a fine summer's day into a high place among the moors or even the south country downlands, and unless he be absolutely devoid of imagination, he will do so, as the gentle south wind comes whispering through the heather, or over the short, sheep-trimmed turf. For then, like the outlaw of the poem, he will hear the mysterious voice of nature telling him of the glory of the great silent hills, and the freedom of the sweet pure air that wanders over them. *That* is the 'music o' the brae,' which I tasted to the full this afternoon, looking out across the dimpling loch on to the sun-flecked Highland mountains, while Tom slept the post-prandial sleep of the middle-aged sportsman, and the gillies sucked at their pipes of reluctant twist in the background.

Perfect, however, as Kingsley's lines are, I think, judging from my own limited experience, that the eagle 'screaming' is pure poetical licence ; though it is certainly curious that a man like him, country born and bred, and a first-rate naturalist and sportsman to boot, should make such a slip. Yet in 'Yeast,' which I have just been re-reading, he makes his hero go perch-fishing in April, and talks of Lord Minchampstead

celebrating the 1st of September by exterminating every hare and *pheasant* on his estate—this latter a passage worthy of Ouida or Marie Corelli.

*August 19.*—To the kirk at —, where, to my astonishment, we had *inter alia* 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' to the accompaniment of a harmonium. As we drove home I commented to Tom on the change that has come over the Scottish Church, no less than the Scottish Sawbath, when he told me the following anecdote of his youth, delightfully illustrative of the Calvinistic feeling of that period. It happened that, as a small boy, he was sent to this very church in charge of the head gardener, a serious man from the Lowlands—Ayrshire, if I remember rightly. It was a lovely summer day, more fitted in Master Tom's estimation to the tickling of trout, or despoiling of birds' nests, than listening to a long-winded preacher; but holding his companion in great awe, he wisely kept this opinion to himself. The gardener tramped gloomily along the moorland road without speaking a word, but when some two miles had been covered in absolute silence youthful flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and by way of opening up a little agreeable conversation, he adopted the course common under similar circumstances to nine-tenths of the human race. 'It's a lovely day, McAllister,' he timidly piped. McAllister took not the slightest notice of the remark, but tramped steadily on, with a very dour expression on his 'Sawbath' face. Presently Tom again feebly hazarded his opinion of the beauty of the day. Once more absolute silence on McAllister's part; but at a third repetition of the remark he stopped, and eyeing the little boy with the cold eye of reproof, he said in solemn tones, 'Aye, it's a graun' day, Maister Torm, but *it's no' a day to be taarkin' aboot days!*'

*August 24.*—Travelling south yesterday I noticed we did not strike the tourist zone until we reached Pitlochry, where we first encountered a few specimens of that ubiquitous class; but at Edinburgh, where we slept the night, they swarmed in all their glory; the ladies in Tam o' Shanters, and the gentlemen in complete shooting suits that will never go a-shooting. By-the-way, what is there about the term tourist that so raises the gorge of the average Briton? I am frequently one myself, and would like to be one oftener did the *res augusta domi* permit; but when, as at present, I chance to be travelling in pursuit of sport, and not merely of beautiful scenery or bracing air, I feel myself a sort of superior being entitled to look



IN THE VERY ACT OF 'LIFTIN' ONE O' MY YOUNG PHEASANTS'



down on my less fortunate brethren. I am afraid it is a snob-bish feeling, and one's only excuse, if excuse it be, is that it is common to all mankind. Nowhere is it more *en évidence* than on the passenger steamers to Norway, where the unhappy wight whose luggage does not include a rod-box or gun-case is looked on as a pariah.

*August 25.*—Now is the season of the year when country folk indulge in an outburst of mild open-air dissipation; and the young men and maidens of the neighbourhood are busy gathering roses while they may at garden party, cricket match, bicycle gymkhana, and every conceivable form of out-door amusement. Every afternoon one meets them packed into the family waggonette, or spinning along the road on their bicycles bound for some hospitable house, whither I too am frequently taken, under protest, by Belinda. Not that I really dislike going as much as I think it incumbent on me to pretend that I do, for provided I am not expected to drink claret-cup, and am allowed to smoke, I enjoy meeting my friends and watching the young folk disport themselves according to the fashion of the present day. None the less—and here I know I am treading on delicate ground—I am privately of opinion that as far as ladies are concerned, the present craze for violent outdoor exercise is overdone. In this I am aware that I am running counter to popular opinion, which triumphantly points to the greatly increased stature of the present generation of English girls as proof of the invigorating effects of open air and hard exercise. Against open air I have not a word to say, nor against exercise in moderation, but that the latter can be, and often is, carried to excess, is undeniable. Only this afternoon at X—— Park, where eleven young ladies armed with bats were playing a match at cricket against eleven gentlemen equipped with broomsticks, I was particularly struck by the captain of the ladies' team, a damsel whose mother I remember thirty years ago as the prettiest girl in the county. Miss B. is also pretty, but persistent hard exercise in all weathers has robbed her of the lovely complexion for which her mother was famous; true, she stands 5ft. 7in. in a pair of very substantial brown leather shoes, while her mamma was probably three inches shorter, but she has run entirely to bone and muscle, and, to use a racing expression, is trained as fine as a star and carries no lumber. Now a modified amount of—let us call it plumpness—is in the opinion of artists, sculptors, and mankind in general essential to female beauty, but alas! it is not an attribute

of the athletic young females of to-day. To my old-fashioned notions the first requisite of a woman is womanliness, of which beauty of face and form is one of the chief essentials, but unlimited indulgence in violent outdoor sports, cricket, bicycling, beagling, otter-hunting, paper-chasing, and—most odious of all games for a woman—hockey, cannot but have an unwomanly effect on a young girl's mind, no less than her appearance. It has never been my ill-fortune to meet a lady out shooting, but should such ever be my fate I shall go straight home, chiefly because I shall be in mortal terror of being shot, but also because I do not consider shooting an amusement for women. In all field sports there exists an inevitable modicum of—purely unintentional—cruelty; that is to say, of wilful infliction of pain on the lower animals, and most sportsmen know the sickening sensation caused by hearing a wounded hare scream, or seeing a sorely stricken rabbit escape into its burrow to die a lingering death; but if such things are painful to the hardened mind of man, how much more should they revolt the tender feelings of woman? No; let young girls ride, skate, dance and play lawn-tennis and other games in moderation, but let them leave field sports and rough outdoor pastimes to those for whom they are naturally intended—men.

*August 26.*—Are owls inimical to game? Hitherto I have always regarded them as most harmless, and, indeed, from the quantity of mice and other small vermin they destroy, useful birds. Consequently, taking a Sunday constitutional through M—— Woods this afternoon, I was a good deal annoyed to find the corpse of an owl dangling from the 'keeper's tree' in company with stoats, weasles, jays, and gruesome specimens of the domestic cat that, forsaking the hearth for the green wood, had suffered the legitimate fate of outlaws. Meeting Amos, the keeper, soon afterwards, I upbraided him with the slaughter of the poor owl, when, to my astonishment, he solemnly declared that he had shot this one some weeks before in the very act of 'liftin' one o' my young pheasants, nigh as big as a blagbird.' Now Amos is different from most keepers in that he is not a mere butcher who kills all wild creatures as harmful to game, without discrimination; on the contrary, he is rather an intelligent man with a taste for natural history, and he assured me that up till now he had always spared owls, a statement of which there is ample proof in the numbers one sees in the woods. Still, even if they do occasionally pick up a young pheasant, they more than make up for it by the amount of

small vermin—especially rats—they kill, and so I arranged that no more should be shot unless caught *in flagrante delictu*. Moreover, by the time owls are generally abroad, all good young pheasants and partridges should be safe under the maternal wing.

After all, there is nothing very astonishing in carnivorous feeders like owls taking young birds ; in Sweden I have seen a great snowy owl stoop at ryer like a hawk ; but then between such a bird as that and our common barn-owl there is the difference of a wolf and a fox.

*August 28.*—Mr. Silas, the new curate, dined with us last night ; a diffident young man sprung from that lower middle class from which our clergy is too largely recruited nowadays, and whose only claim to gentility lies in his Cambridge education. I confess to having found him a little heavy in hand, especially as he does not smoke, but he is not without a certain sense of humour, and told us an amusing anecdote of a recent trip to the seaside, whither he personally conducted a large party of Sunday School children and their parents. On the journey home he overheard one of the latter addressing another matron, ask, ‘ Did you ‘ave a dip, Mrs. Brown ? ’ ‘ No, I didn’t,’ replied Mrs. Brown confidentially, ‘ our Tom ‘e worritted me cruel to ‘ave one, but I sez to ‘im, No, I never ‘ad a bath yet, and I ain’t a-goin’ to begin ‘em at my time ‘o life.’

Presuming ‘ our Tom ’ to have been the lady’s husband, his anxiety as to her balneal intentions speaks for itself.





## SPORT IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

BY ARTHUR H. SHARP

IN January 1898 I left England with my friend, E. S. Grogan, to try and get through from the Cape to Cairo and thoroughly to explore the hitherto little known country north of Tanganyika.

The realisation of our idea is now a matter of common knowledge. But, as this is entirely a sporting article, I have not touched on graver questions, which will be found fully discussed in our forthcoming book, 'Cape to Cairo.'

On our way down the East Coast we stopped at Beira for some shooting, and as Grogan had some interests in Rhodesia, about whose development he was anxious to obtain information on the spot, we went first to Umtali, and hearing great stories of lions on the Udzi River, seventy or eighty miles south, in the Victoria district—where there were said to be a pack of ten or eleven, terrorising the natives—we settled to go down there and try our luck.

Never having shot anything bigger than a few red deer in Scotland and two panthers and a buck or two in India, I looked forward to the delights of real shooting with the keenest appetite, and the different spoor noticed on our way to the Udzi River in Gazaland seemed to promise an early fulfilment of my desires. I can remember following my first zebra spoor for hours in the hopes of a shot, and by the light of later experiences I now know the spoor was probably a week old at least; also how I missed my first and many succeeding impala at all sorts of ranges. But my dreams were realised on the third, or fourth, day on which I sallied forth at daylight,



seeking something to kill. Owing to my own stupidity I had brought a double 4-bore rifle and 10-bore cartridges, so had only a double .303, and armed with that, with one boy to help me find my way back to camp, I wandered aimlessly away from the river towards the bush below the hills. After going for an hour or so my boy pulled my sleeve and said : 'Baas—schelm !—schelm !' I looked eagerly all round, but saw nothing, though he kept pointing at a small patch of bush quite close by ; however, I heard a sort of rumbling purr and was all excitement ; then a jungle-cat bounced out, and thinking that was the 'schelm,' I bolted round a bush to get a shot and saw, seventy or eighty yards away, a yellow head on one side of a tree trunk and a long curved tail on the other. I couldn't make out what it was, but took a shot at the head—one cough and a spring and she was gone. I had missed my first lioness, no time for a second barrel, and though I tried to spoor her, I naturally failed to get another glimpse ; she had got away unhurt. A very melancholy man and a thankful nigger were left to crawl back to camp, and naturally I was mercilessly chaffed on my shooting.

The climate down there was awful—twelve hours' broiling sun every day with not a breath of air, and, as we were all more or less knocked out with fever, we decided to get the invalids back to Umtali into the hands of a doctor, and then to go and shoot elsewhere.

On leaving this unhealthy country we obtained the services of Dan Mahony, a well-known hunter in Portuguese East Africa, and, having collected stores and forty or fifty boys to carry our belongings, set out early in May for the Pungwe district. After six days' march we reached our first camp, seeing one or two small herds of buffalo, none of which we succeeded in bagging, many water-buck and a few impala on the way, and hearing, for the first time, the finest music in the world—a lion roaring in the still night !

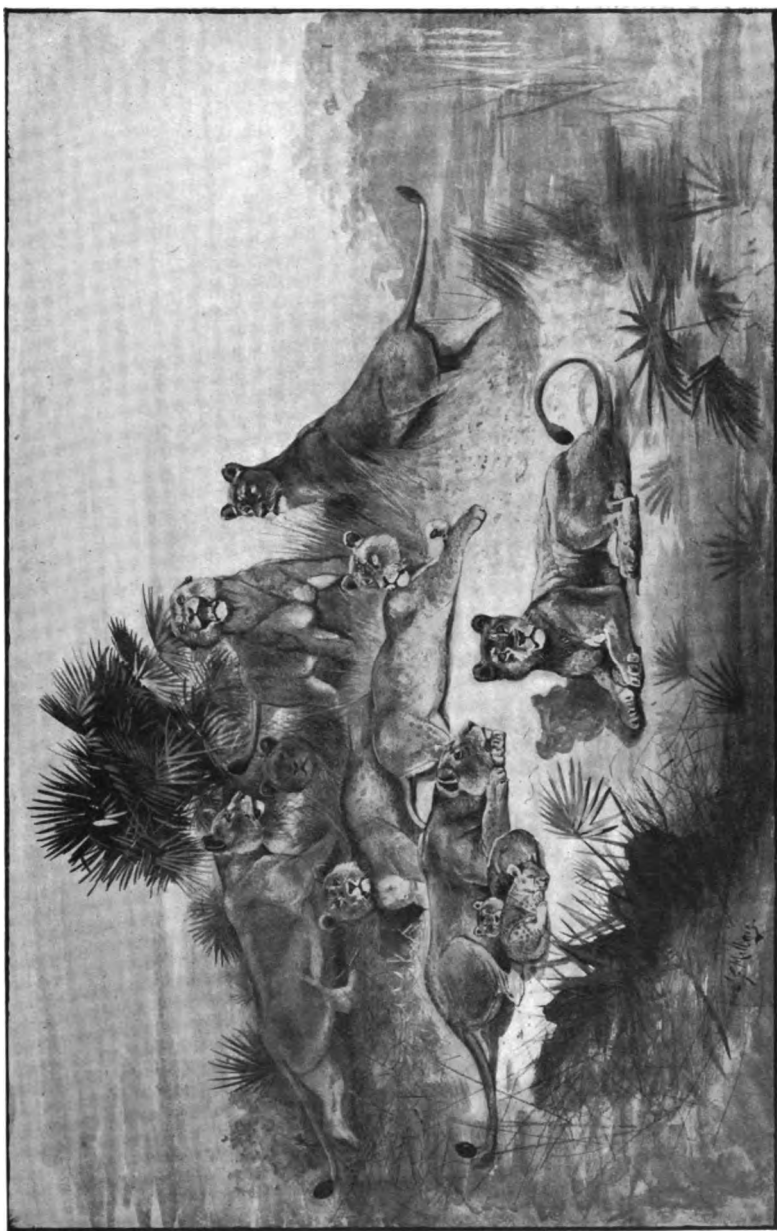
Just before reaching camp I killed my first game, a zebra, which was cheering for me if not for him, and shortly after we saw a small herd of eland and a big bunch of impala, but they didn't give us a chance of a shot.

Our camp was on a lagoon at the edge of the bush, with 4ft. grass, apparently for endless miles, and here and there only an open space. Our boys built us a mess hut in half a day, so we soon settled down in comfort to hunt. Being the novice of the party, Mahony took me out the first day, and after a long

crawl and a terrible fusillade at 300 yards, I managed to bag a good tressabe, likewise, coming home, a Lichtenstein hartebeeste and a reed-buck, all fairly good heads, so began to fancy myself a bit. Pride comes before a fall—and for days after I never could hit anything, till I found I was rifle shy ; then things took a turn for the better, and I generally managed to annex something in the course of a long morning's work.

Lions we heard nearly every night, but never could find where they lay up, till one morning, ever to be remembered, we (Mahony and I) went to look for them in the direction where we had last heard them roaring. Coming into a dry watercourse with sandy bed we saw a lot of fresh prints and followed them up carefully, the wind luckily being from the right direction.

Looking carefully up the bank we caught sight of the head of a lioness, and motioning to our boys to duck, went on a little farther to get a proper view. What a sight met our gaze ! Ten lionesses and two cubs seventy to a hundred yards away on an open bank, some sunning themselves and others just emerging from the high grass that grew fifteen to twenty yards away from either bank. Unluckily our boys didn't crouch down and a lioness spotted us, so I at once opened fire with my .303, having a double 10-bore Paradox in reserve for a charge. My first shot struck the creature in the ribs, and as she spoke to the shot the others began to grow interested ; the second one I hit in the neck, raking backwards, and she jumped into the air with all four legs in a bunch under her and bolted. I broke a fore leg of a third, and then Mahony implored me not to hit any more ; nobody but a novice or a born fool would make such an ass of himself ; however, he wounded another, and then things began to look nasty ; they all disappeared into long grass and we now had two wounded lionesses on each bank, so we stood back to back with our trembling boys in between, each moment expecting to be charged at twenty yards with a very small chance of stopping the beast. Seconds were minutes and minutes hours, and still no sign, so we went to where the lionesses had been standing to see what blood-spoor we could find. A lot of lung blood showed us that one at least was mortally hit, and we followed the blood into the grass—myself in fear and trembling—till after thirty or forty yards we saw the body of a fine lioness, and after throwing clods of mud at her to see if she were really dead or only lying doggo, found her quite lifeless. My heart rejoiced exceedingly, but nowhere could we find any



SUNNING THEMSELVES ON AN OPEN BANK



of the others or much blood-spoor, though we hunted round very carefully, for the grass was too thick for tracking; so we had to go home more or less contented.

Shortly after reaching the Urema on our second trip my feet became so bad by reason of the holes, whence the jiggers had been removed, festering, that I had to stay in camp six days, to my intense chagrin and discomfort; and it was even more annoying as Grogan was having a good time. He had bagged two lions, whereas up to date I had only got a lioness. On the seventh day, however, about eleven o'clock, I got a note from Mahony, who had gone out alone, saying he had wounded one or two lionesses with cubs and had marked them down in long grass, and begging me to collect all available boys and go out if possible. I cut the toe off one of my boots and, collecting seven or eight boys and an old sack, started to join him. A seven-mile walk over very rough ground gave my poor feet intense pain, but it was too good a chance of a little excitement to be missed. On reaching Mahony, I found him keeping watch over a patch of high grass of about three or four acres. We then took up positions, one at each corner, and sent the boys to beat the grass. They didn't enter into the spirit of the thing or into the grass either, but stood on the outside throwing clods of earth into the cover. Time passed and no lioness bolted, but, after an anxious wait with strained nerves, out popped a cub about as big as a fox and then four others. The first came past Mahony, snarling and snapping, and was bagged by two of our boys jumping on it after Mahony had bowled it over with his helmet. The other four took refuge in some small patches of thick grass, and by promising the boys £1 for each they caught we induced them to beat it thoroughly and eventually bagged the whole lot, scratching and snarling like wild cats. Each one when caught had its paws tied tightly together and its jaws gagged with strips torn from the blankets worn by the boys. When all were secured there were not many clothes left amongst them. After securing the cubs safely we returned to the big patch of grass, and entering rather gingerly came across one of the lionesses dead. Mahony had hit her twice, and so had wounded one only, not two as he supposed; the other lioness, contrary to what one would expect, had left her cubs, which must have been six or eight weeks old, and sought safety in flight. A triumphant procession started for camp, four cubs slung on poles and one in the bag; Grogan, who had got a note I had left for him, meeting us on the way. All

five thrive splendidly during the next month, being fed on cooked liver twice a day.

For a few nights after this a lioness could be heard within a mile or two of our camp ; we imagined it was the mother looking for her cubs, but, anyhow, she never crossed the river or came very close, so perhaps we were mistaken. We had two large cages made of reeds built for them, and when they were quite accustomed to being fed we sent them into Beira, whence three were shipped to England and are now in the Zoo—a gift from Grogan and myself. The other two were Mahony's property, and when we left Beira in October were growing quite big and rather dangerous to meddle with. These, I believe, are now in Port Elizabeth or some other South African collection.

Amongst the varied incidents of our camp life on the Urema, I remember a futile search after what Grogan took to be a record impala which he had seen a day or two before but not shot at, as he was out after lions. The two large herds of impala generally frequented an open plain with very little grass and a few palm-trees, and retired to a patch of thistles about four miles square on seeing any one. So, after scanning the horizon in vain, I ventured into the thistles. They were about two feet high, and so thick that you couldn't avoid them. It was no use looking for a bare patch in which to tread, and as one went about with bare legs, the irritation was something frightful as one brushed through, only relieved, in fact, by the sight of the awful grimaces the boys made as they got stung. Presently I saw a yellow buck right at the far end of the thistles, standing in high grass, so hardened my heart and made straight for it in hopes of a good head. A careful shot at about 200 yards brought it down, but, to my disgust, it turned out to be a doe reed-buck. We wanted meat in camp, however, so it wasn't wasted.

Being tired of thistles, I struck for the plain, and, to my astonishment, saw a bull eland, the first I had seen that trip, 700 or 800 yards off on a small ridge. Of course he had spotted me long before I saw him and began to edge leisurely off. I tried to stalk him from behind palm-trees and bushes, and even crawled on hands and knees towards him, but the ground was too bare, so I chanced a shot at about 500 yards, missing, of course ; then another as he cantered off—another miss. Taking advantage of a small donga I bolted down it with my gun-bearer to try and cut him off, and on arriving at the other end, breathless after a good half-mile run, saw a buck

far off on the plain. Thinking it must be my bull eland, I gave chase, only to find, on getting a bit nearer, that it was an old water-buck and the eland nowhere in sight.

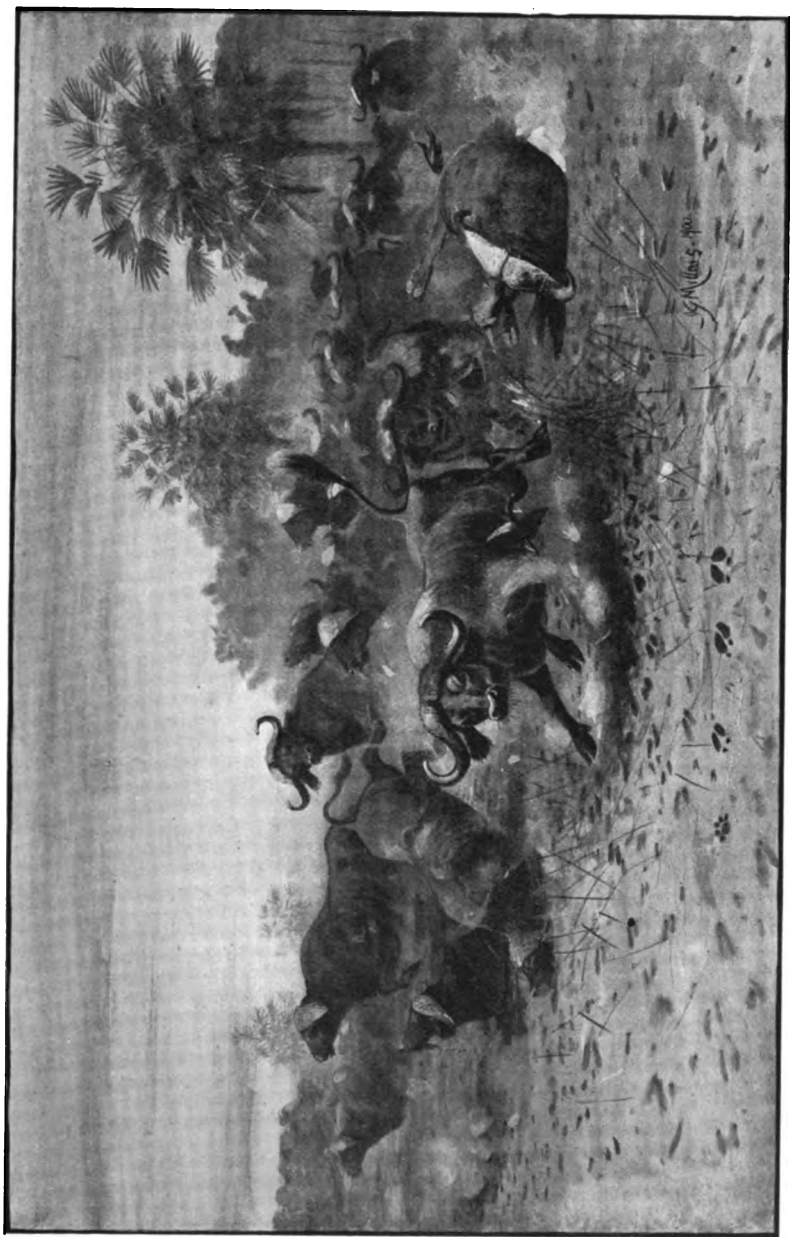
Returning to the donga to see if I could find his spoor, I saw a yellow head look up out of the grass 300 yards or so away, and a lioness gave me a snap-shot as she bolted for thicker cover. Her grunt told me I had hit her somewhere, and we rushed after her to try and head her off from a great patch of tall grass ; however, she disappeared, and we could not pick up her spoor. Up and down the donga we tried, and on each bank, but no signs of her ladyship. The right bank was covered with very dry grass ten to twelve feet high, so I put a match to the windy end and bolted for the other bank, in order to get a view and have a few yards between the probably angry lioness and myself. The fire flaring up, fanned by the wind, licked up the long grass at a great pace, and just as I had abandoned hope of anything being still there, with a snarl and a roar, out sprang a fine old lion and my lioness ! Of course I went for the lion, and a grunt spoke to the bullet, while the second shot struck again and he went off at a gallop for cover. I dashed across the donga, but, having to make a *détour* owing to the fire, could see neither of them, and was lamenting feebly when I saw the tip of a tail waving over the grass. Away we went full tilt, and getting near I fired and hit, to my disgust, the lioness ! She made off, I after her, and eventually another shot brought her to bay, very savage ; so I took a careful shot with the 10-bore and knocked her over before she could charge, but a couple more shots were necessary to finish her off. Finding I had nothing except solid bullets, I sent my gun-bearer into camp, while I skinned the lioness, to bring me some soft-nosed bullets and some boys to finish the work. He was so excited that he forgot all about the cartridges, so we had to trust to the 10-bore if we met the wounded lion. Taking up his blood-spoor outside the long grass, we found he was bleeding from both sides and quite expected to tread on him at once. The grass was horribly thick and about four feet high, so I did not half like it ; however, a lion is worth a bit of risk. After following the spoor three-quarters of a mile or so we lost it and failed to pick it up again, and as this particular patch of grass was a mile square, it was a hopeless task to attempt to beat it, while the wind was blowing the wrong way for it to burn satisfactorily. To my intense disappointment I had to give up the search and, to add to my disgust, three days afterwards

Grogan bagged my lion and nearly got laid out in the struggle. My shots had gone—solid bullets—the first clean through forearm just below shoulder without breaking a bone, and the second through a fold of skin on the top of the opposite shoulder ; rather bad luck !

Mahony and I went out another day and came on fresh buffalo spoor, and presently saw a biggish herd in the distance ; as we neared them they formed into a broken line and marched straight at us till within sixty or seventy yards. We did not like to fire, as we couldn't be certain of not being trampled down in their first mad rush ; but just as I was drawing a bead on a good bull, with snorts and bellows they dashed past us, receiving the contents of a double 10-bore and a .303. Unluckily it was impossible to pick out bulls, and the result was two cows and one bull, all of which had to be finished off, the latter strongly resenting the proceeding and doing his best to get in a charge. The herd had stopped their mad career about a mile farther on, so we followed up to try for a good bull we had seen ; they were, however, keeping too good a look-out, and we failed to get within shot. On returning to take off the bull's head, we were surprised to see a lioness approaching one of the dead cows out of the long grass which covered that part of the plain, and, as she saw us about the same time, she made off in a hurry, receiving a rib-shot which knocked her over. She was up and away again in a second, and when I next saw her was 300 yards off. Firing, I once more knocked her over and gave chase, when, to my astonishment, there were two of them going, both hit ! I had fired at a second without knowing it, the first being hidden in the grass. Thick cover was only about 500 or 600 yards off, so I tried to cut them off, and, in my hurry, stepping into what I thought a shallow ditch, fell in up to my neck, and by the time I had scrambled out both of them had disappeared. Just then I heard a shot, and found Mahony had fired at a lion outside one of the thick patches of reeds ; he also got away, leaving a great pool of blood on the short grass. It was quite impossible to follow him inside the reeds except on hands and knees, and then you could not use a rifle ; so, though we bombarded them with mud and stones, and tried to smoke them out, and gave them our wind to annoy them, they all three refused to be drawn.

The three dead buffalo were lying just at the edge of long grass about half a mile from a river which had impenetrable patches of cover on its banks for the lions to lie up in after they





WITH SNORTS AND BELLOWS THEY DASHED PAST US



had fed and drunk, so I lost no time next morning in looking up the baits to see if there were lions on the carcasses or any chance of tracking their spoor.

On the way I encountered a wounded buffalo, a young bull. Luckily I saw him first, and, crawling carefully up to about 120 yards, I managed to finish him off with five or six shots before he had time to spot me lying behind a small tussock of grass.

To my intense astonishment, on reaching the carcasses, I found they had been denuded of all the meat, and couldn't understand what had happened, as we knew of no niggers within twenty miles; however, a broken potsherd and one or two other clues told me that Gorongoza's niggers had been there and removed the flesh. This might have meant a good bit of trouble, as we were in what was nominally a hostile country, in which no white man had previously shot, and where we had gone at our own risk. The chief, Gorongoza, was not favourable to whites, having thrashed the Portuguese, who had sent troops the previous year from Beira to try and coerce him into paying tribute, taking from them two Maxims in an open plain, his men having no firearms at all. By the way, when the soldiers returned to Beira in a blue funk and many without their arms, their enthusiastic fellow countrymen embraced them with tears in their eyes and held a solemn Te Deum for the victory!

As I could not see the smoke of a camp fire, I concluded they had made tracks home with their booty, so proceeded to shoot a wildebeeste or two to tempt the lions instead, and shortly after came across a buffalo which I wounded at long range and chased into thick bush. I knew she was very sick, but I could not induce her to charge, so was obliged to leave her, as the bush was too dangerously thick for me to venture in after her. Making sure she would be found dead next day, I returned to camp, to find Grogan had been more fortunate than myself, having found and killed the lion last referred to.

Going out with Mahony next day to the wildebeeste bait, our boys suddenly shouted 'Nyati!' (buffalo). Cocking my '303 I looked round but saw nothing, till suddenly a black body dashed out of the grass within ten yards of us. The snappiest of snap-shots rolled her over within five yards of us—a Jeffery bullet through the heart—an awful fluke!

After hunting round in vain for lion spoor, we went to look for the wounded buffalo of yesterday, and going very gingerly into the bush, picked up her spoor, and following carefully espied her walking slowly away. A half-side shot at sixty yards

only made a scratch on the shoulder and she was round and at us in a second ; another 10-bore bullet had not the least effect, and Mahony and I made a dash for different ant-hills, he hitting her in the chest as she came on with a .303. Unluckily, Mahony's gun-bearer tried to bolt, and the infuriated brute, seeing him, hunted him up an ant-hill, and as he was crawling into the thorns tried to gore him with her horns. A shot from Mahony and another from my .303 distracted her attention, and by this time, feeling very sick, she cleared off and I finished her with the 10-bore. The boy was quite unhurt, though he was blue with funk, and swore his ribs were broken. Going on we saw a solitary tressabe, a specimen of which I much wanted, but could not get within 500 yards ; however, the buck did not go right away, but kept circling round us, so, after a big waste of ammunition at fancy ranges, we managed to wound and bag it.

For the fourth day in succession I went to my favourite hunting-ground, to find that my wildebeeste baits had also been cleaned up, and while scanning the horizon for the smoke of a camp fire, saw a fine old lion loafing quietly along the river bank, swinging his tail with an air that said he didn't care a blow for anybody.

Keeping very low in the grass, we set out to cut him off, and I could have had a capital shot at 200 yards, but, forgetting one patch of reeds, I thought I could get him more easily in a watercourse which was close in front of him. On reaching the bank there were his great paw-marks, but I could not see the old gentleman anywhere, so, taking the 10-bore, I followed carefully on his spoor till I came to the reeds. All of a sudden, a roar and a yellow body dashing up the bank through the grass and reeds. Bang ! and all was quiet. Approaching very carefully—he had got up within fifteen yards of me—we found a big bunch of hair from his mane on a bush, but, alas ! no blood and no lion. We threw clods of earth into his hiding-place and tried to smoke him out and gave him our wind, but beyond one grunting groan he took no notice of us and I quite thought he would be mine to-morrow.

Looking round shortly after, with one eye still on where our friend was, I saw a lioness coming out of the long grass about 300 yards off ; she, seeing me, stopped a second or two, and I blazed at her, the shot striking just below her belly. Off she bounded, and off I dashed in pursuit, up a dry watercourse, to try and cut her off. After going about a mile, I saw a young

lion and a lioness going off ahead, and by a sharp sprint managed to turn them, but lost them in some thick scrub. Following them, however, I got up in time to see the lioness disappear into a clump of reeds, and as the lion paused a moment to stare at the intruders, hit him in the shoulder. Instead of bolting for cover, he sat up and bit at the wound, and a second shot in the neck rolled him over. I sent a boy round the far bank of the river to look if he was really dead, but he could see nothing, so we had to approach cautiously through the thorn-bush and were quite relieved to find him lifeless. We then tried to beat out the lioness, but with no result, as she had crossed the river behind the patch of reeds and well out of our sight.

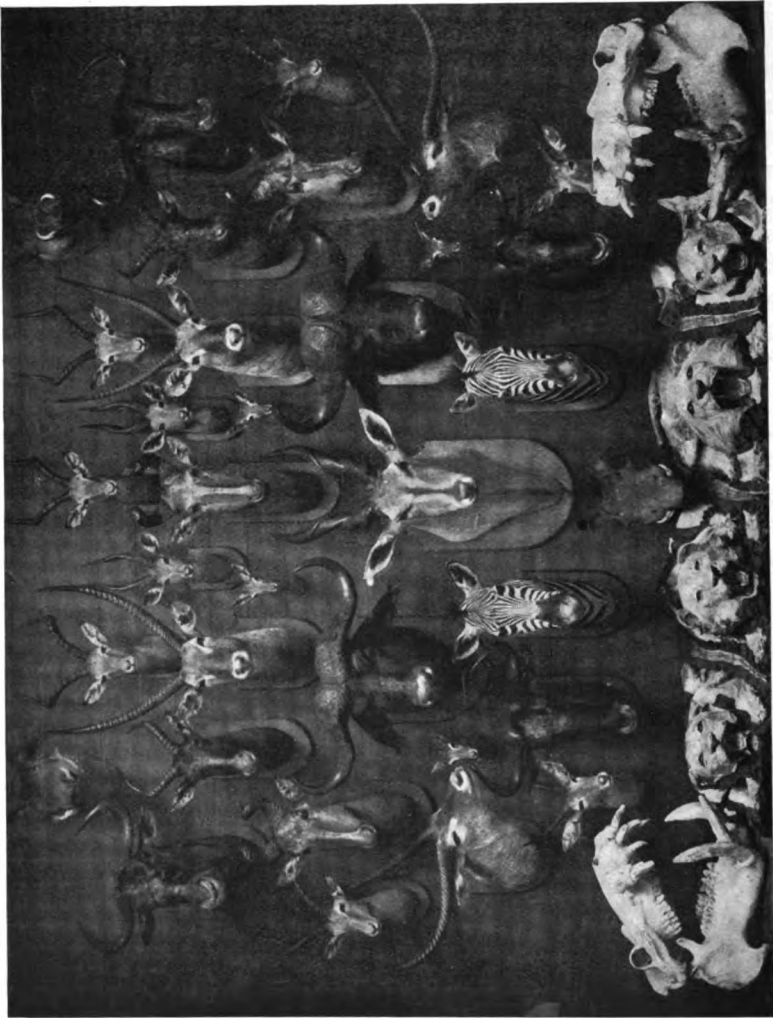
Before returning to camp we had another try to find out if the first lion was still in the reeds, and hearing nothing, rashly concluded he was in the bag. On the way home I was lucky enough to shoot two good impala rams, and on getting to camp found Grogan had been equally successful, having killed a fine old lioness. Next morning Mahony and I, with a few boys, went out thoroughly to explore the reeds in the hope of finding at least one dead lion. No signs of mine, but a large pool of blood where Mahony's had lain down! He had, however, gathered strength and got away, leaving no spoor.

We now returned to an old camp higher up the river, for the lions were getting a bit shy; and as we were crossing the donga where I had seen the ten lionesses three months before, a lioness dashed into the long grass on the other side. Unluckily I was lighting the grass, as it was just ripe for burning, and very thick all round the likely places, and so could not get at my rifle in time to put in a shot.

However, after lunch, Mahony and I went out to see if we could find her again, and suddenly, when we least expected them, four lionesses dashed out of the grass. Mahony, who was in front, fired, and to my astonishment the hammer clicked—he had forgotten to load! One lioness turned aside and gave me an easy neck-shot, which was instantly fatal. The second barrel I fired at one of the retreating beasts, and she spoke to the shot, but unfortunately we failed to come up to her, though we hunted them through the grass for a considerable distance.

Another morning, when coming round a corner of bush suddenly, I saw something dark moving through the grass some way off. As I was uncertain whether it was a big monkey, with which the bush here abounded, or something more interesting, I followed carefully, but could see nothing till my boys pointed

out a black-looking head and two pointed ears in the grass on the top of an ant-hill a hundred yards off. It was a leopard—the first I had seen—and I missed it with both barrels! With one



EAST AFRICAN TROPHIES

spring it was down the slope towards me, and I quite expected to be charged. The grass was so high that I could only stand and wait in a small patch of short stuff, and the only thing I saw was a dark tail disappearing in the distance, without giving me another chance. This, my first, was also my only chance at Spots, and the memory will rankle many a long day.

As we found the lions here few and far between, we returned to our old camp, and were not long in hearing their welcome concert at night—roars from all quarters and any distance from one to ten miles, and even less. One night four or five of them invaded our camp, and, on being driven out, lay up quite close by, keeping up a rumbling, grumbling purr, with an occasional low growl for an hour or two. Unluckily there was no vestige of moon, so it was hopeless to try and locate them, and we reluctantly gave up listening and went to sleep. The ground being dry and hard, we could find no traces of them next morning.

Mahony and I were lucky enough to find fresh spoor of two or three lionesses a day or two later, and followed them with some difficulty through the burnt grass. Alas! they had winded us early, and were making off down wind, so were perfectly aware of our vicinity, and I only got a snap-shot at a retreating yellow form. Following on, we picked up slight blood-spoor, but lost it in the long grass, though we burnt such patches as were dry enough and carefully beat others; they had taken care to put a stream or some thick cover between us, and were nowhere to be found. Grogan, in the meantime, was having good sport, including a large Iguana lizard, which we tried to keep alive. Next day the reed-cage was in splinters and the huge lizard far away. It was a hideous brute, with a yellow-and-black-spotted stomach and a most snaky appearance.

The presence of Gorongoza's niggers had a bad effect on the lions, as whenever we shot a beast or two for bait it was forthwith turned into biltong, and though we looted their camp they would not clear out, so we determined to seek fresh fields and a country where buffalo were more plentiful. Unfortunately the rinderpest had made such havoc earlier in the year that, where there used to be thousands, only very few were left, and everywhere on the veldt were bleaching skulls and bones; we often came on a small heap of the latter under a palm-tree, where two or three had lain down to die together. In our new camp, however, we saw nothing more exciting than hartebeeste and warthog; no buffalo had been there for days and the lions had apparently followed them, so we moved on to a lagoon, near which our bait had been stolen by hyænas a few weeks before. Here we were fairly in lion country again, and their welcome music made a nightly serenade. One old lioness seemed to haunt the bed of the lagoon just behind our tents, and her proximity at night was rather disturbing; as we always slept

with both ends of the tent open, we should have afforded an easy prey. One night, after we had turned in, we heard lions roaring about half a mile off, then an old lion farther off, and the solitary lioness just at the back of the lagoon. Accordingly, before daylight, Grogan went down the right bank of the lagoon, and I on the left, towards a favourite drinking and crossing place for game and lions. On reaching the crossing I heard a roar from the other side, apparently coming towards me from the direction of our camp, so crossed over and got into the high grass to be out of sight. It was not quite 6 A.M. and very misty, and I edged along very quietly, waiting for another roar to locate the lion more exactly. Presently a mighty roar, that fairly made the mist vibrate, greeted me, and I knew his direction for a certainty. Going along very carefully, with my gun-bearer carrying the 10-bore close at hand, I drew towards the sound, and soon saw a splendid old lion come out of the long grass into some reedy grass about two feet high. He looked superb, with his old head a little on one side as he looked around, a well-filled paunch, and a tail lazily swinging. The light was very bad, but I couldn't wait, so fired at his shoulder; he was more facing me than I had guessed, but the shot luckily took him in the spine, as I found afterwards, and he subsided with a grunt. At once he raised himself on his fore paws and looked round for his assailant, and I thought he was going to charge; however, a couple more bullets finished him off and he was mine. We had intended moving camp that day, but had to stay on partially to cure the skin, so went out later to look for an old bull buffalo which had been seen in the neighbourhood. We failed to find him, however, but shot a water-buck with curiously malformed horns; one of them grew in the ordinary way, but the other hung down at an acute angle above the eye.

Grogan and I tried a moonlight hippo hunt, but without success, though the river was alive with them, and we could hear them snorting both up and down stream. They waited for their evening meal till we had turned in. It was rather a ghostly business roaming the country at 10 P.M. Every shadow caused an apprehensive shudder, and each rustle in the grass brought out drops of cold perspiration. In the end we never saw anything to shoot at.

Two days later, while I was out shooting meat for the camp, some of my boys came running after me, shouting that white men had surrounded our camp with police armed with rifles, had



threatened to shoot the boys, and finally, with blows and threats, had forced them to pack everything up and take all our belongings into a small station belonging to a Portuguese Company seven miles distant. Of course we hurried to our camp, seeing, but not getting a chance at, a fine old bull eland on the way, and found it deserted. Presently two or three boys crawled out of the grass with a certain amount of food—they had slipped away from the string of prisoners, luckily for us—and after a hasty meal we all followed the raiders, swearing vengeance. On reaching the station I interviewed the *Commandante*, who spoke French, and gave him my views on things in general and himself in particular. We had already paid him £10 for shooting there, £5 for a licence, and a £5 fine, and this was an absurd charge, considering they dared not go three miles inland from the river for fear of Gorongoza's men! Now he claimed £60—£20 for each of us—and though I gave him my parole not to leave till we had come to a settlement, he had the impudence, first, to demand all our rifles, with which I flatly declined to part, and then to put half-caste mongrel Portuguese as sentries over us all night! Naturally I had a row with him next day, and should have kicked him had I not known that my fate would probably be Mozambique for a few years. Eventually I settled by giving him a cheque for £20, and he then insulted me by asking if I had any funds to pay with, and telling me the law in Portuguese possessions was very strict about giving worthless cheques.

Here was a nice ending to our shooting experiences! Forty miles thence into Fontesvilla, where we spent two or three days in paraffining the heads and skins and getting them ready to be packed in Beira, and here ended the best time in my life—never a touch of fever for four months and a half, from end of April to middle of September, in some of the most unhealthy country on the East Coast; and had it not been for Matakénias or jiggers I should never have been sick or sorry one single day.



## RE RABBITING

BY L. H. DE VISME SHAW

I KNOW a country doctor whose sight is none of the best—indeed, he would no more think of shooting without his eye-glass than of flying. He holds, and is proud of, an undisputed record, duly authenticated by trustworthy witnesses, of a day's—or I should say part of a day's—rabbit shooting. The party were ferreting. The doctor's record is this : with four cartridges he bagged four rabbits and four ferrets. Then the party—no more ferrets being available—went home. The doctor shot on that occasion, as he always shoots, with a very light single-barrelled 12, and cartridges loaded with a bare three-quarters of an ounce of No. 5.

What an infinity of sport does the rabbit provide for our race, and for what an infinity of classes does he provide it ! As a sport furnisher for the multitude, his position is unique. He is the farmer's *pièce de resistance*—nay, generally in these times of depression, when farmers who hold the sporting rights of their farms prefer for reasons of finance to alienate them, he is the only quarry whose pursuit is made the subject of systematic sport, unless there should chance to come about a synchronisation of hard weather and turnip-tops, and wood-pigeons are to be had for the waiting. Bunny, as a general thing, suffers severely, if only from fright, at the hands of the farmer's town relatives and friends during the Christmas season. Higher in the social scale one could meet but few among lovers of the gun who would not class rabbit-shooting, provided only that it be brisk enough, as tip-top sport ; lower in the scale, one finds a large order whose shooting is practically limited to an occasional day's rabbiting with the keepers of neighbouring manors, or with farmers in the district who give them the opportunity of burning a little powder at the cutting of the corn or while ferreting during the winter.

Not alone does the rabbit number a host of admirers on

account of his worth as a simple object of sport ; he also possesses the laudable characteristic of showing fun at seasons when little or no other shooting is to be had. The law withholds all favours in the case of bunny, placing no restrictions upon our using gun or rifle during those long months of protection given to game and other fowl. Not one week in the year is he free from the gunner's attentions ; though it can scarcely be held as sportsmanlike to shoot an old rabbit between the end of February and the autumn, yet those who have crops to consider take small count of such a matter. Regarding the white-scuttled rodent as vermin pure and simple, they often seize every opportunity of potting him whether he be old or young.

When Mr. Punch's little boy heard that rabbits ' multiply so quickly '—and therefore, while puzzling over his sums, wished he had been a rabbit—he heard a truth which all know, but the full force of which few can realise unless they have seen a warren all but cleared of its inhabitants at the end of winter and, it having remained unmolested by man or vermin meanwhile, have visited it again seven or eight months afterwards. Only this extreme fecundity has saved the rabbit from absolute extermination in many parts of the country. However closely one may kill rabbits down, there always seem to be just those two or three odd ones who manage to evade the trapper's or the ferreter's attentions—and just those two or three odd ones are capable of huge things in the matter of replenishing their native haunts.

Various are the ways in which we set ourselves to work to bring bunny to bag. When early summer comes we bethink us of the rifle and of the as yet immature, though from a culinary point of view desirable, youngsters which may be ours if we lie up for them or stalk them—and if we do but hold straight. Often in the long grass the rifleman can see but the head of his quarry, and that only intermittingly as its owner now and again sits up to scan the horizon, his jaws at rest that he may hear the slightest sound. A .220 rifle is too small for rabbit-shooting, unless one can use it at close enough quarters to make sure of putting the bullet near the heart or in the head or through the spine. The force of the impact of so light a projectile as the .220 one soon finds by experience to be insufficient to turn a rabbit over at once if hit in some other than immediately vital part. With such a bullet in him, or through him, bunny is often as good a bunny as ever for a wild sprint up to thirty

or forty yards. And his burrow may be only a dozen feet away. No doubt he quickly bites the dust when underground, but this proceeding is worse than useless from every point of view—or at least from the point of view of the rifleman, of the rabbit himself and of the other inhabitants of the earth. The smashing power of a .320 bullet is generally sufficient to paralyse the victim whatever part of the body it may strike, and I do not think a smaller calibre than this is ever really satisfactory for rabbit-shooting. The additional damage done to the flesh by the larger bullet—if really a substantial objection—is more than amply counterpoised by the increased proportion of hit rabbits brought to bag.

Pretty sport, albeit necessarily tame to some degree, is rabbiting with a rifle. Waiting on a warm, still evening after rain—the scents of summer rich in the air, Nature calling to us to look and wonder on every side—rifle in hand might well be called the contemplative shooting man's recreation. Pleasant is it at the time ; pleasant memories does it conjure up in after days. Amid such surroundings we may feel something like reproach at the thought of slaying a creature that is enjoying life as we are enjoying it—all but the pipe. With the sight, however, of the broadside of a three-quarter grown rabbit full fifty yards away there is room for but one feeling in the breast of the sportsman—a feeling the outcome of one of his strongest instincts. He brings the rifle cautiously to his shoulder, takes careful aim and fires ; if the bullet be truly placed, bunny's death is practically instantaneous. Poor bunny !—his experience of life has been a brief one indeed—but then young rabbits are very good in a pie and man is a sportsman all the world over.

Another form of summer rabbiting commending itself to one inclined for a prowling round at about the time of the setting of the sun, is that of using a .410 and cartridges loaded with No. 8 shot and a good nitro. No young rabbit can live before one of these little guns and this small shot at reasonable range—say up to twenty yards going straight away, the user possessing skill enough to plant his charge well forward, and twenty-five yards for a crossing shot. Shots, and plenty of them, may always be had wherever there exists anything worthy of the name of cover. Apart from the greater skill and therefore greater sport attaching to the use of one of these diminutive shot guns instead of the regulation 12-bore, there is the infinite advantage of inappreciable noise ; the tiny crack does not disturb the game as it is disturbed by the report of an ordinary gun.

With the wane of summer comes the harvest rabbiting. Nor is this half bad sport—indeed, at times, it is just about as quick a thing in the way of sport as one can find. I call vividly to mind one very brisk experience of ‘corn shooting.’ No other gun was present; but a patch of wheat—wheat with the kind of bottom one associates with heavy land and hand-to-mouth farming—remained. And when the rabbits came out they came out. The driver of the reaper, wholly failing to grasp the situation, went stolidly on his way. I fired something like five and twenty cartridges more quickly I think than I have ever fired five and twenty cartridges in my life and stopped about that number of rabbits; and I believe at least five and twenty others made good their escape.

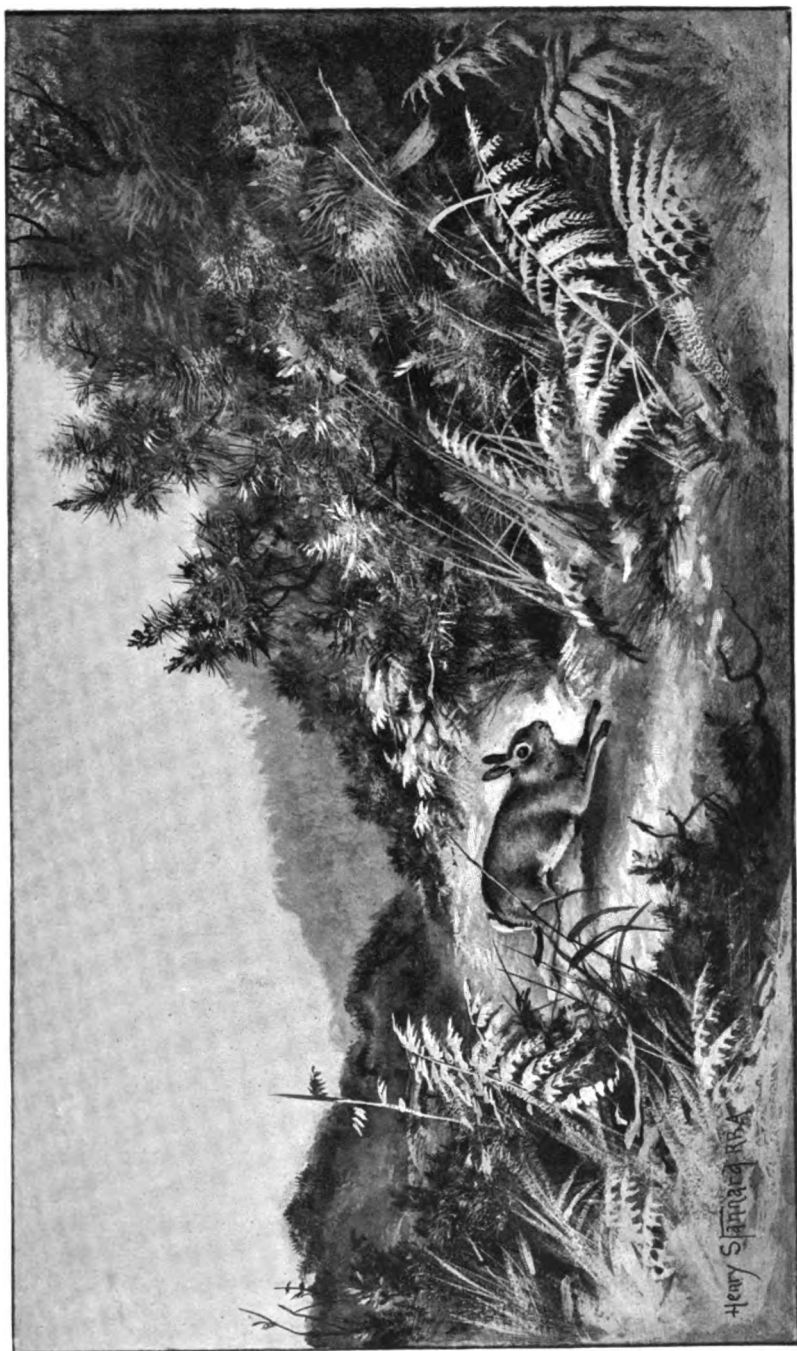
How closely rabbits will cling to their shelter in the corn, often preferring to be cut to pieces in the last strip rather than trust themselves to face the altered world beyond—a world peopled with expectant yokels if not with wielders of the gun! Even when no gun is present, the rabbit who breaks cover stands but an indifferent chance of eluding his pursuers. If he could keep his head instead of losing it completely, he would be all right. Wild, terrifying, unearthly sounds greet his appearance in the open; he sees yelling bodies bounding towards him from various directions. Small wonder is it that his brain should reel. The scattered sheaves contribute largely to his undoing. Were he only to strike out a straight line, and, keeping himself quite calm, scuttle on at his best pace, he might laugh at the efforts of the yelling crew to overtake him. But then he cannot keep himself calm. He tries to dodge. And dodging is fatal. The end comes sooner rather than later. He is either knocked over with a stick or captured by some panting harvester who has flung himself full length upon him.

The shots one has among the harvest rabbits are mostly snap-shots, the small spaces between the sheaves precluding, as a rule, anything like a steady aim. Those unused to the work will often allow a rabbit to slip away out of range, hoping, in vain, that something like an open shot will offer itself. Bunny has no mean idea of taking cover when thinking he may succeed in stealing away unobserved. Often, amid the bustle and confusion, he is able to do this. Not infrequently he will ensconce himself beneath the shelter of a sheaf only a few yards from the point at which he has left the standing corn, where, like his mythical relative, he lies low—waiting developments. A shot or two at rabbits, who have thus hidden themselves, may

generally be had by keeping near the shockers after the binder has done its work.

Few of us ever have the chance of participating in a day during which it is possible to make a bag in any way approaching one such as that of Sir Victor Alexander Brooke, who, in Ireland, accounted for seven hundred and forty rabbits to his own gun as the result of a day's shooting ; or that of Lord de Grey, who, in Wales—what a day ! I believe it is still the record—killed no fewer than nine hundred and twenty. Yet on an estate where rabbits are at all numerous a big day or two giving ample sport, and sport which takes a lot of beating, to every individual gun can always be arranged at the cost of a small amount of trouble—small, that is, in comparison with the results attained. The older way of making rabbits lie out was to run a line ferret through the earth on the day prior to that arranged for the shoot and to stop the holes the following morning. Tainting out—I infinitely prefer this term to the more forcible synonym of the multitude—is the course now almost invariably followed and is far more expeditious, and more efficacious as well, than using ferrets. Various chemicals and chemical mixtures are effective ; the one thing requisite is that the smell shall be both lasting and offensive to the occupants of the burrow. A sufficient number of short sticks, about the thickness of a lead pencil, being cut, they are split at one end and a small piece of tow or some other absorbent substance inserted in the split part. When the tow has been dipped in the tainting mixture, a stick is planted at the mouth of each hole. Every rabbit will come out that night or the following night at the latest, and will not return to his home so long as the unaccustomed odour hangs about its portals. On the second morning, the morning of the day fixed for bunny's slaughter, the sticks are removed and the holes stopped with a spade.

The way in which rabbits are dealt with when thus brought above ground depends upon the nature of the surrounding country. Where circumstances allow such a proceeding, walking in a close line, treading out every patch large enough to hold a rabbit and taking the whole area in strips, is the most deadly way of going to work. Or again there is driving, bringing the fur to the gun. The shooting one has from the latter possesses the advantage of being, as a general rule, of a more sporting kind than when rabbits are walked up in line, though, if the undergrowth is anything at all, many, their schesis being to imagine often enough, and rightly, that less danger lurks behind



MANY RABBITS WERE MISSED AS THEY CROSSED THE DRIVES





the line than before, succeed in breaking back, despite all efforts to guide them towards the right quarter.

Circumstances there are under which one must have recourse to canine assistance. For work on a small scale, in hedgerows or light cover, the spaniel who knows his work stands without a rival among all the races of dogs; from cover of wider area and tougher kind, three or four good hard terriers will bustle rabbits in a manner leaving little if anything to be desired; in a yet larger extent of cover one can do but small things without the aid of a pack of beagles.

Most people, I think, look back upon their earliest shooting as having given them the keenest enjoyment of any. My own earliest shooting was with beagles, and I can recall nothing—not even my *début* the following season as a slayer of partridges and pheasants—that ever gave me pleasure equal to that which I derived from a day's rabbiting with beagles. Though but a boy, and a small one at that, I was considered safe, or moderately safe, when armed with my old double 16—a converted pin-fire which had done upwards of a quarter of a century's work before I became its proud possessor. I never peppered any one, though—a distinctly showy shot—I once bowled over a rabbit stone dead about four feet—I do not think it was an inch over four feet—from where my father stood. Fortunately only the rabbit suffered. Carried away by keenness and excitement, I never realised that my father was standing there till I saw bunny lying dead beside him. That youthful experience was a valuable one; it made me thenceforward second to none in my cautious handling of a gun. The words of the head keeper, who witnessed the occurrence, are indelibly burnt into my memory. He only *looked* at me; he said to my father, 'That was a pretty near strike, sir!' For a long time afterwards I felt acutely that the 'strike' was a great deal too near to be pleasant to either of the parties immediately involved.

In the part where my early beagling took place are miles and miles of chalk down covered with patches of furze and brake—patches of all sizes, the largest many acres in extent, drives (very narrow ones) cut through them. I have recollections of many, very many, rabbits missed as they crossed these drives; it is sharp work to stop bunny as, hard pressed by the dogs behind, he flashes athwart the all too narrow strip. There is no finer practice for snap shooting. Again, there were rough stretches of scattered bracken and furze, innocent of all

artificial division. Here sport was to the enterprising, and, as a rule, to the enterprising only. Placing guns at fixed points was practically useless ; the dogs would run a rabbit a quarter of a mile almost before one knew what was happening, and unless one followed up at one's best pace, the rabbit, breaking across the down towards the forest land, was lost for the day. It was delightful sport, this work *manibus pedibusque*, for one both young and keen. And what boy is not keen ? There were never very many rabbits, yet there always seemed enough to afford a fair day, however often we were out.

To ferreting there attaches a glorious uncertainty, not so very far short of the speculative hope which is part and parcel of the angler's pastime. If fish will not bite they are not to be caught ; if rabbits decline to bolt you cannot shoot them. You can dig them out, if you possess enterprise, when the ferrets lie up ; but however much such a proceeding may be commended on grounds of health, it is not a form of recreation welcomed by the many. Individually I dislike digging almost as much as I dislike looking on while other people are digging. When the prospect of digging arrives I can seldom resist the temptation to edge away far into the background, only revisiting the scene at substantial intervals.

Of one incident in the matter of digging I often think. There were three of us ; we had no man. A ferret lay up, for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour maybe. The line ferret, being despatched on his mission, showed his missing and muzzled fellow to be about twenty feet away. When drawn out, his (the line ferret's) claws were covered with rabbit-fur.

As the earth appeared a shallow one—running from the top of a sandy bank into a ploughed field—my companions decided to dig. They sank wells, trying to hit off the hole, but in vain. After this they determined to begin at the beginning and follow the earth.

The hole went deeper and deeper. The deeper it went the more hardened grew the resolution of the diggers. Their position was : 'We've started on the job, and we'll have that rabbit out or bust.' They got the rabbit out. It took them about three hours, however. When I returned at intervals—I had some sport all to myself while the digging was in progress—I saw the trench growing wider and wider, and deeper and deeper, and longer and longer ; and I also saw on the ground flakes of sandstone as large, some of them, as paving slabs. I

happened to be present at the finish. Nothing remained of the rabbit but a dried mass of bones and skin and fur. It must have been dead for a year, I should think. The ferret, after scratching off most of the fur, thought he might as well have a nice comfortable nap thereon. And he had.

Why will rabbits bolt at times and at other times consent to suffer death rather than face the open? Their inconsistency in this respect it seems impossible satisfactorily to explain. They will bolt better, it is said, from one kind of soil than from another. Whether any general rule can be laid down in this respect I do not know, but on a variety of soils—chalk, sand, and clay—I have found them equally erratic, sometimes bolting well, at other times declining to bolt at all.

Leaving out of the question the movements of, and the noise made by the ferreters (these things, of course, have often a good deal to do with giving rabbits a fear of leaving their earths), there remain two conditions which largely affect bolting, namely, the time of day and the weather. Frequently rabbits will bolt up till one or two o'clock and then not another will move. Again, during dull, windy weather they may cling to their burrows like glue, while on a bright frosty morning the smell or sound of an approaching ferret will send them flying for their lives. Yet why should these things be so? If a rabbit will fly for his life at ten o'clock in the morning, why will he, at three o'clock in the afternoon, allow himself to be killed or allow a muzzled ferret to scratch the skin off his back rather than make a single effort to escape? The road lies open to him, and he has, and must know that he has, but to use his muscles to bid defiance to any ferret in creation. And how is it that variety of weather influences his decisions? Whatever the weather or the time of day may be it does not alter the essential question—the question as to whether he shall, as he can, make his escape from the ferret, or whether he shall tamely allow himself to be collared by a foe he holds in terror. One of course takes into consideration the paralysing effect which fear has upon a rabbit when once at close quarters with a ferret or a stoat; but this has nothing to do with bunny's inconsistency in bolting. I have seen a rabbit crawl from the mouth of a hole and sit in the open with a muzzled ferret sprawling on his back and merrily scratching the fur from his neck, and I have stepped forward and picked up the rabbit. One spring, and the ferret would have been dislodged and the rabbit free. Yet such is a rabbit's state of mind under the circumstances

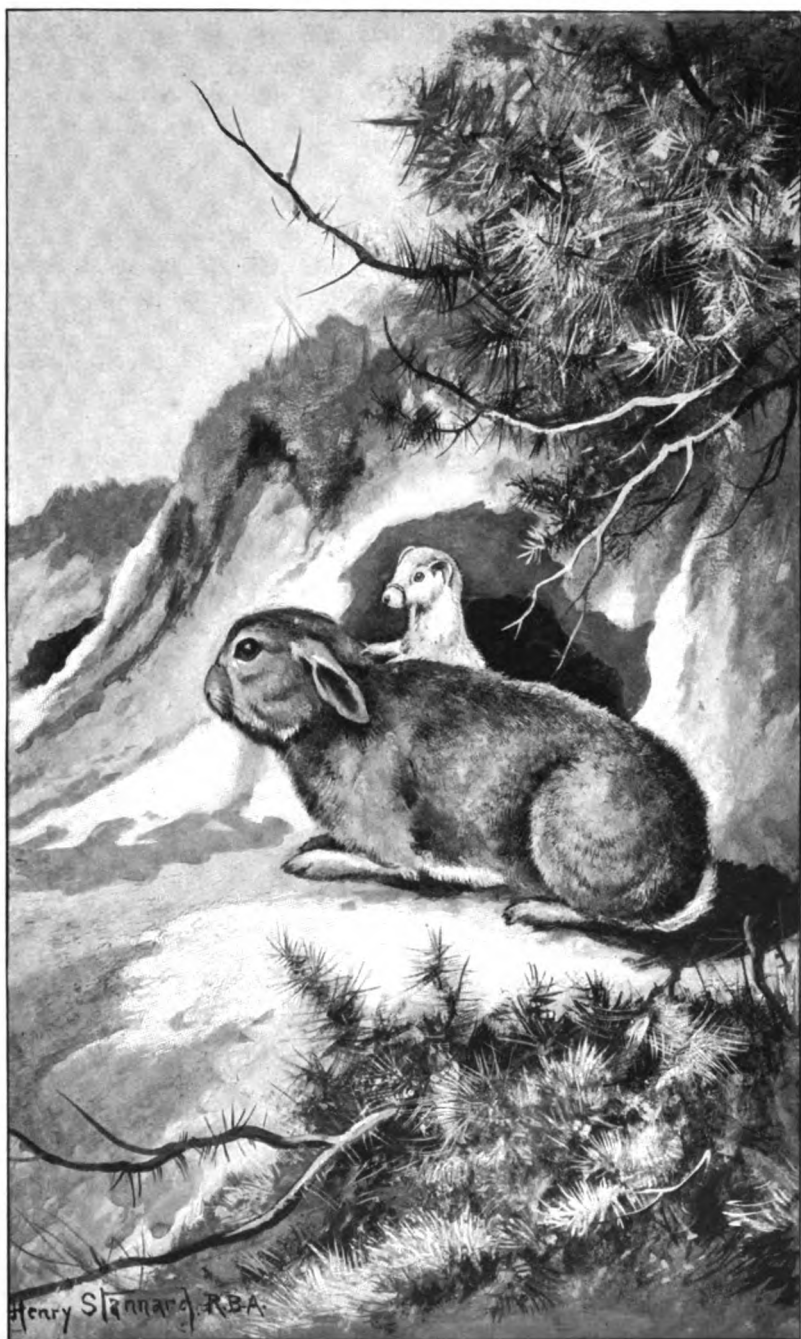
that it is impossible for him to take the spring which would set him at liberty.

*If* rabbits will bolt freely and *if* there are plenty of them, ferreting is as good sport as any one can wish for. Let us take just one brief glance at what happens.

We have approached the earth, one which ought to hold a score of rabbits; the guns, making as little noise as possible, have taken their assigned stations, all well within thirty yards of the burrow. The range at which shots will offer themselves as the guns are placed might seem unduly short by one who had never engaged in ferreting. But it is not. When ferreting, a rabbit should never be shot at if an inch over forty yards, nor should it ever be shot at unless the firer feels certain of killing. The determination with which a rabbit, who has not received pellets enough to kill him on the spot, will spin out his little remaining vitality in frantic efforts to regain the shelter of the earth must be seen to be believed. The 'lay' of the ground so often aids his wriggles. If once he regains the burrow, he, or his corpse, may cause endless trouble with the ferrets. In passing, let me say that the ferreter should shun, as he would a pestilence, those cartridges known as 'rabbit cartridges.' Many people harbour the fallacy—based, no doubt, on the gunsmith's term, 'rabbit cartridges'—that any cartridges are good enough for rabbiting. A snare and a delusion of very considerable magnitude. A rabbit wants quite as much to stop him as a pheasant, if not more than a pheasant. Let your cartridges for ferreting be the best attainable, and let your shot be not of less size than No.  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in a cylinder and No. 5 in a choke.

We are standing ready. The man whose duty it is to do so approaches to within about a dozen yards of the leeward side of the earth with the ferret box in his hand. He takes two ferrets from the box, looks at their muzzles to see that everything is all right, and then places them on the ground. Well do they know their work. Only pausing to give themselves a single shake, they scuttle off towards the burrow and are lost to our ken beneath the ground.

Scarcely three seconds elapse before we see a rabbit. How silently and suddenly he appears! At one moment we see nothing but the mouth of the hole, the next moment we see bunny sitting there, his head towards us, his ears pointed back to catch the faintest sound that may come from within the earth. Clean and sleek he looks; he might well be a stuffed



MERRILY SCRATCHING THE FUR FROM HIS NECK



rabbit, so motionless he is. Suddenly, however, he shows himself to be something very different indeed from a stuffed rabbit. Like a flash he breaks away and strikes across the sward towards where he knows other burrows lie, moving as few things but a panic-stricken rabbit can move. It is a pretty broadside shot he gives us ; his somersault over, he lies without so much as the ghost of a kick left in him.

Developments prove rapid—for this is one of the occasions on which rabbits bolt well. Scarcely have we slipped another cartridge into the chamber when a dull, thundering, rumbling sound reaches our ears, and an instant afterwards two rabbits rattle headlong from a small hole about midway between ourselves and the main earth, a hole we had not noticed. We do not stir a muscle ; they hurtle by us like rabbits possessed, within three or four yards of where we are standing, making in the same direction as that taken by the first. A steady right and left puts an expeditious end to their wild career. That is the best of a combination of moderate range and cartridges which are *not* 'rabbit cartridges.'

Standing in the mouth of the hole whence the rabbits came we see the ferret, his nose in the air, his attitude one of indecision. Soon his mind is made up ; it seems to him useless to follow the rabbit's trail. Giving himself an angry kind of shake, he turns round and scuttles back to the darkness of the burrow.

Next the other guns have some sport. A dozen rabbits are killed in less than that number of minutes. At last there comes another chance for ourselves. A rabbit springs from the earth and sits motionless before us. He is eight feet or so from the hole ; at the range his death is a certainty. So we let him have it in the head, and he rolls lifeless down the bank.

Then follows a period of inaction, ten minutes or more. At the end of the time, yet another rabbit bursts forth—and dies, to our own gun. The pursuing ferret appears in the open. Quickly the keeper steps forward and picks it up.

'We won't turn in again here, sir,' he says. 'This 'un 'd only get alongside o' the other if I let him go back.'

So, leaving a boy to secure the ferret on its arrival above ground, we shoulder our guns and move on to another earth.



## HUNTING CHANGES—OLD MASTERS AND NEW

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

By the time these lines reach the eye of the reader of the *Badminton Magazine*, cub-hunting will be once more in full swing in every direction, and when a few more weeks have passed we shall have entered upon another hunting season proper. The changes which the new season will witness are many, for never have resignations of Masterships been more numerous, and this necessarily means chops and changes among hunt servants. Such a wholesale alteration in existing arrangements as has taken place since last season can only, speaking in a general sense, be regretted, for scarcely anything is more detrimental to a hunting country and a pack of hounds' well-being than a continual introduction of fresh methods. A 'prentice hand can spoil in one short season all that his predecessor may have laboured for years to attain. Different men, different ideas, and what the late Master regarded as a *sine quâ non* is probably totally opposed to the pet notions of the newcomer. On the other hand, there are men who do not seek to alter the old order of things on taking over a country, while there are those who, by the exercise of profound tact, quickly ingratiate themselves into the good graces of their field, the tenant-farmers and covert-owners, and



with much patience and judgment bring the hounds and the hunt establishment generally into a higher state of excellence. Lucky the hunts controlled by Masters of the latter type—they are not so frequent that followers of hounds can afford to ignore their worth.

To hark back to the abnormal number of changes, we have not far to look for a cause. The retirements of Masters from ordinary reasons—*i.e.*, other than military duty—are quite of the average number this year ; indeed, they pan out rather more than usual, but there is a large overplus to lay to the score of the South African war, which struck hunting a severe blow last season. Ere the leaf had fallen the call went out for ten thousand British yeomen, and how eagerly that call was responded to is now a matter of history—and famous history at that. Hunting-men formed the nucleus of the Imperial Yeomanry, which force Field-Marshal Lord Roberts has found so valuable in his triumphant campaign, and included among them, as a matter of course, was a notable sprinkling of Masters of Hounds. Some few of these, with a Field Master acting in their stead, still retain office, but most handed in their resignations before leaving these shores. Many a well-known man to hounds will, alas ! never more be seen at the covert-side, though no M.F.H. who has held office recently, is, happily, to be counted among the victims to Boer shot and shell, albeit several, among them Lord Longford and Mr. Lancelot Rolleston, have figured in the casualty lists. Beyond pointing out its immediate effect upon Masters of Hounds on the active list, it is not the intention of the writer to discuss the war to any further extent in this connection, though a small volume might be written and, it is safe to say, will be written by somebody, concerning the big share devotees of the chase have taken in the South African struggle.

Starting with her Majesty's Staghounds, no change is to be recorded in their Mastership, but the horn will be in strange hands. There has been a sad event in connection with the Royal huntsman's post since the close of last season. John Comins, after having been associated with the pack for a great number of years, gave in his resignation on account of ill-health, and the Earl of Coventry appointed Charles Lowman to succeed him. The poor fellow never lived to take up his engagement, having met his death while shooting alone one morning in Taplow Woods. It was the oft-repeated story : a carelessly handled gun, a stump of a tree, and then an inquest. By the death of Lowman the hunting world is the poorer by

a really capable huntsman, who accomplished very good work while under the Earl of March with the defunct Goodwood Foxhounds. Lord Coventry has since secured the services of Frank Goodall, jun., a nephew of the huntsman of that name who wore the Royal uniform many years back. Goodall has had experience of a hunt servant's duties in Yorkshire, Meath, Cheshire, and Kildare, and his past record completely justifies his selection.

The first important alteration occurring in the list of staghounds arises from the retirement of Mr. E. Walter Greene, whose private pack has hunted over the Suffolk plough for a number of years. Mr. Greene's defection from active service is well earned, for it is as far back as 1864 that he first took up a Mastership; moreover, an ugly fall in December proved serious in its effects. He is highly popular in the country, and was the recipient of a handsome presentation, made at the Suffolk Hunt Point-to-point Meeting on behalf of 130 subscribers. Mr. F. Riley-Smith, of Saxham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, succeeds him. All right-thinking hunting-men will deplore the cause of Mr. Augustus Leney's resignation of the Mastership of the Mid-Kent Staghounds, which, to put it plainly, was flagrant disregard of his authority in the field by a certain number of the pack's followers. Very properly recognising that no pack could be rightly conducted without some amount of discipline, Mr. Leney saw no alternative but to give up the hounds. Great pressure has been brought to bear, however, to induce him to reconsider his decision, and a petition to that effect, signed by 630 farmers of the Weald of Kent, was presented to him, so the probability is that he will retain office after all. Both Mr. J. L. Phipps and Mr. H. G. Kay have given up their staghounds, known respectively as the Savernake—a private pack hunting in Berkshire and Wiltshire—and the South Coast—a Sussex subscription pack, with territory extending largely over that formerly belonging to the Goodwood Foxhounds. On the other hand, there has sprung into existence a new pack of staghounds which will hunt the Barnstaple district under the Field-Mastership of Mr. C. H. Basset, a former Master of the Devon and Somerset.

Turning now to our foxhound list, and taking the packs in alphabetical rotation, we find no change of Mastership in the first sixteen; but then follow the Bilsdale and Blackmore Vale, of which the former, said to be one of the oldest hunts in the United Kingdom, loses a good Master in Mr. H. W.

Selby-Lowndes, who took over the country three years since, migrating from the West of England. The Blackmore Vale Hunt, as everybody interested in hunting knows, has undergone a complete reconstruction since last season, Mr. Merthyr Guest having resigned the Mastership through ill-health. Mr. Guest's sixteen years with the Blackmore Vale will be ever memorable in the annals of this famous country, for he hunted it with vast liberality and in a style full worthy of its best traditions, proving himself, with regard to the sport he showed, a fitting successor to Mr. Wingfield Digby and Sir Richard Glyn. His famous stud of grey horses, on which the hunt servants were always mounted, will be seen no more leading the field over the Dorsetshire banks and ditches, unless, indeed, any of them were purchased by Blackmore Vale men at Tattersall's in July. It seems a pity, too, that the three packs of hounds (including the Brocklesby dogs), after being raised to such a state of excellence, should have had to be dispersed ; but Mr. Guest's offer of two packs with which to continue hunting the country was not accepted by the new Master nor the committee, so they were sold at Rugby at the end of June, realising, as a whole, rather less than 1000 guineas, which must be well within their value. Mr. J. Hargreaves brings to the Blackmore Vale his own hounds from the Cattistock country, and begins his new duties with every prospect of success, being highly popular with every one concerned and the keenest of foxcatchers to boot. The Cattistock Committee have found it no easy matter to replace Mr. Hargreaves, and for many weeks after the close of the season they sought a fresh Master without receiving any suitable application, which is somewhat surprising, as the country is by no means an undesirable one. The Committee had almost decided to run the hunt for one season with Captain Gerald Digby as Field-Master, when the Rev. E. A. Milne, of Shenley Rectory, North Bucks, came forward and was unanimously elected. Mr. Milne has hunted the North Bucks Harriers for several seasons and is a capital judge of hounds, being the winner of a championship and other awards at Peterborough. A farmer himself, he is sure speedily to become popular with the tenant-farmers, and altogether, to quote Lord Digby's words, is a man well qualified to show good sport in the Cattistock country.

A couple of Surrey packs, in the Burstow and the Chiddingfold, will both be carried on under a new *régime* this season. Mr. Edward B. Forbes gives up the former after

four successful seasons' term of office, and his position will be occupied by Mr. U. Lambert, of Bletchingley. The Great Destroyer has removed from our midst General Sir Frederick Marshall, a distinguished soldier and a sportsman of the good old-fashioned type, who had been intimately associated with the Chiddingfold for a great many years, and at the time of his death was still the actual Master. For the present the hunt will be conducted by a committee of a dozen gentlemen, including Mr. Alfred Sadler, who has carried the horn for several seasons past. The Cheshire packs remain under the same control. It is interesting to observe that, with the forthcoming season, Mr. Corbet will have completed his quarter of a century as Master of the South-Cheshire, having held office eleven years before the country was divided in 1877.

Turning from Cheshire to the Midland district, a highly important change is to be noticed in the retirement of Mr. William Baird after twenty years with the Cottesmore Hounds, and the accession to the Mastership of Mr. Evan Hanbury, who, with Arthur Thatcher as his huntsman, is not likely to allow the pack's present good name to deteriorate in the estimation of hunting-men. Mr. Baird's record, lengthy as it was, may be truthfully said to have been uninterruptedly successful, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Hanbury has a most difficult man to follow. It is not to be denied that the new appointment caused a considerable amount of heart-burning in certain quarters, so Mr. Hanbury is on his mettle in every sense of the expression, and his management of the hunt is sure to be watched with exceptional interest in the country.

Another hard man to follow is Mr. William Hew Dunn, who gives up the Craven Hounds to the great regret of all concerned, the more especially as his retirement has become necessary owing to ill-health. Mr. Lionel Barlow has enrolled himself as successor to John Warde, Tom (Gentleman) Smith, Frederick Villebois, and other renowned hunting-men who were connected with the Craven country in bygone days. Failing health, also, has led Mr. E. Salvin Bowlby to relinquish the joint-Mastership of the Essex Hounds, and, all efforts to overcome his decision having been futile, arrangements have now been made by which this pack will be hunted during the ensuing season by a committee consisting of Messrs. Arthur Bowlby, C. E. Green, and R. Y. Bevan, the retiring Master having generously lent the hounds to the country. Sir William Williams's six years' Mastership of the Exmoor Hounds comes to an end ; and next

season's lists will not include the Gogerddan Hounds, which have been dispersed owing to the terribly sad death of Mr. Pryse Pryse, who hunted this old-established pack and who succumbed to the effects of a bite incurred while handling a fox last January. The Glamorganshire had to bring their last season to a premature close on account of the military duties of the Master, the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who still, however, retains his position with the pack. It has been the lamentable case of fox *versus* pheasant in the Hambledon country of late, with the result that the Hon. Frederick Baring, after controlling the destinies of the hunt for half a dozen seasons, has felt it incumbent to resign, making the following trenchant observation upon the situation : ' Things have come to such a pass that where there is game preserving, with one or two exceptions, a fox cannot live.' Arrangements have been made whereby the country will be divided, Captain Standish taking over the eastern side and Mr. Whalley-Tooker the other. Mr. Francis G. Fry succeeds Mr. Arthur Foster in the leadership of the South Herefordshire Hunt ; whilst the country hunted over for nearly two decades by Captain the Hon. F. Johnstone will, in future, be under the control of Sir Everard Cayley, who has undertaken to form a new pack. Captain Johnstone's splendid collection of hounds was purchased *en bloc* at Rugby by Mr. W. M. Wroughton and Mr. Hanbury for 1000 guineas. Changes ensue in both the East Kent and West Kent establishments, Mr. Wilfrid Baker White, who has hunted the former pack for a couple of seasons, now taking Lord George Nevill's place as Master of the latter, while Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes assumes the East Kent, having given up the Bilsdale for that purpose.

Glancing through the next few packs on the list, we observe that Mr. H. M. Wilson, disappointed in his desire to go to the front, continues his successful control of the Ledbury ; and Mr. John Lawrence, hale and hearty in his ninety-second year and as keen as ever in matters appertaining to the chase, still holds the Mastership of the Llangibby, assisted by Mr. Hopton Williams. Then we come to the New Forest Foxhounds, which were deprived of their Master early in the new year—Mr. Christopher Heseltine, whose first season of office this was, having volunteered for active service with the Imperial Yeomanry. He subsequently sent in his resignation, and Mr. Ernest Wingrove acted as Field Master during the remainder of the season, but Mr. H. Compton will henceforth hunt this woodland country. From the same cause the Oakley lost their

Master, Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker, who, like Mr. Heseltine, joined the Imperial Yeomanry, and left Mr. Hatfield Harter to assume his duties. Mr. W. H. Ashhurst, who hunted the South Oxfordshire for half a dozen seasons, has retired, and Mr. Harold Gurney Pease, of Ayton Hall, Yorkshire, will take his place. Mr. L. F. Craven's stay with the Pembrokeshire has been exceedingly brief, having only extended over last season. He sold the hounds in May, and many were purchased by the new Master, Mr. H. Leader, who showed wisdom in founding the new pack on the old basis. Mr. Lancelot Rolleston, who carried on the Rufford Hounds with every success for eleven seasons, was one of the first to receive a command in the 3rd Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry; he had the misfortune to be very badly wounded in an engagement near Lindley in May. The gap in the Mastership caused by Mr. Rolleston's departure has been filled by Earl Manvers, who does not require a guarantee as to the amount of subscriptions, and is likely to hunt the country in excellent style, so, needless to say, his acceptance of the post has been hailed with great delight throughout the Rufford ranks. During Lord Manvers' absence from the field the duties of Deputy-Master will be undertaken by Mr. G. S. Foljambe.

The season 1900-1 will be an important one in the hunting history of Shropshire, for it witnesses what is practically a return to a state of affairs which existed between the years 1838 and 1885, viz., a division of the country hunted over by the county pack. The arrangement by which Mr. Frank Bibby and Mr. Rowland Hunt have carried on the country for the last two years was terminated at the end of the season, though at that period Mr. Hunt had already been in South Africa for some time with Lord Lovat's Sharpshooters. Before his departure, Mr. Hunt made a proposal to hunt the united country the following season for £2500 per annum, but this scheme was rejected by the North Shropshire Hunt Committee, who decided instead to embrace Mr. Bibby's offer to hunt their part of the country without subscription. Mr. J. C. Dun-Waters, Master of the Wheatland Hounds, for the last two seasons has hunted a portion of the southern country, and now offered to take over the whole of it lying south of the Severn and east of a line drawn from Ford to Pontesbury, three days a fortnight, if guaranteed £675 a year, which quite fell in with the wishes of the Shropshire members. Therefore, Mr. Bibby and Mr. Dun-Waters are to hunt north and south of the Severn respectively, and it is

expected that Sir Bryan Leighton, who has been fighting in South Africa, will take over the portion west of Ford and Pontesbury, whilst the United Hunt will still hold the territory they now occupy.

The Imperial Yeomanry claimed the services of Mr. R. W. Eyton, the Master of the Stevenstone Hounds, and, as a consequence, the season was greatly curtailed, no hunting being done after the middle of January. The members doubtless find ample compensation in the fact that the Hon. Mark Rolle has once more consented to control the destinies of this North Devonshire pack. Military exigencies are also responsible for the loss to the Surrey Union Hounds of Major H. Gouldburn, who only took them over a twelvemonth back. He was appointed second in command of the Royal Guards' Reserve—the formation of which must be considered one of the most striking results of the war—and thus the Surrey Union members were obliged to cast about for a new leader. A Joint-Mastership has been the outcome of their efforts, Mr. T. H. Bennett, who had the hounds between 1886 and 1897, and Mr. G. H. Longman having consented to act in this capacity. The Hon. T. A. Brassey was an early Volunteer for South African service, and the East Sussex Hounds consequently have since been without one of their Joint-Masters, suffering, moreover, a severe loss in the death of Sir Anchtel Ashburnham, their honorary secretary and former Field Master. Mr. C. A. Egerton is, however, a host in himself, and the duties could not be in the hands of a better sportsman.

Widespread regret was caused in the Taunton Vale when the resignation of the Hon. E. W. B. Portman became known, his three seasons' Mastership having proved an unqualified success. He was unable favourably to reconsider his determination to retire from the list of active M.F.H.s, and is succeeded by Mr. Fred. C. Swindell, who carried on the Puckeridge and Old Berkshire for four seasons each, and will hunt the country without a guarantee. A Devonshire pack, the Tremlett, will miss a good M.F.H. in Sir John Shelley, who has been closely connected with the hunt for many years, but the vacancy caused by his retirement will be filled by a keen supporter of the pack, Mr. Walter Morris—generally regarded as the right man in the right place. Earl Bathurst, having been ordered on active service in connection with the 4th Batt. Gloucestershire Regt. early in the year, announced his intention of resigning the Mastership of the Cirencester side of the Vale of White Horse,

and at one time it seemed quite on the cards that amalgamation would again be the lot of the V.W.H. countries. The Earl, however, was ultimately persuaded not to give up office, and the standing arrangements will not be disturbed. The war, again, was responsible, in a sense, for the secession of Mr. George H. Pember from the head of the Vine affairs, all his time and energy being required for his business when his son and partner had departed for the front. Luckily for the Vine followers, Mr. A. Gordon Russell has consented to take over Mr. Pember's duties, whereby he enters upon his third term of Mastership with the pack.

The Warwickshire loses a Master of twenty-four years' standing in Lord Willoughby de Broke, a man who has raised the pack to a state bordering on absolute perfection, both in the kennel and in the field, and who will always be accounted by future generations one of the giants of the hunting world, to whom the good work he has accomplished in hound-breeding will readily be apparent. A prolonged illness prevented him from taking part in his favourite sport all last year and this, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he finally felt himself compelled to relinquish further active participation in the doings of his renowned pack. It is pleasant to think, however, that the lengthy association which connects the family with the Warwickshire Hunt is not to be severed, since Lord Willoughby's son, the Hon. Greville Verney, succeeds him, and is pretty certain to maintain its high status. The neighbouring pack, the North Warwickshire, went through the greater part of last season *minus* Lord Algernon Percy, engaged on military duty, but he still occupies the Joint-Mastership with Mr. Arkwright. The alterations which Mr. Dun-Waters has made in the future hunting of the Wheatland Hounds have already been alluded to, but we have not yet mentioned that Mr. W. de P. Cazenove gives up the Wilton and is succeeded by Mr. H. C. Gallup. Mr. Percy Browne, on his departure with the I.Y., resigned the Mastership of the South and West Wilts, but has since consented to remain in office providing that he will not be required to hunt the whole of the country. Until he returns, however, Lord Heytesbury and the Committee will do their best to show sport, conducting things on a smaller scale than heretofore. Like Mr. Browne, the Earl of Dudley has been doing good service with Lord Roberts, and he still holds, nominally, the Mastership of the Worcestershire Hounds.

With the exception that Sir James Miller, the popular Master



of the Northumberland and Berwickshire, is to be numbered among those 'doing their country's work,' nothing has transpired in connection with the eleven Scotch packs of foxhounds which calls for comment here, but a number of important alterations crop up on the Irish list. One of the chief is the revival of hunting over the old Curraghmore country by Mr. George F. Malcomson, who is meeting with enthusiastic support in his enterprise. The new pack will probably be christened the Waterford Foxhounds. Mr. J. B. Charters gives up the East Galway Hounds after a single season with them, and Lord Huntingdon has announced his intention of carrying on that country as well as his own, the Ormond—a decidedly formidable undertaking. The County Limerick Hunt suffered to a peculiar extent through the war last season, for not only the Master, Captain F. H. Wise, was away on active service, but the Deputy-Master, Mr. T. E. Harrison, also took up arms, obtaining a commission in the Irish Yeomanry. Their duties devolved on Mr. George Heigham, a brother-in-law, by-the-way, of Mr. Charters, and he has hunted the hounds in capital style. Mr. H. Leader gives up the Muskerry and, as before mentioned, migrates to the Pembrokeshire; and the United Hunt Club will in future be under the joint control of Mr. W. Nicholson and Mr. A. F. Sharman-Crawford, instead of the former's only. Both the Earl of Longford and the Hon. E. M. Pakenham, who have carried on the Westmeath Hounds for seven years, retired from office on entering upon serious military work, in the execution of which his lordship received a nasty wound in June, but he happily made a speedy recovery. Mr. J. B. Charters has been unanimously elected to the vacant Mastership. When we have mentioned that Mr. A. L. Cliffe has changed his mind as to abandoning the Wexford and will continue his second period in command of that pack, we shall have arrived at the end of our tether. It must be remembered that, owing to the exigencies of the production of this magazine, these pages were written in July, so it is possible that arrangements may have been entered into since that date which are not recorded here.



THE WATER JUMP

## SOME TYPES OF CONTINENTAL SPORTSMEN

BY DANIELE B. VARÉ

IF the average Englishman were asked to describe the type of foreign sportsman with which he is best acquainted, the description, in all probability, would be anything but flattering to the bold lovers of the chase who hunt, shoot, and fish south of the Channel. A very short stout gentleman of Gallic origin in a rather baggy suit of dark blue velveteen, with a velveteen cap on his head, an enormous circular brass horn slung over his shoulder and under one arm, a gun of no particular make in his hand, a huge black moustache and imperial: such is the ideal representative, in many English minds, of foreign sport.

Though I am by no means prepared to deny the existence of the above-described slaughterer of sparrows and small birds in general—for I have often met very similar, if not identical, types in Normandy or Savoy—I would no more dream of comparing him to the fine generous sportsmen of France, of Germany, or of Italy than you would mention the 'Arry out 'untin,' with whom the pages of *Punch* have made us so familiar,

in the same breath with the lamented author of 'Riding Recollections.'

Every Frenchman living in the country, be he a *paysan* or a *grand seigneur*, has a deeply rooted affection for *la chasse*, and, given the opportunity, will devote himself to the pursuit of even the poorest game with an energy and a patience that even an Englishman might be proud of, and a quickness, an *entrain*, a light-hearted contempt of all disappointments wholly French. In the cities also, though the young Parisian looks down on



WAITING FOR THE START

cricket and football as being dull (probably because his knowledge concerning them is limited to the fact that they are played by *les Anglais*), even the dullest and most commonplace of the *petits employés* is almost invariably a past-master of that most difficult and fascinating of sports—fencing. However, it was less of athletes and more concerning the votaries of the chase that I wished to speak, so let us return to the forests and the green fields.

Splendid sport with both wolves and deer is to be had in the forests and the plains of the Poitou, of Berry, of Limouzin and La Vendée, as many Englishmen know by experience, and Europe can show no finer sportsmen than many of the members of these various hunts. Some of them are thin, wiry,

and silent men ; others, again, are short, cheery, and rather stout, with no small opinion of their own prowess and an inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdotes of a marked Parisian character. Some are business men who come out from the big towns for a holiday during the open season, and others bear great names that history has made immortal. But to whatever class they belong they are certainly not related to the son of lightsome Gaul whose portrait once appeared in *Punch*, hanging desperately on to his horse's neck and bawling out in the middle of a run : 'Holá ! I tomble ! I faloff ! Stop ze 'unt ! Stop ze FOX !'

An anecdote, however, that I think *might* be founded on fact is the equally well-known one concerning the French fox-hunter of exuberant spirits who, on being indignantly asked by an incensed whip, as he narrowly missed riding over a valuable hound, where the devil he was going to, and if he thought that *he* could catch the fox, answered, as he went gaily on : 'I do not know, mon ami, but I will try ! I will try !'

The French hunters of the wolf and stag are one and all splendidly mounted, and will ride from early morning till long past sunset, regardless of rain-sodden clothes, of hunger or fatigue. Frenchmen on horseback, when not *en tenue de chasse*, very often dress in a way that would make some of their critics smile ; for, with the exception of a few Parisian dandies, they leave all the smart clothes to the ladies, and consider it a waste of time to make an elaborate toilet. Their horsemanship also, despite the wonderful jumping that one admires once a year at the Concours Hippique, is not of the brilliant quality that one finds among the sportsmen who hunt the fox in the Shires ; but their skill in tracking a deer over endless undulating wastes, through woods and dales, till the quarry is brought to bay or the horns sound *la retraite*, is marvellous, and equal to their skill is their consideration for the generous animal that carries them and on whose endurance they never or rarely trespass.

As a worthy representative of these Gallic hunting-men I will try to describe a gentleman I met several years ago in Paris and in Normandy, and for whose sporting qualities I have the most sincere admiration.

Monsieur de St. Joseph, as I will call him, is a tall, thin man with the typical French moustache and imperial, quietly and almost carelessly dressed, very silent though possessing a grim humour of his own, which, when allowed free play, can be irresistible. He used to be frequently seen in the Bois de

Boulogne driving four horses with considerable skill, but now he has abandoned his coach in favour of the faster and more fashionable 'automobile.' When not otherwise occupied in Paris or hunting the stag in the provinces, he passes his time in scouring the roads of Normandy or Touraine in his motor-car, and were the pleasure he derives from these excursions in any way proportionate to the amount of oil, smuts and dirt in general, that he manages to collect on his clothes and person when on the road, he should enjoy himself amazingly !



EDEL-HIRSCH, SHOT BY THE KAISER AT ROMINTEN

A shrewd judge of a horse and a skilful, daring horseman, carrying himself in the saddle with that easy grace that is only possible when man and beast are in perfect accord, like most of his countrymen he rides to hunt and never hunts to ride, so that probably he would not gain the admiration of the young English-Rapids. To remain ten or eleven hours in the saddle when following a good stag over hill and dale is no uncommon occurrence to such sportsmen as Monsieur de St. Joseph ; and he never takes out a second horse, though the quarry may not be brought to bay till long after dusk. I can imagine no more picturesque sight than a kill after dark in the silence of some thickly wooded glen, when the few sportsmen who have kept

up with the hounds all through the long summer's day press their jaded horses through the bushes to where the green-liveried hunt servants stand with flaming torches held aloft over the dead stag, that lies, still warm and damp with sweat, in the long grass at their feet.

One is compelled to admire in these gentlemen not only their extensive knowledge of the quarry's habits and of their hunting country—for in this the French stag-hunters are inferior to none—but also their kindness and consideration for the horses that have carried them so gallantly and so long ; a kindness which will cause them to put up cheerfully with a thousand discomforts, such as bad food and worse bedding in some peasant's hut, if by sacrificing their own comfort they can avoid the long ride home, that might almost be the death of a poor willing brute, long since done to a turn. This appears all the more worthy of consideration when one remembers that kindness to animals is the last virtue with which an Englishman will credit a foreigner.

During the last few years I have been a most regular attendant at the races that take place every August at Deauville-sur-mer. This fashionable little Normandy town is a most delightful summer resort, and during the race-week is crowded with English and French racing-men and their satellites. One of the greatest attractions, second only to the races themselves, is the polo that is generally played on the field enclosed by the course, in the cool of the evening, when the races are over. Among the players are generally the members of two English clubs and of two or three French *cercles*.

With the exception of Hurlingham or Ranelagh, I do not think a prettier polo-ground could be found than the Deauville *champ des courses*, and whilst watching the play I had ample leisure to observe the manners and customs of the French sportsmen contrasted with those of their English opponents and guests.

There was one gentleman especially among the members of the French *cercle* whose play excited my admiration. He was a small man, and rather stout—one might almost have called him stumpy. His legs were so short that it was always a mystery to me how he managed to ride at all ; but ride he did, and well. He always wore an enormous sun-helmet of an Asiatic type, which gave him, when on foot, the appearance of an overgrown mushroom (I sincerely hope this article will not come under his notice). He laughed and joked, twirled his

moustaches and shrugged his shoulders in the most orthodox southern style, and to see him hurrying breathlessly over the grass in the wake of some tall Englishman, who looked the beau-ideal of a polo-player, one would certainly have laid any odds on the Hurlingham man having the best of it. But once the game began things in general began to take a different aspect altogether; the fat little figure with the mushroom-shaped sun-helmet seemed to possess the divine gift of omnipresence. Though he would never get in the way of his own



THE MASTER OF THE ROMAN STAGHOUNDS

side, he invariably spoiled the best strokes of his opponents, and twisted, turned, and bucketed across the field on his smart little Arab pony, putting the ball to all appearances exactly wherever he chose. Had his compatriots seconded him to better advantage I think that the English team might not have returned home so often victorious; but, as far as a mere spectator could judge, the French *cercles* had got together, to use a phrase of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's, a team of crack players and not a crack team.

Regarding the races themselves, Deauville and Trouville are well known to so many English people that it is hardly worth while speaking of them; but one fact I will mention, for it caused me at first considerable surprise, and that is the extra-

ordinary number of women bookmakers who ply their trade at the French race meetings. Are you blessed with such sporting types in England as well? I am not in a position to say, but I can vouch for it that never has one appeared in Italy.

The Deauvillose representatives in bookmaking of the gentler sex were anything but attractive, or perhaps I might have been more taken with an idea which then was new to me. Some of them, however, were rather quiet, homely-looking



A RENDEZVOUS DE CHASSE

*bourgeoises*, who, I think, would have felt more at home making cider or looking after the poultry in a Breton farm than on a crowded noisy racecourse. In one case I remember a whole family seemed to have gone into the business, Monsieur and Madame, standing under a large green umbrella, calling out the odds and taking the bets, whilst a couple of small children played about in the grass and instructed a poodle, who also belonged to the party, in the art of dying for *la République*! Their business seemed to be a flourishing one, for, though they had nothing of the tawdry smartness of a second-class English bookmaker about them, they all looked very contented and prosperous, especially the poodle, who had his moustaches well



combed and waxed and wore a small piece of yellow ribbon round his tail !

The commonest type of French sportsman is perhaps also the least known to Englishmen who travel in France, and though the quietest and most commonplace of individuals, he is not uninteresting as a type and sometimes most delightful as a companion. You will meet him almost anywhere in the country except on a *chasse réservée*—in the marshes, for instance, shooting snipe, accompanied by a very useless and lively dog of no particular breed ; or you will see him sitting all alone and solitary in the shadow of a hedge, on a blazing hot summer's day, on the border of some big ploughed field, contentedly watching a small piece of clockwork, consisting of a revolving bar of wood studded with small pieces of looking-glass (I have forgotten the English name for it, if ever there was one), which is stuck in the ground, at about twenty paces off, for the purpose of luring small birds to destruction. Should our friend's patience be rewarded, and more than one bird fall to his lot, great will be his joy ; should the 'Ave Maria' find him still empty-handed he will shrug his shoulders and trudge home in the cool of the evening in no way disheartened. *Beati pauperes spiritu !* He is probably a shopkeeper in some small provincial town, or perhaps a village schoolmaster who, being the happy possessor of a shooting licence and a gun, decides to spend his few hard-earned holidays in the pursuit of the handiest game, consoling himself for the smallness of his bag with the humble reflection that at least he has enjoyed a good day's outing in the fine country air. He is perhaps hardly worthy of representing his country's sportsmen, but he is a familiar figure enough in the French country towns and a *gentil petit bonhomme au fond !*

German lovers of the chase might be divided, when considered as types of sportsmen, into two classes : the noblemen and princes, who own vast tracts of forest land where game is preserved and hunting-parties regularly organised with a success that only great riches and perfect management could guarantee ; and secondly, the humbler *jäger*, who owns, perhaps, a small portion of land, where he may occasionally bag a hare, a partridge, or even a deer, but who more often obtains permission to shoot over the wilder districts of his more fortunate colleague's possessions. The first-named are all charming gentlemen, hospitable, courtly, yet generally of simple and quiet

tastes, who dedicate their often hard-earned leisure to the pleasures of a well-organised sport. Of such I can imagine



Photo by]

H.I.M. THE KAISER

[N. Ferscheia, Leipzig

no better representative than H.I.M. the Kaiser, who enjoys in his *jagd schloss*, or hunt-castle of Rominten, in East Prussia,

some of the finest shooting that this overcrowded continent of ours can offer. An excellent shot, a good horseman, and an enthusiastic lover of yachting, his Majesty possesses nearly all the rare qualities that make a really good sportsman ; and in addition a certain patient, almost dogged, perseverance, which is the finest of the Germans' characteristics, for all that their detractors scoff at it, giving it various uncomplimentary names.

The second type is not always so charming. Though generally a very good shot, with a knowledge of his quarry's habits and haunts that is simply extraordinary, he is apt to possess just a little too much of the stiff old 'Junker' spirit, is often very coarse in his manners, and is generally imbued with so profound an admiration for the qualities of German sport in general, and his own in particular, that his companionship becomes a thing to be avoided. It is all very well to know that your companion learnt to shoot at an age when most boys were learning to spell, and that he can recognise the tracks of every wild animal in the woods at a glance, reading the countless little signs of forest life as you could read an open book ; you *don't* want to have it dinned into your ears that there are no sportsmen like the German sportsmen, and no sport like the German sport. Whatever your previous opinions on the subject may have been, you will in all probability become sceptical when the superiority of the Teuton huntsman over his colleagues of every other nationality is expounded to you with such needless iteration, and you will feel inclined to argue the point if only out of cussedness.

In appearance also our friend is not prepossessing ; when on foot he dresses in a cheap and baggy imitation of the splendid uniforms worn by the *jäger* regiments, of which there are several in the German army, and should he choose to go on horseback his costume will appear to be a cross between that of a circus director and that of a Waldesian theological student. His guns are heavy, lumbering weapons, whose chief virtue consists in their cheapness (a German of the middle-class very seldom pays more than £7 for his best guns), his figure is in no way improved by a long course of beer-drinking, and his face is often disfigured by hideous scars, these latter ornaments being a souvenir of a few years spent at the universities. Such is the descendant of the merry, daring *Freischütz* ; he always makes me wonder where those fine old German types are to be found that one admires so much in the pictures of Ludwig Knaus, with their stalwart figures, their bronzed, hand-

some faces, and their picturesque costumes. The overweening vanity of the above-described type never characterises the nobles and country gentlemen of Deutschland, who, as they are often second to none in social position, are nearly always men of truly polished manners and a most kindly and refined courtesy. But, however polite, hospitable, and obliging they may be, they would never for an instant permit any sportsman to retain his place among their guests who should by any chance have proved himself unacquainted with sporting etiquette. Such personages as the 'duffer' or the careless shot are never to be met with in a German shooting-party, and the mere fact of his being a little short-sighted will often make a German renounce entirely all the pleasures of the chase, lest he should be liable to render himself a nuisance to his friends. The splendid organisation of the *battues*, the efficiency of the hunt servants, and above all the excellent shooting and correct demeanour of the sportsmen themselves, would win cordial admiration from English landowners. An eminent German authority on hunting matters, Herr E. Kropff, proposed in a book entitled '*Waidgerechte Jagd*,' that, with every invitation to a shooting-party the host should send his guest a list of rules to be enforced during the day's sport, any infringement of the same being punished with a small fine, by which the local poor-box should benefit. The book was published in 1898, and this somewhat autocratic addition to the laws of sporting etiquette seems to have forcibly appealed to the German mind, for Herr Kropff's ideal *einladung*, which I have translated and transcribed here below, has been copied and is used now by various gentlemen and owners of forest lands all over the country. The reader can judge for himself concerning the possibilities of the following document :

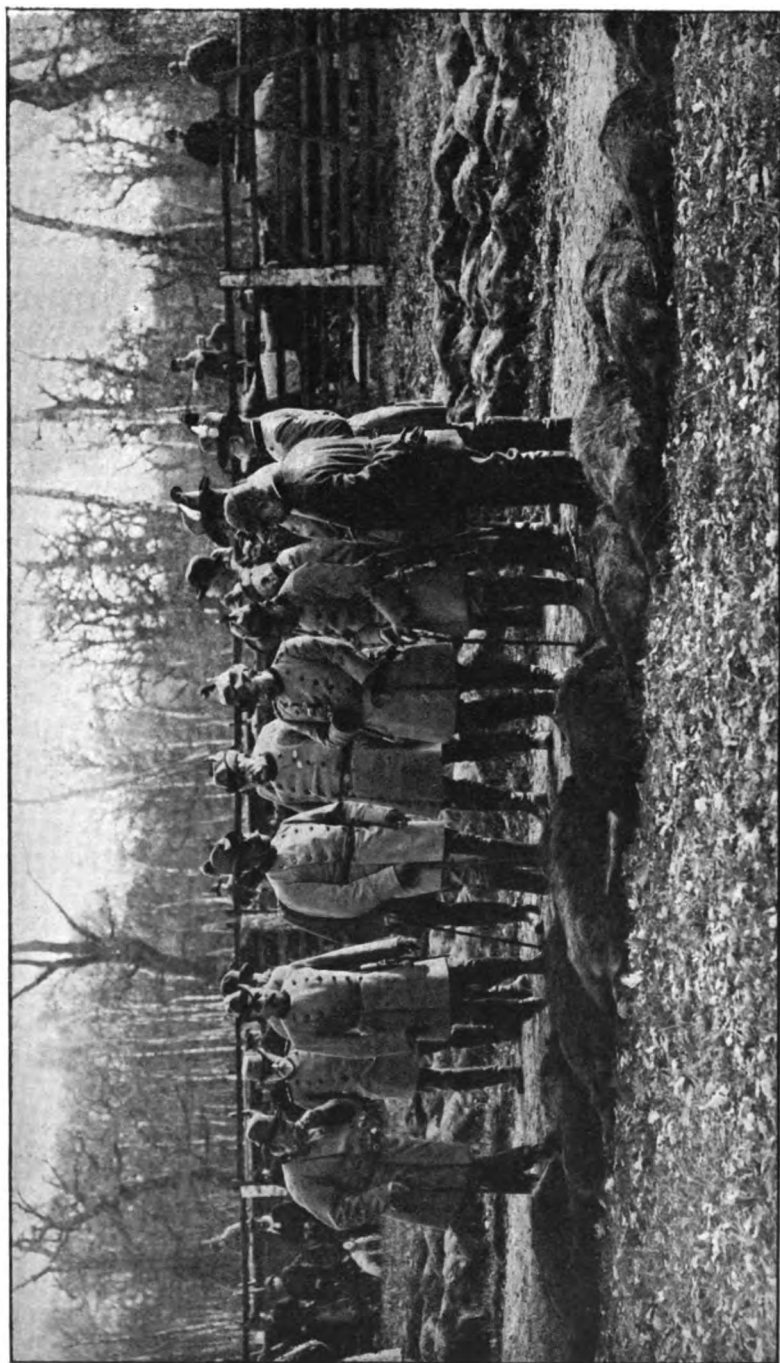
*' Invitation : To the battue on the 5th of December 1898.*

*' Rendezvous : Waldheil Cottage, at 7 A.M.*

*' To Shoot : Hares, partridges, pheasants, and rabbits.*

*' Aspect of the Ground to be Shot over : Two wooded hollows among the hills and a few open fields.*

*' The following Rules to be enforced during the Sport : Whoever passes from one drive to another with a loaded gun, whoever crosses the line of sportsmen or of beaters with triggers at full-cock, whoever abandons his place after the beginning or before the end of the battue, whoever lets off his gun by mistake, whoever fires into the hollows after the order " Beaters*



A GOOD DAY'S BAG. H.I.M. THE KAISER COUNTING THE WILD BOAR

come out !” has been given, whoever approaches the rendezvous with a loaded gun, likewise whoever should carry even an unloaded gun, with the muzzle pointing towards a companion or a servant, will be expected to pay a fine of four marks (shillings).

‘ 2. Any one occupying a seat in a carriage with a loaded gun in his hand, or any one placing a loaded gun in a carriage, will be fined five marks.

‘ 3. It is particularly requested that no game but the above mentioned should be shot.

‘ 4. Every miss is fined five pfennig (about a halfpenny) ; it is calculated as a miss when two shots only bring down one head of game.

‘ 5. The money paid for fines will be sent to the local poor-box.’

(Here follow particulars as to the dress to be worn during the day and in the evening.)

Think of the effect that the introduction of such invitation cards would have in English sporting circles ! If only the money collected by the fine system could be pocketed by the host one might early recoup oneself from a bad book on the Derby by hiring a Scotch moor during the grouse season, and inviting a few ‘ duffers ’ to come and shoot over it.

But to return to our German sportsmen ; there is at least one generous habit with which I must credit him, whatever his rank, and which by itself would gain him absolution from a host of small, if irritating, conceits, a habit born of a certain rough kindness, which he extends to both man and beast, and which compels him very often to renounce shooting a long sought-for deer or bird ; for it is the unwritten law among all German shooters that no animal must be fired upon if there is only a small probability of its being killed. The idea of a wounded hare or stag dragging itself painfully to its lair, to await a long drawn-out agony and death from a wound that was not deadly enough to prevent the poor brute escaping from the hands of its pursuer, is most justly repugnant to a German, and sooner than risk such a possibility he will let his quarry go unscathed. The custom of sparing an animal that the hunter does not feel certain of bringing to the ground favours also the so-called *Raub-tiere*, or robber animals, that, according to German game laws, may be shot or snared anywhere and at any time. This category of the forest inhabitants includes hawks, martens, weasels, lynxes (to be found near the banks of the Elbe, and not far from Hanover), and—I shudder to confess it—foxes !

The measures adopted in Germany for the protection of game may appear to an Englishman both arbitrary and unnecessary, and the wholesale slaughter of the foxes and *Raub-*



PRECIPICE RIDING

*tiere* in general would perhaps call forth his just indignation ; but he must not forget that there is no fox-hunting in Germany, and that, unless his family is kept down in numbers, the 'Reinecke Fuchs,' as described by Goethe, would become an intolerable nuisance. He is not the only culprit that is roughly handled

by order of the German game laws, for the punishments inflicted on poachers are almost unnecessarily severe. Only last winter two poachers were shot by a forester in Silesia for not having thrown down their guns at his call.

I was surprised when I first went to Germany to hear that there were no wolves to be shot in the country. Now and then the tracks of a wolf are found near the Russian frontier, but if he ventures too far west he very rarely lives more than three days, a well-aimed bullet putting an end to his career of robbery and crime. However, there is plenty of game without wolves, and big game too; innumerable varieties of deer and 'chamois' or *gemse*, wild boars, besides hares, pheasants, partridges, wild duck, wild geese, capercaillie, woodcock and black game; it makes a good list even without the kangaroos, brought from Australia four or five years ago, and set free in a large forest, somewhere near Hanover, I think, where they have acclimatised themselves wonderfully, and were hunted for the first time this year. One far-spread custom among German sportsmen, which I must not forget to mention, is that of carefully providing food during the hard winters for the wild animals that otherwise might starve. The State gives large sums annually for this purpose, and hay and corn are regularly laid down in those parts of the woods where the hunters know by experience that the animals are in the habit of feeding. To prevent the snow covering the food thus distributed, special shelters are constructed, and even the animals who have learnt by bitter experience the nature of a trap, show not the slightest fear of these shelters, but frequent them regularly to enjoy the hospitality of their quondam pursuers.





## A RIDING PARTY

BY LADY MABEL HOWARD

A SOMEWHAT commonplace title, perhaps, but still a subject so full of possibilities which, as far as we were concerned, were so fully realised that I long for the pen of a ready writer to be able to put into words all the experiences and emotions we went through as we rode through those silent lonely mountain ranges—emotions so ably described by a man after a long run, when men and hounds having disappeared, darkness came on and he was alone among the hills: ‘Ah,’ he said, ‘it’s so lonely that you nearly have to get off and pray for help.’

One is dependent on so many circumstances on a riding tour—the weather, the horses, and, above all, one’s companions. One may hunt with people for years, the best of friends, and perhaps the best of hunting companions, but it does not at all follow they will be suitable companions on a riding tour. After all, it is so different. Hunting is practically a selfish pastime, *chacun pour soi*. You may, perhaps, pull back at a fence or hold a gate for a fellow hunter, but when that supreme moment has come, and ‘Gone away’ echoes from the other side of a long covert, it is generally a case of *sauve qui peut*, and no one thinks of any one but himself or herself in the general scramble which ensues in order to get a good start. But from start to finish on a

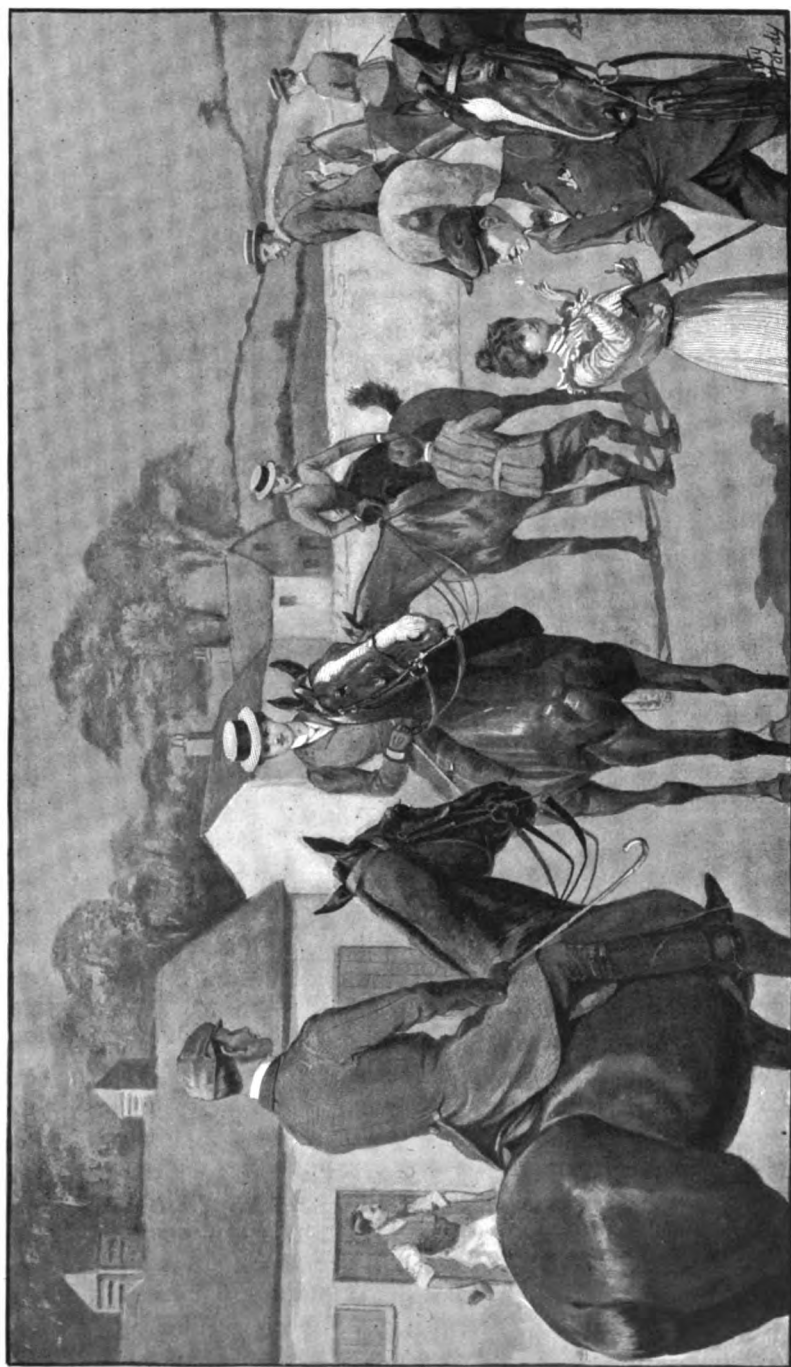
riding tour there are numerous and necessary opportunities for unselfishness, and if these were not acted upon the whole expedition would very shortly become a failure. We had no difficulties of this kind. We were a most harmonious party; in fact, the three men vied with each other in trying to help us and smoothing the rough places in really difficult and almost critical moments.

The choice of horses, too, was limited. A hunting-stable in June somewhat resembles the West End of London in September. For the most part our hunters were enjoying a hard-earned rest after a long hunting season, so we had to take what we could get, and our mounts varied from fourteen hands to sixteen. We each had a horse, however—and, what is more, a very good horse. Their ages, too, were rather remarkable. One a grand old hunter boasting of nearly twenty years, keen and sure-footed as ever, while another was a four-year-old, gentle and tractable as an aged horse, putting the others to shame once by being the first to cross an awkward place, while they were still looking at it and trying to make up their minds to face it.

I must confess to a good deal of excitement on the morning of our start—a typical June morning, the most beautiful thing, I think, which Nature has to show us, certainly in the North of England. A soft blue sky with a few clouds and a fresh breeze from the west, not too hot. It took us a long time to get off. Sandwiches, mackintoshes, whips, all had to be collected, and it was nearly eleven before we formed a procession to the stables, six of us making up the riding party, and six others, whom we were leaving behind, following to see the start.

These last were not promising nor hopeful. 'You'll fall into bogs.' 'It's going to rain hard.' 'None of you know the way,' were a few of the cheering remarks they had flung at us all the morning, but we turned a deaf ear. We got off at last, riding slowly past the farm buildings into one of the many pastures of our host's grounds. The first five miles lay through his park; we rode through pasture after pasture in the fresh June morning, exclaiming as we went on the beauty of the white thorn trees, the brilliant green grass and the depth and luxuriance of the foliage.

We drew up for a moment at a gate on the top of a high pasture, and as we saw stretching away before us for miles the undulating park, with innumerable cattle, horses, sheep, and in the far distance the herd of wild Highland cattle, one of our



IT TOOK US A LONG TIME TO GET OFF



party exclaimed, 'I always think, when I come into this park, of the verse, "And so are the cattle on a thousand hills."'

On we went, slowly cantering over light springy turf, next crossing a heather track, turning down a sharp hill, then we left the park and descended into the valley—that long grey valley with the noisy Caldew rushing through it; and here memories of bygone days with hounds come to us. We can almost fancy we hear them again in full cry leaving the valley and taking to the hills, leaving us struggling behind, as they race easily over Carrock maybe on to Skiddaw.

But we must check our imagination and go on up the grey valley. We rode over the river, and through a bad bit of bog where one of us was very nearly overcome, but after a breathless moment she succeeded in emerging on to sound ground, neither she nor the horse any the worse. We paused at Skiddaw House and ate our sandwiches there under the shadow of the shepherd's house, looking over Skiddaw Forest. But we did not allow ourselves much time, as we still had some way to go. We remounted and rode down the path to Lonscale, Saddleback now rising on our left, the roar of Glenderaterra beck far below in the valley; the haunted Vale of St. John facing us with its background of Helvelyn. And as we led our horses round the narrow climbing track, too narrow at times to be pleasant, we suddenly rounded a point, and Derwentwater came into view with all its train of hills, forming one of the many panoramas of our ride. Down, down we went over good sound grass, cantering along the foot of Skiddaw into Keswick, and then along the prosaic road, degenerating as we went into the everyday tourist. Riding into Lodore Hotel we gladly gave our tired horses to the grooms who had come by train to wait us, and refreshed ourselves with welcome baths and tea.

The next morning we woke to a steady rain, but it was of short duration, and half-past nine saw us again in our saddles. As we rode through Borrowdale up the valley into Rosthwaite there was a short sharp shower, and for a few moments we were doubtful as to what was in store for us; but the rain ceased suddenly; the mist cleared away, and as we climbed the Honister Pass the hill-tops once more came out, and all was lovely again. The Honister Pass seemed steep and the road rough, but if we could have foreseen our coming experiences we should have been grateful for even that rough road, and have thought ourselves extremely fortunate. But so little

would be accomplished in life if one had the gift of foresight, and in this case, if we had known, doubtless some of us would have fallen away. We passed Buttermere Lake, turned sharply off the road, across two grass fields.

'And now,' said the leader of our party, who was acting as guide, 'and now,' waving his hand towards what appeared to my unsophisticated eyes an impassable mountain, 'we begin quite an easy climb, I assure you ; you can ride the whole way up.'

We looked at him somewhat doubtfully, but we had great confidence, and he spoke with such cheerful assurance, that we did not attempt to argue or even to express doubt, all obediently starting up the ascent.

The first fifty yards proved too much. The discomfort for ourselves and the strain for the horses were equally great, and one by one we all slipped off and took to our feet. I am not at all sure as we climbed that pass of Scarf Gap that we did not condemn the modern safety habit skirt, and rather wished we had been clad in the habits of the last generation ; for the constant mounting and dismounting we did during this ride the safety skirt is most inconvenient and entails a continual attention to straps and buttons. I think there is room for the tailor geniuses of the present day, who make those wonderful garments for the hunting-field with such success, to go a step farther and give us a patent mountain-climbing skirt. I should suggest an all-round one which would combine the comfort of a riding and walking skirt. But we stumbled on as best we could, leading our horses, stopping every few yards to get our breath, and, despite exhaustion, to admire the great mountains which seemed closing round us. The track, which had been more or less marked at first, got fainter and fainter, the mountain steeper. We now had to walk in front, dragging our horses behind us. Between us and the summit lay huge masses of boulder stones, behind us lay the precipice we had just climbed ; there was no turning back.

The horror of that last bit was indescribable. If it had lasted much longer I think we should all have succumbed ; but here the three men of our party came to our rescue. Having safely landed their horses at the top, they descended again to our aid, and taking our steeds from us led them up the last and worst pitch, leaving us to follow at our leisure. Thoroughly exhausted we stumbled slowly up, and gratefully threw ourselves on the grass plateau which formed the summit. We had



WE HAD TO WALK IN FRONT, DRAGGING OUR HORSES BEHIND US





climbed a thousand feet since leaving Buttermere. We were enveloped in the mountains. There was no sign of life ; an intense silence which brought with it a sense of loneliness seemed almost overpowering. It suddenly took hold of me and possessed me. I felt we must break the silence—we must tell the mountains we were there. We had come to force our life on them, and suddenly I broke forth into 'God Save the Queen' ; the others joined in, and for a few moments the hills echoed to our voices ; then we turned away, leaving the silent mountains to continue their record of ages.

The descent was tremendous. Throwing the reins over the horses' heads, we walked in front, giving them as long a rein as possible as they followed us down over the large boulders and slippery rocks, we ourselves often being obliged to jump from stone to stone, awkward enough even with two legs, but seemingly impossible for four ; still somehow they came on. Now and then there was an awkward moment when they followed too near to be safe ; and once particularly, when I turned, my horse trod on me, and, having planted his foot firmly on my boot, remained calmly looking at me, evincing surprise at my cries of pain. But eventually the worst was over, and as we descended into the long desolate valley of Ennerdale, we pulled up for a moment, and asked our guide 'What next ?'

Before us were still steeper ascents than those we had climbed, and there appeared to be no exit from the valley save by one or other of these mountains. In point of grandeur this certainly was the finest view of the ride. Behind us lay the pass of Scarf Gap, in front the Pillar Mountain and Pillar Rock, that rock which has proved more fatal to mountaineers than any other point in this district. We threw our glance to the left ; but there was no help there. Kirk Fell and Great Gable looked grim and uncompromising, a thick white cloud sweeping over the latter. Over one or other of the hills we must go—but which ?

We all stood perplexed ; the map was consulted but did not enlighten us. Suddenly we sighted a sign-post, and, hurrying towards it, we read that those who wished to cross must go to a mountain ash tree, a hundred yards away, and from there find the track. Those hundred yards were critical ones. As our guide and mentor was, as usual, leading, he and his horse half disappeared into a bog. They scrambled out with marvellous alacrity, but a few moments passed before we could make up our minds to follow, taking a more circuitous route. Observing

his directions, we avoided the bog. But just beyond another trial awaited us. A rushing, nameless river confronted us, with a deep descent into it, and huge holes here and there filled up with boulder stones of an immense size. Here we all set to work and made ourselves a sort of very rough stepping-stone crossing, and the first to arrive on the other side pulled out her kodak and photographed the scene, which must have been picturesque ; but nothing remains, as I hear her plates and her father's flask were in his pocket together, and the result was disastrous to the photographs.

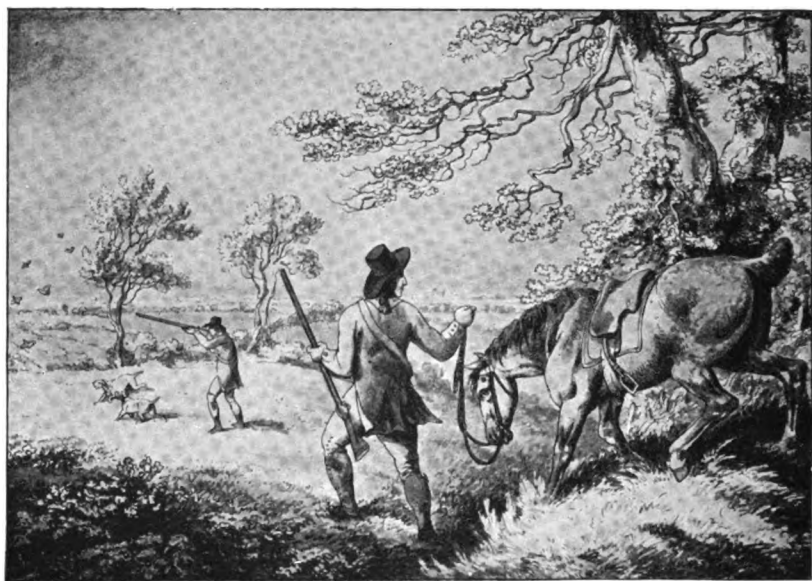
At this moment I must confess to a strong feeling akin to despair. We were hot, hungry, and tired ; an even steeper mountain lay before us, and, for myself, if there had been a way of escape from behind I am afraid I should have availed myself of it ; but, being none, there was nothing for it but to go on. So we set our teeth and silently began the ascent of another eleven hundred feet. With the Pillar Rock on the right and Kirk Fell on the left, we toiled on. The heat became intense, the track narrower and more difficult as we ascended. We paused whenever it was possible, and once, when we were resting for a few moments, we had what might have been a nasty accident. We were, perhaps, following each other a little too closely, and, while standing, my friend's horse kicked at mine. My horse started back, wrenched the bridle from my hand, and I, not prepared for this, was pulled over by him. But luckily we were not at the edge of a precipice. I was up in a moment, seized my bridle, and all was right ; but we kept each other at a more respectful distance after this. The summit was reached at last, and we dropped down into Mosedale Valley, quickening our pace as we saw Wasdale Head in the distance—that little white house which represented rest and food to ourselves and our horses. Going down this valley we met two men in mountaineering costume, the first human beings we had seen. They looked at us with surprise, evidently much impressed, and as we passed them one exclaimed in most heartfelt tones, ' Well, you are plucky ! '

One and all, as we entered the little inn, vowed we would have no more passes that day. By the road, and the road only, would we finish the last thirteen miles of our ride to Eskdale. On that point we were all united, and Burnmoor Pass was not to be tried that day. But, after chops and eggs, our views began to modify ; we looked at the pass in front of us, and decided that we could almost see the other side of it. It was child's

play to what we had gone through ; it was three miles shorter than the road ; we all agreed that no one should go by the pass unless he or she wished ; we might divide ; and then at once we all settled that the pass was the only way.

Calling for our horses, we started once more. The pass of Burnmoor justified our expectations. It was comparatively easy as regarded climbing, and some of us were of opinion that the beauty of the view superseded all we had seen before. Leaving Westwater and the Screes behind us bathed in sunshine, colouring them a deep blue, we passed the shadowed tarn of Burnmoor, riding over the dark heather, making the contrast of light and shade appear deeper than it generally does from the very blue background. On we rode, here and there a grouse rising at our feet with its wild cry. Leaving the moor, we rode down into the curious little village of Boot, a place belonging to an old untouched world ; and from there up the lovely valley of Eskdale, putting forth its very best that June evening. Turning into the park at Muncaster, we rode through the long rhododendron drive, and, cantering along, agreed that nothing could have surpassed our surroundings. For here you have everything—the mountains behind you, the sea in front, and the old border castle of Muncaster standing high above a terrace where rhododendrons and azaleas, all at their best, flung themselves in reckless profusion. Here on the terrace were our kind host and hostess waiting to welcome us. It was a quarter to eight, and we had been in our saddles since 9.30, with an interval of half an hour.

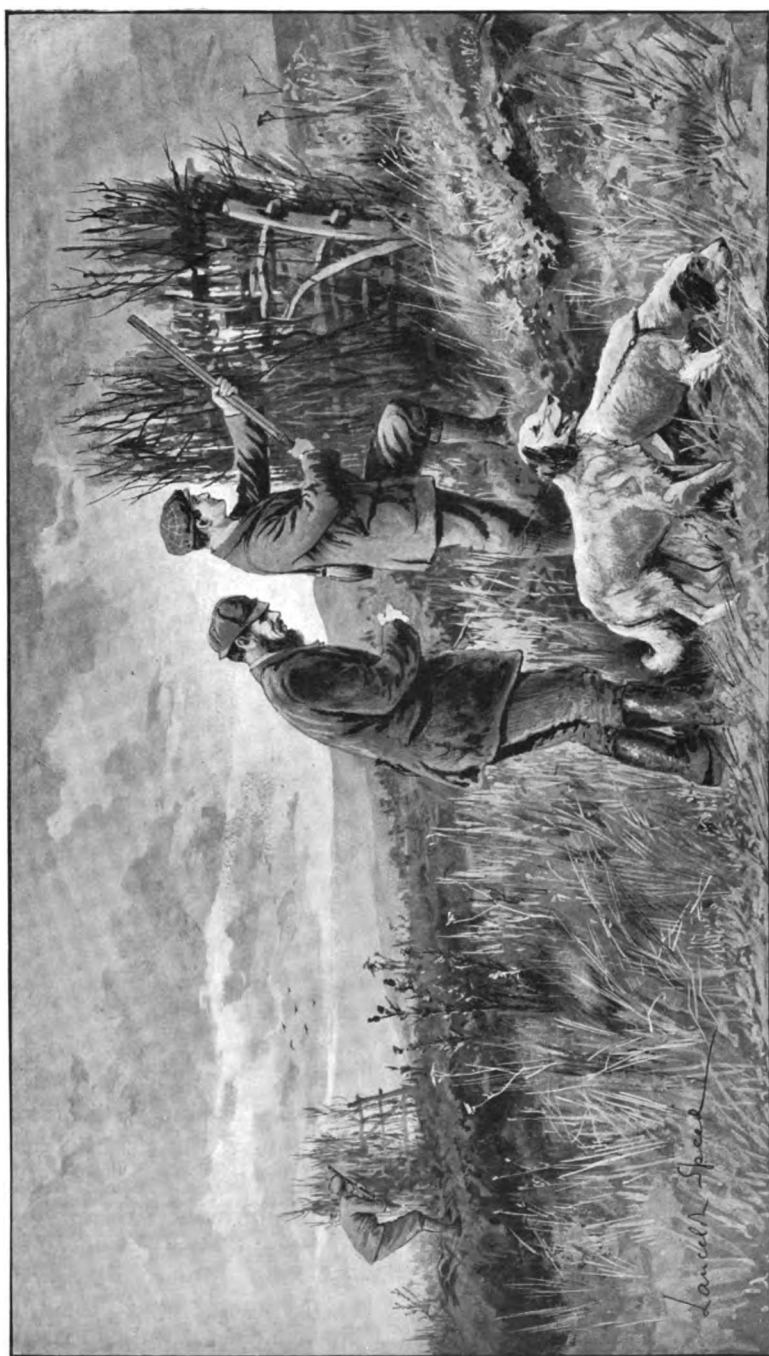
And when an hour later, in daylight still, we sat at dinner in the large bow window looking out on the distant hills with their foreground of the terrace, we felt we had nothing more to wish for, and our only regret was that our riding tour, like many other good things, had gone to join the past. The memory will long remain not unmixed with a sense of triumph that we overcame severe difficulties and accomplished our purpose.



## THE PARTRIDGE

BY THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE HARDY

THE partridge (like the poor !) is and has been always with us. He is not an exotic like the pheasant with his Oriental brilliancy and morals, nor a rich man's luxury, like the grouse, whose superior value, from a sporting point of view, depends largely upon the picturesque surroundings and glorious air which invigorate and renew the energies of his fortunate pursuers when August comes round. He is the spontaneous product of the soil, and requires no artificial feeding or expensive troops of gamekeepers and watchers. The hen partridge is a good and careful mother, and generally manages to rear a fair proportion of her numerous offspring in spite of the moving accidents by flood and field to which so many succumb. Decapitation by the mowers' scythe in former days, and now by the even less discriminating mowing machine, claims its victims ; drowning by the heavy thunderstorms which are commonest at the period when the little birds are most helpless, destroys large numbers ; and even the fate of Korah, Dathan and Abiram falls to the lot of some unfortunates ; for in the hot weather



WAITING

the heavy clay soil cracks into long deep fissures and swallows up a considerable number of careless babies which stumble into the narrow crevasses and are quite unable to make their way out again. Still, there are generally a good many left to face the ordeal of September and it takes a great deal to destroy the stock beyond recovery. Where nature proves unable to compensate for waste, it will be generally found that fresh blood is wanted, and the introduction of a few Hungarians before the breeding season will often produce the desired result. Breeding 'in and in' is never satisfactory; and I have known islands, isolated patches of arable surrounded by moorland and similar places, where nature being unable to provide fresh blood, and artificial means having been neglected, partridges have almost entirely disappeared in a comparatively short space of time. If fresh stock is imported in the form of eggs, it is a good plan to put some of them into the nests of wild birds; for although, of course, partridges can be reared under hens like tame pheasants and brought up by hand, I never think the result of such artificial breeding is altogether satisfactory.

It is many years since I have spent a September in England, and therefore my recollections of partridge shooting in September date back to my earliest experiences of game shooting—the days of the muzzle-loader and pointer. It was still possible to use the latter in the early sixties without both man and dog being disappointed nine times out of ten by the eventual apparition of the now ubiquitous pheasant. In our part of Kent the great difficulty was want of cover. In the weald the clay is so heavy that turnips are seldom grown there, as they cannot be fed off by sheep in the ordinary way without the ground being so poached and puddled by their feet that the surface-water does not penetrate into the drains below, the fields thus becoming sour and useless. We had to rely for sport mainly upon the second crops of clover, the short-cut spinnies and plantations, the hedgerows, and the heavy clay fallows where the broken clods gave some shelter to the birds, and the coveys occasionally lay quite close in these latter in spite of the absence of growth of any kind. I can remember often staggering over those great fallows, and desperately hard walking it was! Those were days when I was difficult to tire, but it was not easy shooting when a covey suddenly rose close to me, apparently off the bare ground, and I slipped as I suddenly pulled myself together, with the result that I was glad to secure a single bird, and proud indeed when a brace came down, even if one of them was

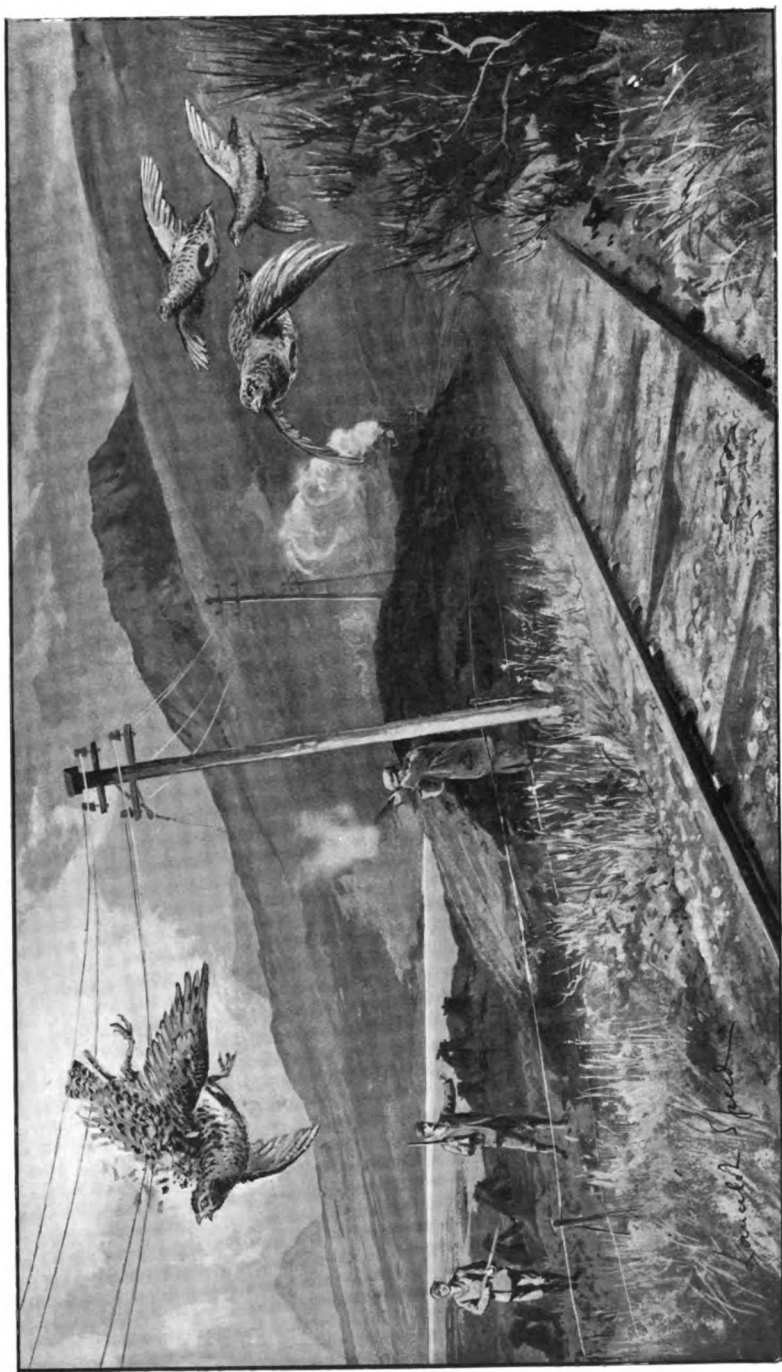
a runner. The old dogs were steady enough, and had learnt to down charge, and generally to display more patience than in these days of hammerless ejectors. Loading a gun was a work of some time then, and if Mab or Ponto had run in, or poked about among the scattered birds after the gun had been fired, the bag would not have been a very large one. As it was, thirty brace was a good bag for two guns, and forty almost a record; for, although there were plenty of birds, they took particularly long flights in that part of the world, and were very difficult to mark in consequence of the character of the country—the abundant woodland, deep valleys, and last, not least, the quantities of hop gardens. These last are really a sanctuary for partridges, as it is, of course, impossible to shoot among the poles and bine; and the birds, if they were wise, declined to be driven out by a couple of keepers, and even when they were foolish, very seldom went the way to give a shot to the guns, who could only guard a very small part of the large area over which they had a chance of flying. As to directing their course, it was quite out of the question.

Organised driving was then never attempted in that part of Kent, and it was not till many years after that it was ever tried on my father's estate. Gradually, however, as the place was often deserted in September for the moors, it became necessary to try some method of making a bag in October, and walking was no good, as the birds were out of the field at one end, as soon as the guns came in at the other. So, in spite of wiseacres and doubters who shook their heads over the idea, flags, flankers and education were brought into use; and now, although it will never be a good driving country, and sixty to seventy brace is quite a large bag for 6 to 8 guns, a day's driving there is a most enjoyable form of sport. Experience teaches one something of the flight of the birds, and although it is impossible to gather them in large turnip fields or to keep them collected together drive after drive, the very uncertainty makes it more enjoyable. What splendid rockets come sailing over the high trees: how quickly the birds turn and wheel as they detect the concealed danger, and how great is the satisfaction when a covey twists and flies right down the line of guns, and every man 'does his duty.' This, as we all know, is what England expects, but England is occasionally disappointed in the shooting field as elsewhere. Still I remember to this day one occasion, more than twenty years ago, when eight birds started to the left of a line of four brothers and turned

right down the vale of death, losing two of their number as each gun was fired, so that, in their deaths, they were not divided.

I pass over briefly my early experiences of Lincolnshire where I spent a short time with a tutor before going to Oxford. There were plenty of turnips there, and the ground was as different as possible from the weald of Kent ; enormous rectangular fields with hardly any intermixture of woodland, and, of course, no hop-gardens. My tutor was rector of a small parish, one of four, each about a mile long and not more than two fields broad, and as he was no sportsman, and did not care to interfere with the neighbouring parson who used to shoot over his glebe, I was dependent upon the hospitality of the latter for my sport. By this I lost nothing, and gained the advantage of excellent dogs, a most amiable and accomplished mentor, and a good deal of additional ground. Mr. Lutra (I do not give his real name although he had no reason to be ashamed of it) was a parson of the old school, something like Praed's 'Vicar.' His schools were models to the whole neighbourhood, and he never neglected either the spiritual or the temporal wants of the inhabitants of his small parish. Still he had enough leisure to look after his dogs and enjoy a little sport as well ; and I have hardly ever seen a small kennel better broken and looked after. He knew where to look for every covey of birds on his glebe, and it was a sight to see him with his old top hat and muzzle-loader, beaming with delight when the young entry of pointers behaved well, and indulgent to the shortcomings of youth, either in his four-footed friends or in the young companion who was privileged to accompany him. He was not only a first-rate hand at breaking pointers and other sporting dogs to their more important duties, but also had a great knack of teaching retrievers and water spaniels to dive and bring up things from under water. This he used to manage by beginning with a loose clod with long grass growing on it, which sank gradually, and afterwards working on to objects of denser specific gravity. He was a good man, and certainly none the less beloved by his parishioners for his sporting tendencies. One anecdote he told me against himself which I must relate at the risk of shocking ecclesiastical purists. When he was restoring his church he removed a set of old painted deal commandments which hung on each side of the chancel and replaced them with a more artistic production. 'I did not want,' he said, 'to





A DOUBLE DEATH

waste the wood, so I had them whitewashed and turned them into a pig-stye. Next day, or soon after, a heavy shower of rain fell, and I found myself confronted with the legend : "Thou shalt not steal."

I have had many happy days with partridges since, but although I love the little brown bird, I cannot now persuade myself that walking in line through high turnips and swedes, or thick champion potatoes is a very enjoyable form of sport, however large the bag may be in the evening. The bird I like best is the partridge which is bred on the fringe of the moor, and which sometimes is found even up on the high hills among the heather in the very heart of the domain sacred to his more aristocratic neighbours. How often in August have I followed a point ; at first certain that the dogs had found grouse ; then, after a prolonged draw, beginning to believe in black game, and at last startled by the unmistakable whirr and chatter of a big covey of partridges. One man I knew, whose exalted position in the legal world ought to have given him a greater respect for the laws of his country, used always to shoot them in such a place if they were big enough, even as early as August 12. 'If,' he said, 'partridges choose to pretend to be grouse, they ought to be treated as grouse,' and down they came accordingly ! I have never been able to persuade myself to follow his example, but virtue seldom or never meets with its reward in this case. How often the coveys which were always getting up under my nose in August, have eluded my search in September and got away scot free or nearly so in the end. What a cunning bird is the moorland partridge ! He does not fly far, but has a particular knack of just skimming round a knoll out of sight, and avoiding the patch of bracken where you make sure that you will find him, and sneaking to right or left into some much less promising lurking place. He never seems to think of stopping where he settles, but starts off as fast as his legs can carry him, and when your dogs at last get upon his scent, and you follow them breathlessly up some steep grassy brae, you often top the brow only to see your little friends skimming away just out of shot into the valley below, to repeat the process if you are beguiled into following them again.

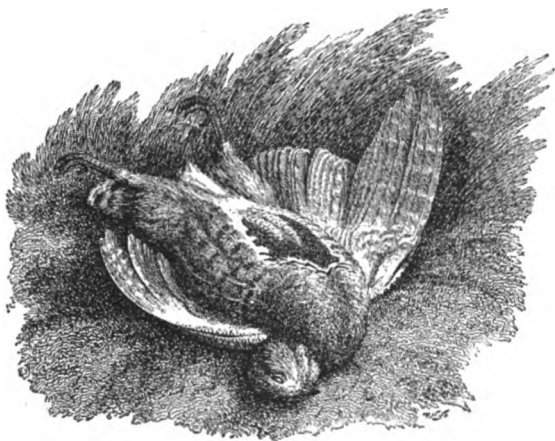
The moorland partridge, to which I have alluded, is a hill bird turning up in unexpected places and not to be confounded with the coveys which frequent the arable land on the fringe of the moor, taking only occasional excursions into the heather.

The oats are seldom cut and carried early enough to permit of their being got at in the beginning of September ; but when there are a good sprinkling of them a day towards the end of the month in some of the straths among the hills is one of the pleasantest any one can be privileged to enjoy. The valleys are usually very narrow, with a river winding through the middle of them ; and in addition to partridges you come across every kind of game in the course of your day's walk. Snipe get up, not merely in marshy places, but in the middle of the fields : black game rise in the turnips and potatoes, and perhaps an old mallard blunders out of one of the ditches as you turn a corner. I remember one such strath in Argyleshire, not far from Kilmichael, where we used to get 15 or 16 brace of partridges, and nearly as many head of other game on a lucky day, as there was at that time quite a good stock upon the ground. Our principal difficulty was that the coveys almost invariably flew across the river, and we had to choose between getting wet in fording the stream, or the long delay involved in going round by the bridges, of which there were only two there, nearly a mile apart. Once—and once only—I was tempted to ask a man loading gravel from a bed in the stream to give me a lift across in his cart. Never shall I forget the jolting I then experienced. It nearly shook the teeth out of my head, and I determined that any amount of ducking short of absolute drowning would be preferable to keeping dry by such an expedient. These birds, when they were driven on to the heather, were quite out of their element, and much easier to get at than the tiresome little customers I before described.

I have heard it disputed whether the partridge or the grouse is the more difficult bird to shoot. Personally I should say that young grouse over dogs early in August are the easiest of all marks, and that there is little to choose between partridges and grouse rising in front of the gun when both are well grown and fairly wild. When both are driven partridges are apt to twist and turn more quickly than grouse, but these latter fly faster, to judge by the distance they are carried after they are killed dead, and it is necessary to aim further in front of them. It is difficult to lay down a general rule on a subject upon which individual knack, habit and inclination exercise so large an influence.

In conclusion may I be excused for quoting the article on the partridge from Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature,' and my readers if they gain from it no very authentic information will

be repaid for their pains if it induces them to turn to those four volumes of gossip on natural history, a subject of which its author was phenomenally ignorant. He tells us that the partridges are of two kinds, the grey and the red, and that the latter, the largest, perches on trees. 'That in Greenland the partridge, which is brown in summer, as soon as the icy winter sets in begins to take a covering suited to the season. It is then clothed with a warm down beneath and its outward plumage assumes the colouring of the snows among which it seeks its food !' But his most original and amusing statement relates to the method of breaking in the setter. He says there are many ways of taking partridges, but 'that by which they are taken in a net with a setting dog is the most pleasant. The dog, as anybody knows, is trained to this exercise by a long course of education ; by blows and caresses he is taught to lie down at the word of command—a partridge is shown him and then he is ordered to lie down ; he is brought into the field and when the sportsman perceives where the covey is he orders his dog to crouch ; at length the dog from habit crouches whenever he approaches a covey, and this is the signal which the sportsman receives for unfolding and covering the birds with his net.'





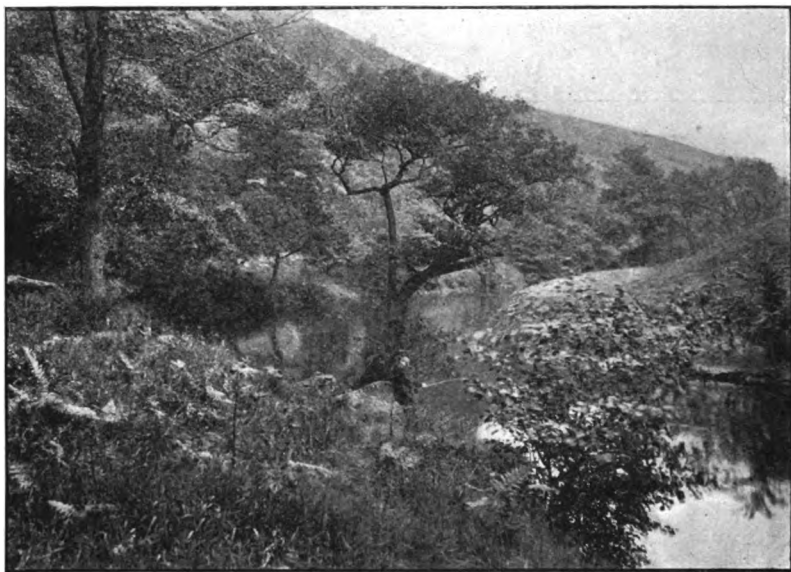
## A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions : that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of public school interest will be welcome.

We shall be unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and we reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. The Proprietors reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

## THE JULY COMPETITION

The First Prize in the July competition has been divided among the following competitors : Mr. H. Vaughan Walker, Middlesbrough ; Colonel W. W. Hooper, Limpley Stoke, Bath ; Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb ; Mr. E. P. Orr Ewing, Eton College, Windsor ; and Mr. G. B. Duncan, School House, Rugby. Original drawings have been sent to the takers of other photographs, some of which are here reproduced.



SALMON FISHING IN THE RIVER ESK, NORTH YORKSHIRE

*Photograph taken by Mr. H. Vaughan Walker, Middlesbrough*

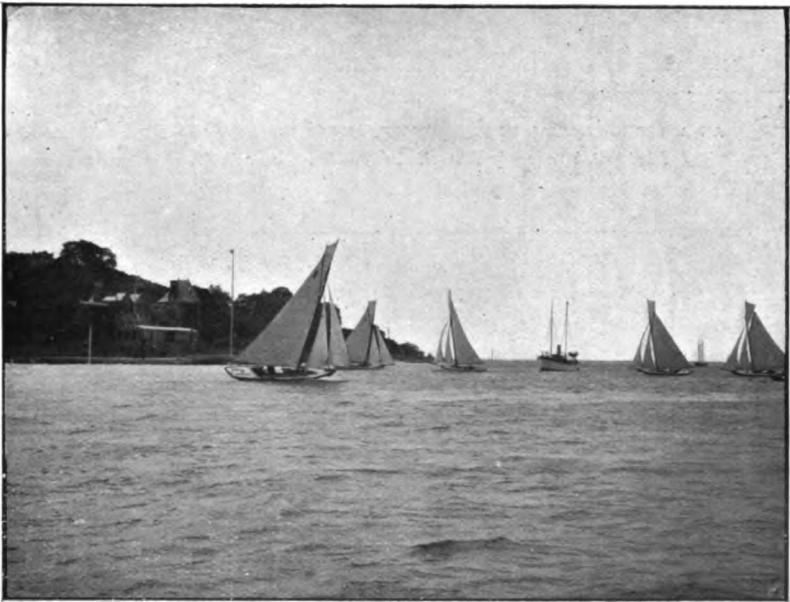


'THE VILLAGE POACHER'

*Photograph taken by Colonel W. W. Hooper, Limpley Stoke, Bath*



*'A FAVOURITE SPOT.' IN THE VALE OF LANHERNE*  
*Photograph taken by Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb*



THE START FOR THE SOLENT ONE DESIGN CLASS, JUNE 1900  
*Photograph taken by Mr. E. P. Crr-Ewing, Eton College, Windsor*  
NO. LXII. VOL. XI.—*September 1900*

2 C



AN AFTERNOON MEAL IN THE JUNGLE. NEAR MOUNT ABOO, RAJPOOTANA

*Photograph taken by Mr. G. des Dudley, Lieut. R.A., Plymouth*



RUGBY SCHOOL. COCK HOUSE MATCH, CHRISTMAS 1899. SCHOOL HOUSE v. WHITELAW'S

*Photograph taken by Mr. G. B. Duncan, School House, Rugby*





**DARTMOUTH REGATTA**

*Photograph taken by Mrs. L. Waterhouse, Alresford, Hants*



**BEDALE FOXHOUNDS. THE DUKE OF LEEDS, MASTER**

*Photograph taken by Mr. A. H. Robinson, Troutdale, Hackness, Yorks*



**FINAL HEAT OF 100 YARDS RACE**

**AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING, 1900**

*Photograph taken by Mr. A. H. Human, South Croydon*



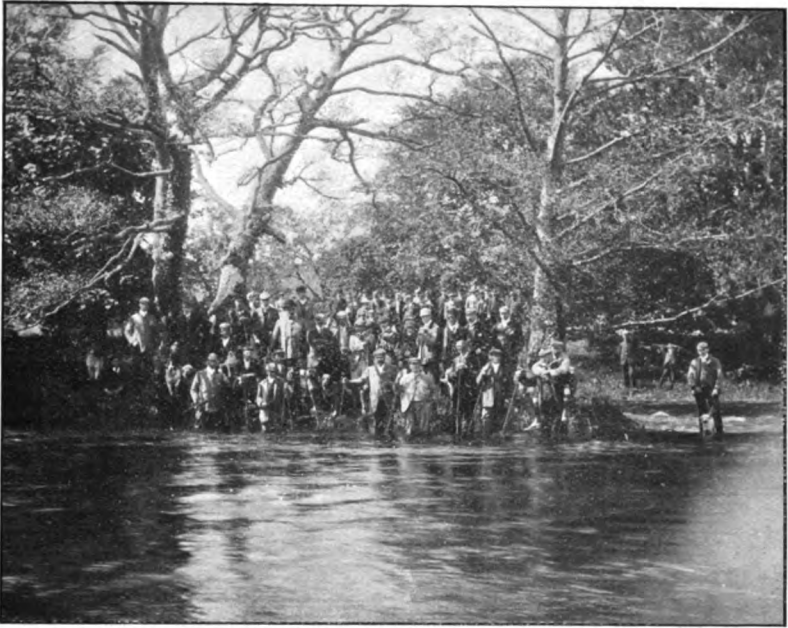
THE BLACKMORE VALE FOXHOUNDS. MR. MERTHYR GUEST, MASTER  
*Photograph taken by Miss Guest, Inwood, Henstridge, Blandford*



HENLEY REGATTA  
*Photograph taken by Mr Jas. Wilson, Sidcup*

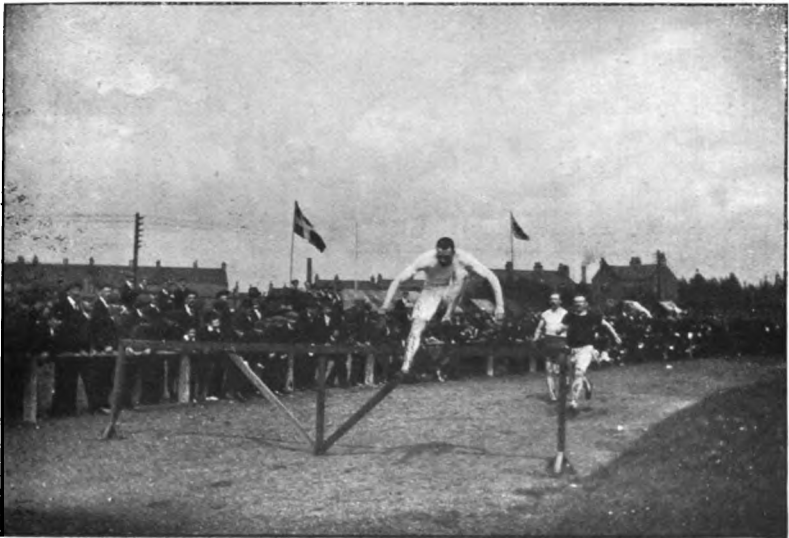


AIREDALE BEAGLES. MR. DAWSON JOWETT, MASTER  
*Photograph taken by Mr. H. S. Sharp, Bingley, Yorks*



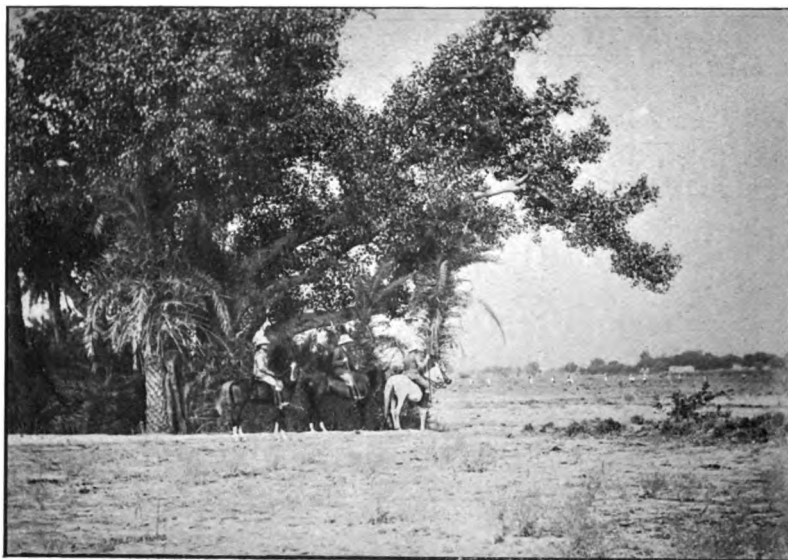
WEST CUMBERLAND OTTER-HOUNDS, ISEL BRIDGE, MAY 1900

*Photograph taken by Mr. F. Nainby, Cockermouth*



GLASGOW POLICE SPORTS. FRANK ROBBIE CLEARING THE HURDLES

*Photograph taken by Mr. Thomas Johnstone, Motherwell*



**PIG-STICKING**

**'UNDER COVER,' READY TO CUT IN AND RIDE SHOULD THE PIG BREAK FORWARDS**

*Photograph taken by Captain Downes, R.F.A., Ireland*



**WINCHESTER COLLEGE FOOTBALL. 'A HOT DOWN ROPES' BETWEEN HOUSES AND COLLEGE**

*Photograph taken by Mr. Edmund Hawkins, Winchester*



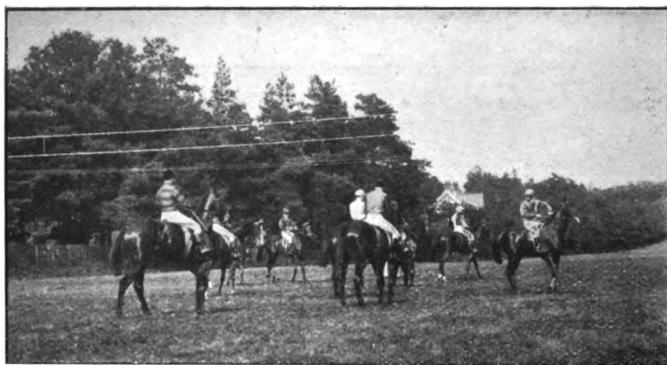
## CROQUET

*Photograph taken by Mrs. Stourton, Paxton Hill, St. Neots*



YOUNG CRICKETERS AT 'HURWORTH,' STONEBRIDGE PARK, N.W.

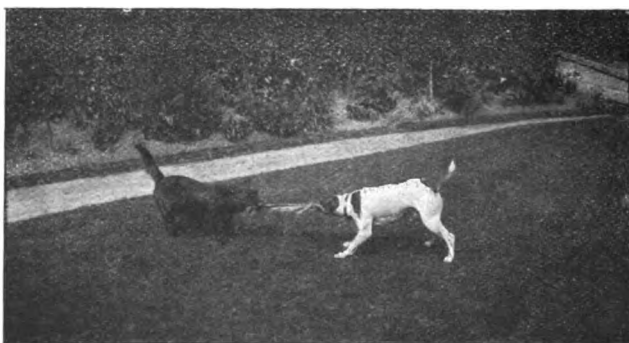
*Photograph taken by Mr. Charles Lancaster*



THE START FOR THE NEW STAKES AT ASCOT, 1900  
*Photograph taken by Miss Eileen Filgate, Lissrenny, Ireland*



GLASGOW POLICE SPORTS. J. MORRISON PUTTING THE BALL  
*Photograph taken by Mr. Thomas Johnstone, Motherwell*



A TUG OF WAR  
*Photograph taken by Mr. John Lane, Elmhurst, Welshpool*



## NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

TRAVELLING to Goodwood reminded me of a story the late Duke of Beaufort used to tell of an amusing experience at that meeting—another Goodwood anecdote curiously illustrative of the uncertainty of racing is related in my book 'The Turf': how the flyman who drove the Duke and myself to the course, and had a great fancy for Winter Cherry in the Goodwood Stakes of 1886, was told by the Duke that the mare had no chance (the truth being that she was only started to make running for Sir Kenneth), and how her jockey, fulfilling his task too thoroughly, got home a neck in front of the animal he was started to assist, and won the race. The present story relates to an earlier period, when the Duke of Beaufort was a Steward of the Jockey Club. Looking down on the enclosures from the balcony of the Duke of Richmond's stand, he noticed a thief very busily occupied in trying the pockets of those who seemed likely to be carrying anything worth stealing, and after a time he observed the man annex a watch. The 'Blue Duke,' as poor Lord Suffolk used to call his friend and neighbour, dashed down the stairs, having noted the course the rogue was taking, saw him cross the road behind the stands, and seized hold of him as he was entering the plantation. The astonished rascal was handed over to the police; and the Duke, well pleased with his little exploit, was returning to the stand by the nearest gate when the guardian of it stopped him and asked for a sovereign. The Duke informed him who he was; that, moreover, he happened to be, not only a guest at Goodwood House, but a Steward of the Jockey Club, and that he had left the course in the interests of honesty and good order to arrest a robber. The man most politely replied that he was quite aware of his Grace's identity, but that he had strict orders to make every one who passed, without any exception, pay a sovereign, and the Duke ended the interview by doing so; though I may

add that I do not know where this gate was, nor why it should have been used when the cost of entrance to the stand is only a fraction of the sum here charged. This, however, was the story as the narrator told it.

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Meeting his host, the Duke informed him what he had done, and incidentally remarked that it seemed rather hard he should be charged a pound for doing policeman's work for which he was not paid. The Duke of Richmond replied to the humorous remonstrance that the man was only carrying out orders, and he added, 'You really owe another pound as a fine for smoking,' the Duke of Beaufort having begun to console himself with a cigar. At this point it occurred to him that, in the language of the turf, he 'knew something.' 'But why mayn't I smoke?' he asked. 'Because there is a notice up at the end of the lawn to say that smoking is forbidden under a penalty of £1.' 'Well, I've been walking all about the place,' the 'Blue Duke' answered; 'I saw no such notice exhibited, and I am inclined to think that you can't show me one.' 'Oh nonsense, there it is, plainly enough in big letters,' the Duke of Richmond replied. 'Well, I'll bet you a sovereign no such notice is exhibited,' was the response. 'Very well, come along and I'll show it to you,' the Lord of Goodwood answered; and he led the way to the end of the lawn, where the notice *should* have been. As a matter of fact—a fact of which the Duke of Beaufort was aware—the board had fallen or been thrown over, and was lying face downwards on the grass in the corner. Certainly it was not 'up' or 'exhibited,' and there was nothing for it but the payment of the sovereign, so that the Duke of Beaufort's energetic action cost him nothing in the end.

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About the last Goodwood meeting there is little to be said. As usual, the American jockeys had things very much their own way, winning fourteen races out of twenty-five, and doubtless the fourteen would have been fifteen had not little Reiff made the mistake of trying to come up on the inside, where there was not room for him, on Jolly Tar. The results of the Thursday's races were in one way amusing. Those who are fond of dilating at length on the wind-pressure theory declared that, with the gale blowing down the course, this was a day on



which English jockeys could have no sort of chance ; and the controversialists were ready to prove their assertions by elaborate mathematical demonstration. As a matter of fact, only one race during the day fell to an American jockey, and only in two races was one of the Americans even second, whilst in the Rous Memorial, as there were four starters and only one English jockey riding, the success of the invaders was not remarkable. This, however, is not intended as an argument against the American style, the constant results of which, indeed, render argument unavailing ; and as a matter of fact the successful jockeys more or less ride *more Americano*. It is not often that the early two-year-olds maintain their form through the summer, but it seems that Princess Melton, who won at Liverpool during the first week of the racing season, is the best of the fillies, and it is not certain that Volodyovski, who won the Rous Memorial in a canter, is not the best of the colts. At the time of writing it is feared that that good, ugly, beast The Grafter has broken down, which is certainly to be regretted, as one cannot help admiration for a horse that runs third for the Ascot Cup and third for the Stewards' Cup with 8st. 12lb. Admiration must also be extended to Eager, who was actually trying to give The Grafter 15lb.; and it was melancholy to see Eager badly drawn in the first place, and then, when gradually forging ahead in spite of his 9st. 13lb., being doomed to play shuttlecock to the battledore of Master Willie, ridden by an American jockey who gave an exhibition of the chief weakness of the style—a total inability to keep his mount straight.

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At the time of writing Disguise II. appears to be doing a very half-hearted sort of preparation, which looks as if he would not be ready for the St. Leger ; though even if he were, Diamond Jubilee, if all goes well with him, would probably have the best of it ; indeed it is difficult to see anything likely to beat the Prince of Wales' colt. Before the Derby Disguise had been tried a useful, but by no means a great, horse. Simon Dale is too uncertain to be trusted, and even if Codoman comes over, the French three-year-olds are distinctly bad this year, nor is he perhaps the best of them. It is a great stroke of luck for the Prince that La Roche and Merry Gal are not entered for the Leger. I think there can be little doubt that the former filly is considerably the best of the English three-year-olds, and it is heartily to be wished that she and Diamond

Jubilee might meet—in such a race as the Jockey Club Cup? I should certainly be inclined to bet. Good Morning is again in work, and apparently destined to run in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, where he might meet Veles and Star Shoot. Such antagonism would be interesting. It is a pity that Volodyovski and Princess Melton are not also engaged here, though it is possible that the last named and Star Shoot might meet in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby on the 5th of this month. The task of the three gentlemen who have to compile the Free Handicap for Two-year-olds is far from being an enviable one. How this idea of the three handicappers will work, by the way, remains to be seen. Some people believe that as two heads are better than one, two also are better than three.

Poor Tait, the champion golfer, who fell while doing gallant service in South Africa, had so many friends that I have no



doubt it will be a melancholy gratification to a host of readers if I reproduce this excellent likeness of him taken from a photo-gravure by Mr. Marshall Warre of George Street, Edinburgh. I had intended to notice other books and engravings this month, but space forbids. I may, however, briefly draw attention to the publication from this office of 'Sport in War' by Major-Gen. Baden-Powell, the book being made up of sketches, illustrated by himself, which he has at various times contributed

to this magazine; and all who are interested in polo will be glad to know of an excellent 'Polo Diary and Sporting Calendar,' containing all sorts of useful information to those concerned with the game, edited by Major F. Herbert, and published by Messrs. Thomas & Sons, of Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.

This story, which a friend at the front kindly writes to me, is not sporting, but it is too good to be left untold. Going the rounds of a Convalescent Hospital one day he found three wounded soldiers very busily engaged in pulling down the iron water-pipes which carried the rain from the roof and diligently breaking them up in small pieces. The earnestness with which the work of destruction was being carried out forbade the idea that the men were doing gratuitous mischief, and my friend was considerably puzzled by the spectacle. They were so busy that they did not see him approach, but looked up when he said : 'It seems to be rather a pity to destroy those good pipes, doesn't it? What are you doing it for?' 'Well, sir,' replied one of the men, looking up from his task, 'you see, we gets half a crown apiece for these bits of Boer shells what was fired into Kimberley.' My friend adds, 'Beware of purchasing relics of the war.'

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It forms an interesting conclusion to the cricket season to consider what eleven would have been placed in the field on this year's form to oppose an Australian team. Of course the selection depends much on individual preferences; but it will be generally agreed that we should make a better exhibition now than we did in the rather sorry series of Test games last year. Four bats have indisputable claims : namely, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. C. B. Fry, Abel, and Hayward, whilst Rhodes is, perhaps, at this moment pre-eminent as a bowler. Although Mr. G. E. M'Gregor maintains his form, and the Oxonian, Mr. H. Martyn, is a fine stumper, the England wicket-keeper must once more be Lilley, with Storer as second string; though were he not so poor a bat Huish might be chosen. The right of Mr. G. L. Jessop to a place on current form is beyond a shadow of doubt, for he is a far more dangerous bat than when he played for England at Lord's in June 1899. Modern exigencies demand plenty of fast bowling, and Haigh has so ably supported Rhodes that his position should be assured. Mr. W. M. Bradley is not so good as last year, and though Mr. C. J. Kortright has regained the position he held before his strain, Lockwood is the best man. He is a rather better bowler than either of the others, and infinitely superior as a bat; indeed he would have to be considered for his ability in that department and in the field. One of the two remaining places cannot be refused to Mr. J. R. Mason, for the Kent captain has done magnificent work with both bat and ball, whilst his clear judgment might

entitle him to be captain, if that post of honour were not allotted to K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

The last place is, of course, the most difficult to fill. The eleven is open to the allegation that, despite the fine fight made by Lancashire, no representative of that county is included. With the highest admiration for that brilliant cricketer Mr. A. C. Maclaren, and while appreciating the batting of Albert Ward and Tyldesley, they must be reluctantly passed over. J. Gunn has done excellent service this year, and his uncle maintains his pristine form with the bat. To choose Mead is to add to the length of the tail, though his wicket is sometimes hard to obtain. The brilliant Oxonian, Mr. R. E. Foster, is, of course, a highly desirable candidate. Tunncliffe, too, has batted better than ever, and J. T. Brown is always a great cricketer. But, bearing in mind the havoc he has occasionally wrought with his lobbs, and the admirable pluck he has displayed at every crisis, whilst he has improved on all his previous form with the bat despite the harassing fact that he is for the first time captain of a great county, my choice would go to Mr. D. L. A. Jephson. Therefore, were the England captain to win the toss, the following would be the order of going in of a side which would surely do credit to the cricket of the Old Country at any time in the history of international contests :—

ABEL.

HAYWARD.

K. S. RANJITSINHJI.

C. B. FRY.

J. R. MASON.

G. L. JESSOP.

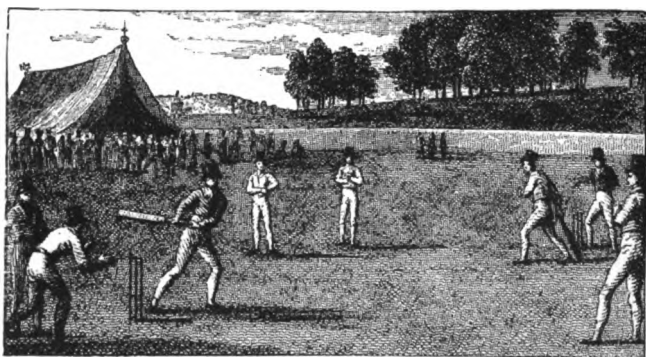
LOCKWOOD.

D. L. A. JEPHSON.

LILLEY.

HAIGH.

RHODES.





WATCHING FOR THE TIGER

# The Badminton Magazine

## PRINCE ALFRED AND BIG GAME

*Being Extracts from the Sporting Diary of the late LIEUT.-COLONEL  
EDWARD THOMSON, Commissioner of Oudh*

*With Notes and Additions by DAYRELL TRELAWNEY*

A GOOD deal has been said and written about the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg as a sportsman, but one of the most interesting episodes in this connection—namely, his ten days' big game shooting in the Oudh and Nepal forests in the spring of 1870—has been passed over with scarcely a newspaper comment. The omission is here repaired.

When it became known that the Duke of Edinburgh would visit Lucknow on his tour through India, it was felt that so keen a sportsman must not pass through some of the finest shooting country without the opportunity being offered him of trying his rifle at the big game with which it abounded.

This shooting ground is the great belt of forest which lies along the foot of the Himalaya range, and is commonly known as 'Terae,' because of the moist (tur) character of the soil. The country is of the wildest, the forest being full of tigers and

game of all sorts, destitute of roads and bridges, and broken everywhere by streams and watercourses.

This very inaccessibility, which afforded the necessary shelter for big game, gave a wild and picturesque interest to the sport conducted within the limits of the forest, and proved an inexorable barrier to the presence of a mere looker-on ; and, but for the rough diary of a member of the party, afterwards circulated among a few friends, the whole details of one of the most unique incidents in the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg's adventures as a sportsman would have been buried in oblivion. From this diary and many private letters the following account is compiled.

The chief civil officers of the Oudh Administration having invited the Duke of Edinburgh to a shooting party in the Terae forests, the invitation was in due time accepted. As the best shooting ground lay within or near the borders of Colonel Edward Thomson's division, and there was a general desire not to spoil sport by overcrowding the camp, it was arranged that he should be the sole representative of the civil officers as host—an additional reason for this choice being his well-known qualities as a keen and successful shikaree.

Owing to the luxuriant vegetation, and the great extent of the forest, good shooting can only be had when the summer heat has dried up much of the grass and undergrowth, and the tiger is driven to take refuge in the long reeds and rank grass on the borders of swamps, where he can conceal himself in a cool place and find water without having to travel for it. It is commonly considered hopeless to get tigers in February, on any terms, and the Duke's visit having been fixed for the 20th of that month, a general anxiety was felt in regard to the prospects of sport.

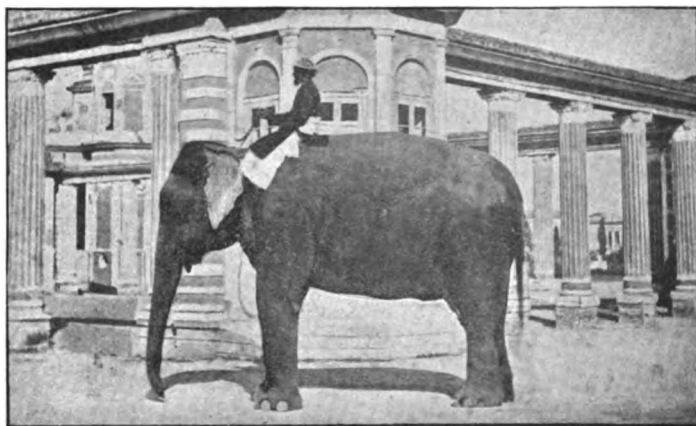
The difficulties in that year were, as it happened, enhanced, because the warm weather set in late, and there was a plentiful fall of rain in the early part of the month, so that the grass was still green and rank even in the beginning of March. By 'grass' must be understood, not that of which we at home make hay, but tall stuff with reed-like stems as thick as a man's finger, and 10ft. high. When the reader realises that before this is dry enough to burn, it stands in unbroken patches of many miles in extent, it will be readily understood that the task of finding tigers was no sinecure.

Undeterred, however, by these inauspicious facts, the Commissioner threw his whole energies into the preparations for the Royal visit. The native gentlemen seconded his efforts,

offering their elephants and howdahs to assist in the sport, and their palanquins and bearers to act as transport in conveying the shooters to the camping ground.

When the arrangements for the safe conduct of the expected guests had been made, an order was issued for a general *rendez-vous* of all the elephants, servants, and camp equipage at Kheree, thirty miles on the way towards the forest.

On February 13 the Commissioner joined the camp at that place, taking with him, as quartermaster-general and aide-de-camp, Captain Gordon Young, whose command of the language and excellent head rendered his assistance invaluable; and



LECHMEE, THE CLEVER ELEPHANT THAT CARRIED THE DUKE

leaving at head-quarters his wife, bereft of every useful servant, and solely responsible for the entire commissariat arrangements for a camp of several hundred people, situated at a distance of seventy miles in a dense jungle, where roads were few and transport difficult.

The diary opens on February 14, with a description of a grand scramble to get everything in order for the four days' march into the forest to a suitable camping-ground, the start to be made on the following day.

Heavy rain had soaked the tents, which were consequently too heavy to be carried by the camels, and had to be pitched and dried. Some of the store carts were left behind, and had to be got up at any cost. Elephants kept turning up at all hours, and their drivers immediately took the opportunity of proposing knotty questions regarding their health and temper,

and the state of the commissariat arrangements. This elephant has a toothache and cannot eat ; that tall one has hurt his toe and cannot walk ; the gaunt animal, with a back like the keel of a boat, of course has a sore back ; that sinister-looking villain with one eye is given to brawling, and must be separated from all the rest. But by night the tents were dry ; some of the missing carts had come up, the evil-tempered elephants had been tied to solitary trees, and the lame ones had gone back to their homes. Peace reigned in the camp, and after a good night's rest, the morning found both men and beasts in capital condition for the next few days' march.

On February 18 the camp was pitched near Singhae, in readiness for the Duke's arrival, but at four o'clock an express from Maharajah Sir Jung Bahadoor brought letters from Colonel Lawrence, the Resident of Nepal, to say that Sir Jung was coming to meet His Royal Highness on the frontier. The elephant which brought this express had come forty miles in one day, and was declared ready to return after a night's rest, as in fact he did. The Duke, however, could not, it was found, arrive till the 23rd, and it was decided to start the sport nearer to the Nepal boundary.

Some brief extracts from Colonel Thomson's diary may be here introduced.

*'February 21.*—Before breakfast, enter Colonel Richard Lawrence, C.B., Resident of Nepal, a frank, good-tempered, jolly, bronzed old soldier, full of life and fun. He is the late Viceroy's brother, and, as 'Dick Lawrence,' his name is a household word in the Punjab, where I knew him many years ago. We agree to move the camp to-morrow to the banks of the Mohan, and to cross into Nepal the day His Royal Highness arrives. Half the party are to be here to-morrow morning, and we propose to shoot up to the river with them after breakfast.

'Jung Bahadoor's propositions are that we shall kill a tiger or two in his peculiar fashion, and then return to our own side of the water to shoot in the English way. In the evening I had all the howdahs up for examination as to soundness, and rejected several as dangerous, telling off one good one to every sportsman who is to join the camp. To His Royal Highness I gave Captain Gordon Young's howdah, as being, on the whole, the lightest and strongest, and of the most modern shape.

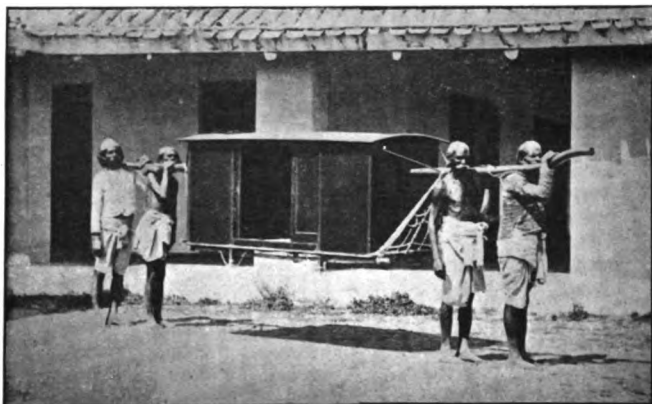
'Later, a little rifle-shooting at oranges thrown up. Hit



several, and afterwards pierced a rupee clean through the centre when thrown up in the same way ;<sup>1</sup> a second rupee was hit, but the hole was not in the centre, and the edge was broken.

'At night some of the servants turned up very tired and hungry. They travelled in a cart, and one of them who had walked part of the way informed me that he had come "overland," as if he thought I might fancy he had come by water.

'*February 22.*—At daylight our first guests arrive in camp, Colonel Probyn, V.C., C.B., Colonel Reilly, Lord Charles Beresford, Captain the Honourable E. York, Captain Clarke, and



HOW PRINCE ALFRED RODE INTO CAMP

Dr. Watson. All seem very pleasant fellows, and disposed to make the best of everything.'

It was now decided to break up the camp and march towards the Mohan River, beating the forest on the way. The jungle was alive with game—antelopes, hog-deer, pigs, civet cats, florikan, pea fowl, snipe, quail, ducks, teal, &c., a tantalising array, since the shooters, being on the look-out for a tiger, had to let all other game pass. In the evening there was a good deal of general shooting, however, at birds and deer.

On return to the camp at dusk, Sir Jung Bahadoor was waiting, seated under his official umbrella. Though comparatively an old man, he was full of life and energy, and a thorough sportsman. Very few Englishmen could approach him in skill

<sup>1</sup> The Duke having subsequently seen this done, secured a pierced coin to produce when describing this extraordinary feat to a sceptical audience.

with the double rifle, and his stud of hunting elephants was probably unequalled in the world. These animals were nearly all caught by himself, and were never allowed to carry burdens, but were highly fed, and taught to move rapidly. They were all trained to work by sound of bugle, and told off into two wings with a colonel in command of each, the Maharajah directing the movements from the centre. Sir Jung brought with him into camp about two hundred and eighty of them, and as the Commissioner himself had gathered, from various parts, one hundred and thirty, there were on this occasion over four hundred in the field when the whole line was out.

Everything was now in readiness. Each tent was simply but suitably fitted with a camp-bed, chair, table, ample bathing arrangements, and plentiful linen. Luxury was tabooed, but comfort reigned supreme. The Duke's tent differed but little from the others in essentials, but was larger, and the furniture somewhat more commodious.

An exception must, however, be made in favour of the dining tent, the appointments of which were complete and even luxurious, a fitting contrast to the heavy days of fatigue, sport, and abstinence in store for the party.

Some confusion still reigned, owing to the fact that all the new camp servants demanded that their duties be defined with precision and despatch ; and as they numbered several hundreds, and each considered his own function the most important, it was no easy matter to deal with them.

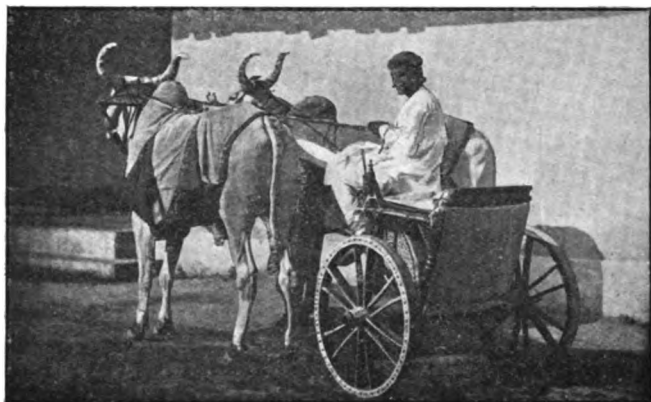
The chief of them, Babu, the Commissioner's head cook, on whom devolved the duty of providing a full-coursed dinner each evening, was certainly the calmest, and it was difficult for an on-looker to realise the responsibility that rested on the quiet man, who, dressed in spotless muslin, calmly surveyed the excited struggles and preparations of his countless staff. To return to the diary.

*'February 23.*—The Duke arrived this morning at eight o'clock, having travelled from Kheree in a palkee (palanquin with relays of native bearers). His frank and genial manners put me on pleasant terms with him at once, and he seemed disposed to be content with everything about the camp. The remaining guests were not far behind, and the following arrivals completed the party : General Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Captain Haig, Colonel Fraser, V.C., C.B., and Dr. Fayrer, C.S.I.'

On his arrival, Sir Jung Bahadoor had ordered a temporary bridge to be thrown across the river to connect the two camps,

and in forty-eight hours this had been erected by his followers, so that when at eleven o'clock on the 23rd Sir Jung came to pay his visit of ceremony to the Duke, he was able to ride in state from his own tents to the Royal camp without dismounting.

The arrangements for his reception were simple, but the surroundings and general conditions of the visit made it picturesque and interesting. The camp was pitched in a long street, with the Duke's tent across one end, the flag-staff, carrying the Royal Standard, being placed in the centre. A large shamianah was arranged near the flag-staff, and the approach to



ARRIVAL OF BABU, THE CHIEF

it was lined with two rows of elephants carrying shooting-howdahs.

The Maharajah was attended from his camp by the Resident, Colonel Lawrence, C.B., and was received by the Commissioner at the entrance to the main street of the camp, where he alighted from his horse. He wore a military uniform, the Grand Cross of the Bath, and the Mutiny medal. His head-dress was valued at £40,000. It was composed chiefly of diamonds, with a costly fringe of pear-shaped emeralds round its edge ; and it carried two plumes, one of a bird of paradise, and one of peacocks' feathers—the latter being a mark of distinction conferred on the wearer by the Emperor of China. A Nepalese guard of honour with full band was drawn up in front of the reception tent, to salute the party as they passed in. The band played 'The Girl I leave Behind Me'—in honour of the English visitors, let us hope, as Sir Jung had six wives in camp with him.

The Maharajah walked to the reception tent, the Resident and the Commissioner each giving a hand, and the Duke moving forward to the edge of the carpet to meet him. Colonel Edward Thomson then formally presented him, and Sir Jung expressed to His Royal Highness the great pride and gratification with which he received a son of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. After a short conversation the Maharajah withdrew. Thus ended the only formal episode of the expedition.

In thirty minutes the shooters mounted the elephants, and the camp was alive with preparations for the start. A great change had come over Sir Jung in this short half-hour. The stiff military uniform had given way to a short, easy-fitting jacket of light blue silk, and white trousers, and the gorgeous head-dress was supplanted by the British-Indian *solah-topee*, or pith hat. Sir Jung's 'turn-out' was strong and workmanlike. There were places in his howdah for eight guns, ranged one above the other, four on each side; and every one of these places held a double-barrelled Lancaster small-bore rifle. In the English howdah the muzzles of the guns point upwards and forwards, but in Sir Jung's howdah the order is reversed, and the guns point nearly straight to the rear. If it is your luck to follow a shooter armed in this way, you have to look down sixteen barrels, and in crushing through the forest it just seems possible that one or other of these barrels may go off. 'For myself,' says the Commissioner in his notes, 'I can say that I did not look down them oftener than I could help, and the Duke shared my prejudices.'

A tiger had been marked down a day or two before, and a scout came in early with news of his having killed a buffalo in the night, so there appeared every prospect of finding him in the extensive patch of high grass on the outskirts of the Sal Forest, a spot peculiarly adapted to show Sir Jung's tactics to advantage.

Again I must refer to the diary for a fine description of what took place.

'The Maharajah marched his elephants in Indian file, at from five to ten yards apart, completely round the suspected place, taking in not only the whole of the grass plain, but the outskirts of the forest with it. There is no difficulty about this, for an intelligent officer on the leading animal shows the way, and every elephant follows the same track—the line winding over the country like a long black snake. When the circle was sufficiently near completion to cut the tiger off from his line of

retreat, the elephants were halted and faced inwards by sound of bugle. The English sportsmen formed part of the cordon, and did not enter the forest, so that they could see all that went on. At the next bugle sound, that side of the circle which was in the forest began to close in towards the centre, so as to sweep the tiger out of the tree jungle if he were there. Few who saw that magnificent line of elephants come stealing out from under the great Sal trees are likely to forget the sight. There was no noise, no shouting, nothing but the rustling of the dry grass, and the occasional crack of a broken branch ; and, as the edges of the forest were uneven, the elephants did not show all at once, but kept cropping out here and there in unexpected places, until the whole had emerged, and the line was complete. At this time the sight was very interesting and beautiful, for the circle was not less than eight hundred yards across, and the line of elephants could be seen for a great part of the circumference, their black hides and glistening white tusks in sharp contrast with the bright green foliage of the forest in the background.

‘Into this magic circle the Maharajah’s elephant and mine now made their way, Sir Jung carrying the Duke in the front place of the howdah, and the Maharajah taking the back seat in order to hand the Duke his gun—this being the Oriental mode of signifying his acknowledgments of the Duke’s high rank, and his own desire to do honour to the Queen’s son—while my duty was to interpret between Sir Jung and the Duke, and to render aid in case of accident. As we neared the centre of the grass plain, the Duke’s quick eye caught sight of the tiger, and we saw him trot leisurely across an open patch of turf, to disappear in a deep and rugged watercourse which here intersected the jungle. We followed, and as the line closed in towards the centre, perhaps a hundred elephants had to scramble across this nullah, which was not only deep, but had very precipitous sides overhung by trees ; and it was very pretty to see the elephants struggling up the banks and breaking down the trees which impeded their progress. At last, however, all were extricated, and the circle by this time was not more than one hundred yards across, the centre space being a patch of thick tiger-grass, in which our enemy was waiting for us. There was not standing room here for all the elephants in one row, and wherever there was crowding the line was doubled, and in some places trebled, the intelligent brutes falling into their places like well-drilled soldiers.

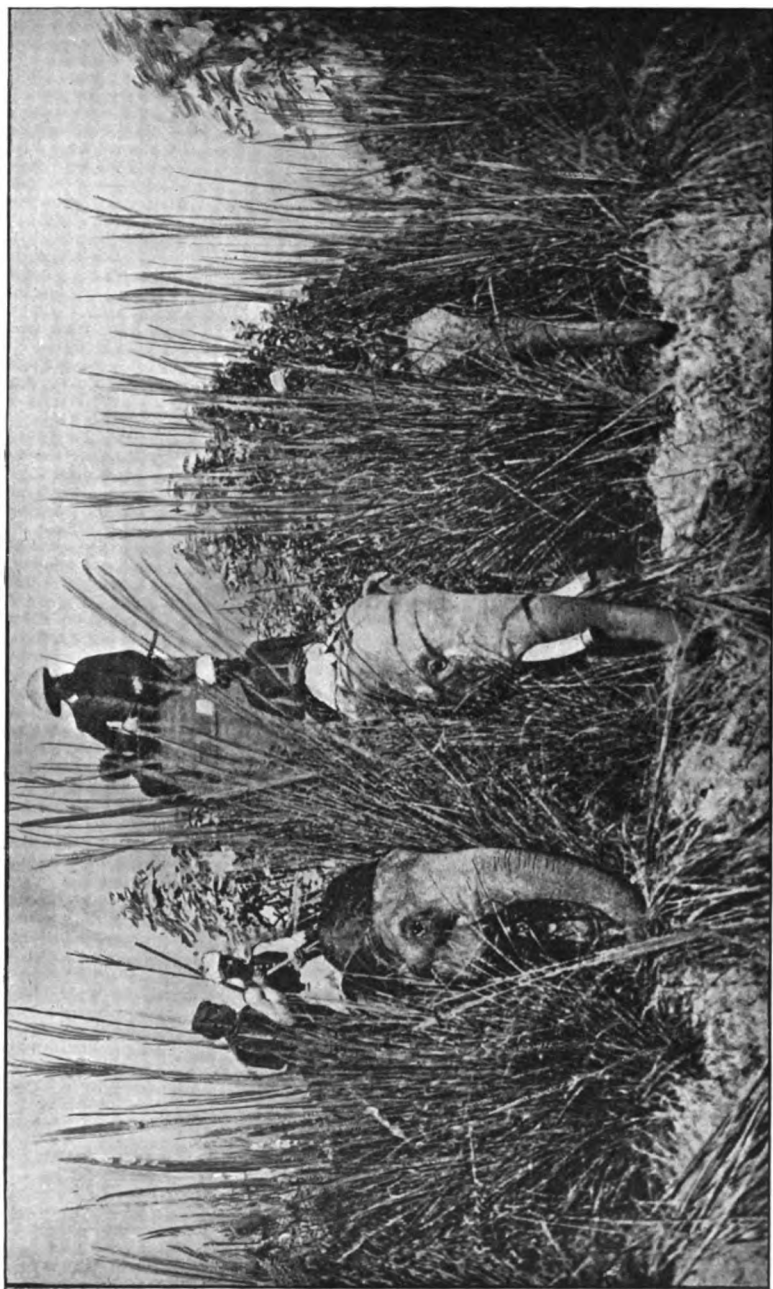
'We now took our two elephants abreast into the thickest of the grass. The tiger did not wait, but sprang out to meet us with that half-grunt, half-roar, which all tigers give when they mean mischief, and for an instant I thought that he must get up on one elephant or the other ; but they were both so taken by surprise that they swerved a little, and he passed between them, making for the margin of the circle. Here, however, he found a wall of elephants standing in the way, and, turning aside at once, he galloped round the ring, roaring loudly and lashing his tail like an angry cat on a large scale. But all his frantic rushes at the elephants failed to break the line, and he at length took refuge in the thick grass. Again we stirred him up. This time he was not to be trifled with, and as he rose to spring on the elephant the Duke dropped him neatly with a shot in the back. Practically this was the end of him, for he was quite disabled. The Duke, however, soon despatched him. He was a fine stout tiger, measuring 10ft. 6in. on the ground, though his skin was 11ft. 6in. when spread out to dry.

'An elephant was now brought up to carry him off, but, instead of lying down by his side quietly to take up her load, she began kicking him violently, and was removed with difficulty, and very much against her will, to make way for a more temperate animal. At last the tiger was padded and sent off to the tents to be skinned, and we then formed line and spent the rest of the afternoon in beating, English fashion—the Maharajah resigning the steering of the line to me.

'This mode of shooting is followed in this part of India by all European sportsmen ; and though it is less showy, it has many advantages over Sir Jung's plan, and does not require so large a number of elephants. The howdahs are distributed along the line, and the game is taken as it comes, each shooter getting his fair share of the sport.

'There was a great deal of miscellaneous shooting, and the Duke seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. I have never before managed a line of four hundred elephants, and it is probable there never was one of this length in the field in any country. The march across the grass-covered plains was really a beautiful sight, for Sir Jung's elephants line admirably, and are very quick in regaining their position if they lose it. Much game of course got away, for all the sportsmen did not shoot, and we had not guns enough for so long a line, but the bag at the close of the day was respectable.'

The magnificent muster of elephants and the fine sport on



COLONEL EDWARD THOMSON LEADING THE LINE OF FOUR HUNDRED ELEPHANTS





this occasion were a source of great pride to all natives throughout India.

A description of the day's sport was given in an ode to the Duke, written by a Parsee student of Elphinstone College, Bombay, which gives some idea of the national feeling.

In Nepal's wilds the tiger fell was shot  
'Mid stately elephants that girt the spot;  
One thousand tuskèd beasts in grand array  
With measured steps the bugle's note obey.  
Than such a scene of sylvan grandeur rare,  
What has thine England lovelier to compare?  
Though idle pomp such shows perchance appear,  
Bethink thee they a loyal import bear.  
Here joys of myriads find congenial vent,  
In bursts of blaze with frantic fondness spent.

'These details,' writes Colonel Edward Thomson, 'have been somewhat exaggerated by the "frantic fondness" of the poet.'

On February 23 is recorded 'a very lively dinner party,' and as all those present owned to being tired, some credit for the success of the entertainment may be given to both cook and caterer. There was, of course, game in plenty in the camp; but let it be remembered that every fatted sheep killed for the table travelled sedately in a native dooley, with bearers, from the Commissioner's compound some seventy miles distant; that all wines, soda water, preserves, sauces, etc., were replenished by the same means of transport, and that even the little fatted Indian cattle rode the whole distance into camp, seated in native palanquins.

It was difficult, in viewing the long dinner table, with its burden of delicate glass, china, flowers, silver, and damask, to realise that each and every article had been transported through the dense jungle and countless streams, through tractless undergrowth, into the heart of the great Sal forest of India, escaping, among lesser evils, the vagaries of that concentrated essence of sulky obstinacy, the commissariat camel, of whom Rudyard Kipling has so eloquently sung.

After dinner, the party lingered till nearly midnight round the camp fires. The Duke, discussing the effect of certain bullets with his host, told the following story of an old servant, who had charge of all his guns and shooting apparatus, and who took a keen professional interest in the effect of various weapons in use among sportsmen, being specially prone to dig

bullets out of dead game, in order to see the form the bullet had taken. When the Duke was shot in the back in Australia, one of the first to enter the tent after the ball was extracted was, naturally enough, his old servant. But the ruling passion came out strongly, and his first request was that he might see the projectile just extracted, in order to observe the effect produced by His Royal Highness's backbone upon the bullet!

Discussion also turned on a nasty accident which had occurred on the previous day's march, caused by an elephant fainting, and smashing the howdah against a tree as she fell. Two native gentlemen escaped with a shaking, but the servant had his hand badly crushed. The Duke saw him bandaged up, and gave him some brandy out of his own flask. Later in the evening Dr. Fayrer (one of the best surgeons in India) amputated the patient's thumb under chloroform.

These mishaps rarely come singly. A follower of Sir Jung's was killed by an alligator, and a camel-driver was also seized by one of these dangerous brutes, but pluckily rescued by an Oudh policeman, who attacked the monster at close quarters with his bayonet, and broke his musket over its head. The camel-driver escaped with the loss of a good-sized piece out of his thigh. The beast was then dragged up for the Duke's inspection. Dr. Fayrer anatomised him. The muscular contraction of the heart went on after he was cut to pieces, the Duke mentioning that he had seen a similar action in the heart of a shark, which will work for hours after it is taken from the fish's body. The alligator measured 15ft. 6in., and Corporal Peyton took possession of the head, to have it prepared for transmission to England with the rest of the Duke's trophies.

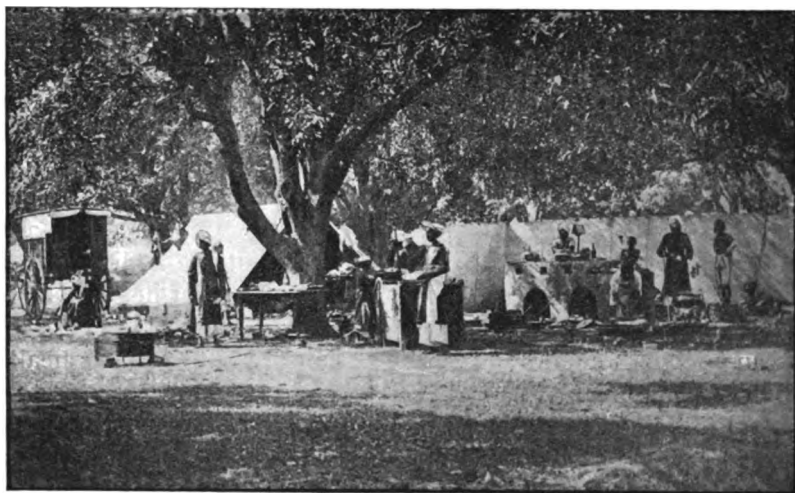
The next beat lay along the banks of the Kundra, and to avoid the interminable windings of the river, it was necessary to take the line across frequently—probably fifteen times during the day. Nothing was more picturesque or exciting than the passage of this immense line of four hundred elephants crossing the bed of the river through water and quicksand.

There was no forest conservancy on the Nepal side, and the trees were a good deal tangled by creepers, so that in places the line could not pass except after a free use of heavy hunting-knives on the smaller branches. The bag was not remarkable, much of the shooting being at hog-deer, which are very puzzling at first. A leopard was seen, but lost in the thick forest.

'I do not shoot,' writes the Commissioner, 'and therefore

have ample time to watch my neighbours. The Duke shoots well, remarkably well, considering that he has had but little practice in the howdah, and at birds and hares he is a dead shot. General Chamberlain is great at long shots, which he affects a good deal, and he occasionally bowls over a deer when the rest of the line have done with it.'

On February 25 a halt was called in a lovely glade in the forest, on the banks of a clear trout stream—green turf under foot, an Italian sky overhead, around on three sides monster forest trees a century old, with great snake-like creepers clinging round their gnarled old stems ; beyond the trees and far above



COOKING THE DUKE'S DINNER

them the blue-grey hills that skirt the foot of the Himalayas, and, higher still, a bright gleam from the everlasting snow which crowns the range.

'Dinner last night,' writes the Commissioner, 'was the merriest meal I remember for many years. It was hardly over when a long procession of servants, lighted by torches, and headed by Sir Jung Bahadoor's moonshee, bore down upon the large mess tent with presents from the Maharajah to the Duke. One by one they filed into the tent, and deposited their loads on the carpet. There was a collation of innumerable covers, prepared by the ladies of the Maharajah's household with their own hands: gold-mounted arms, specimen coins, musk pods, rolls of China silk, a mandarin's robe, elephant's tusks, tiger

skins, and last, a mysterious-looking basket, which, when opened, revealed a little tiger cub about a fortnight old. A little elephant brought up the rear, but remained outside in the dark till he was voted in by acclamation. He came in, but, on seeing the strange sight of all the pale-faces at dinner in a brilliantly lighted tent, he voted himself out by acclamation, and backed towards the door with loud shouts of astonishment. He was prevailed to stay, however ; and though he rejected bread with grunts of dissatisfaction, he made a profound salaam to the Duke, by falling on his knees and resting his trunk on the ground. For common mortals he has another form of salute, like that of the ordinary Indian elephant, in which he throws his trunk on his head, and, so to speak, touches his cap with the end of his nose.

‘The young tiger was put upon the table among the dessert, but he soon found his way into my lap, and was passed from hand to hand down the table, behaving on the whole very much like a monster kitten. With the collection sent by Sir Jung came a massive silver tea-pot, containing a preparation of spiced tea peculiar to Nepal, in which the spices predominate and almost extinguish the flavour of the tea ; but the addition of a bottle of claret turned the compound into a sort of negus, which, when heated, was declared to be a very grateful beverage, and, as an appropriate compliment, we drank the Maharajah’s health in it.

‘Bedtime came at last, but it brought very little rest for me ; for, in a moment of weakness, I determined to give the friendless young tiger shelter for the night in my tent. He went to sleep quite peacefully in his basket, but when I was asleep he began to make a horrible noise, as if he had just found out for the first time that he had lost his mother ; and he kept up the outcry at intervals through the night, to the utter destruction of my rest. This morning he was handed over to that universal genius, Corporal Peyton, who promptly met the difficulty by extemporising a novel apparatus out of a clay pipe, with the fingers of a glove over the end of it. The bowl being filled with milk, the little baby tiger sucks at the other end, and Peyton has just informed me, with an air of satisfaction which is quite maternal, that the interesting foundling “has taken kindly to the new machine, and that he has had two pipes already this morning, sir”—as if the little creature had been smoking.

‘News just in of three tigers, but the jungle is so thick I am not sanguine of our seeing more than one. Every one in camp

seems happy, at least they say they are, and they certainly look it. My great trouble is that the line is so long, and the ground we go over so various in its character, that I cannot ensure good sport to every one in the line ; and each shooter is obliged to take the ground, good or bad, just as it comes in his way.

‘The Duke is a most enthusiastic sportsman, I find, and never tires in the longest day. Fortunately, too, he is content to shoot birds and deer when tigers cannot be found, so that he is never without at least some amusement.’

Among the gifts, the Maharajah sent over a gold-mounted ‘khookri’ or Nepalese knife for every officer in the Duke’s camp, who all wore them the following day in honour of the donor, shooting suits being turned into fancy dresses by the addition of gay-coloured Indian shawls round the waist, to hold the mischievous-looking curved knives with their green or crimson velvet scabbards, enriched with gold ‘fixings.’

Lord Charles Beresford’s man, ‘Gunnesh,’ caused much amusement by his objections to the use of this finery as wasteful and improvident. He thought that his master’s dress was too good for such rough work, and gave expression to his views in comic Madras English. ‘Look at my Lord, what fine clothes he wear in jungle!’ The Duke he called ‘King,’ and if ordered to bring up a cup of tea, remarked, ‘Yes, King.’

After some desultory beating for tigers and general shooting, the camp was broken up, and the line made its way back to British territory. At two o’clock on February 26, the Commissioner describes the Maharajah as half asleep and very tired ; several of the party returned to the tents in despair of seeing a tiger ; and his own spirits, as shikaree in charge, at zero. Suddenly a Nepalese scout came towards the party mounted on a little elephant, whose rapid pace betokened that the rider had something to say worth telling. His story was briefly that as the carriage cattle belonging to the camp were marching along the jungle to the new quarters, a tiger had sprung out and carried off one of the bullocks into the thicket.

Sir Jung seemed to grow suddenly ten years younger at the news, and screaming out some order to his people, he sprang over the side of his howdah, dropped from it on to the back of a similar and faster elephant which stood by, and started off to lead the line into action. On this occasion he was dressed in a yellow silk jacket, with the great pith hat on the top of all, and made a very conspicuous figure as away he went, hammer-

ing his little steed with the mallet with which all elephants are driven in times of emergency.

He was soon far ahead, with all the line streaming after him. The object of all this haste was to run the cordon of elephants along the banks of the river, so as to cut the tiger off from crossing it to the thick forest, in which case he would be lost. But here is the Colonel's version.

'Our line was now formed along the bank of the river, and faced away from it. A few words from Sir Jung, followed by one or two bugle calls, and the centre elephants were halted, and the two flanks turning outward began rapidly to encircle the grass and low trees in front of us.

'It seemed to me almost impossible that a tiger could be so weak as to lie quiet all this time, but Sir Jung seemed confident, and we closed in, treading every patch of grass in our advance.

'At last the circle was only a hundred yards across, with nothing inside but a lawn of green turf, and two small patches of not very thick grass upon it. To our great astonishment and relief, a tiger came roaring out of one of these patches, and galloped across the turf tail on end.

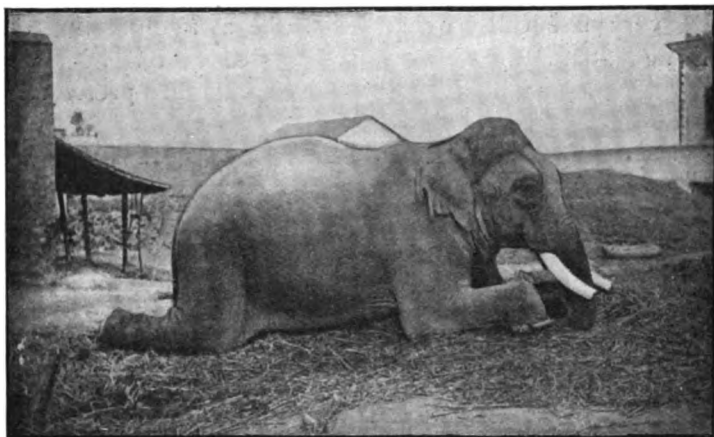
'The Duke fired and hit, but did not stop him, and he turned and rushed at the line of elephants just where three or four of our sportsmen were waiting for him; and as there was a risk of his getting out, they fired and dropped him, Sir Neville Chamberlain putting a bullet through his head. He measured 10ft. 3in. on the ground, but the skin will be a foot longer.'

'A good deal of amusement was created,' records the diary, 'as we closed towards the dead tiger, by the performances of a couple of peacocks, which had been shut into our ring. Between the tiger and the rifles and the elephants, they were in great dismay, and apparently did not know what to do with themselves. If one rose, he was so astonished at what he saw that he did not fly five yards, but dropped down into the grass again, and this was repeated several times, until at last one of them dropped down directly upon the dead tiger. Of course the poor bird was terribly alarmed, and in his efforts to escape from the tiger he flew against the legs of the Duke's elephant, which was standing by, looking placidly at the dead game before her; and whether she thought the tiger had suddenly turned green and come to life again, and was springing upon her, I do not know, but she lost her head for a moment, and turned round as if to fly. But, in doing so, she gave one of those adroit sweeping kicks with her hind legs, which an elephant alone

knows how to administer, and 'crumpled up the poor peacock with fatal precision.

'The Duke takes great interest in the bag, and compiles the list himself, giving me the figures for my diary every evening.'

In the evening the party found themselves some seven miles from home, and Sir Jung proposed that they should mount some of his fastest elephants, and be carried back quickly. These little animals, only half-grown, were very active and swift, carrying no weight, and having for their sole furniture a small square pad, and a small mallet, which the rider is expected to apply smartly to the root of the tail when he wishes to urge his steed along. 'The Duke seemed to enjoy the new sensation



SHAGOON PERSHAD, COL. EDWARD THOMSON'S WELL-KNOWN 'TUSKER'

much,' says the Commissioner's diary. 'Colonel Probyn, true to his instinct, preferred to ride a horse, and take the chance of a fall over the villainous ground ; and some remained behind in their comfortable howdahs. The pad on which I rode seemed to be made chiefly of knotted ropes, and as the boy they put up behind me to hammer the elephant's tail hammered my elbow-joint instead more than once, I was not entirely happy.'

Captain Speedy, the well-known Abyssinian traveller, who has been in camp for the past few days, left on the 27th inst. in order to bring Prince Alamayon to meet the Duke on his return through Kheree.

On February 28 at 10 A.M. the Duke paid a state visit to the Maharajah (who again appeared in the £40,000 head-dress), and presented to Sir Jung a handsome gold watch and chain

and a double rifle. Sir Jung then distributed *attar* and *pan* to the guests, and the Duke took his leave ; the whole of the party mounting their elephants and taking the track for the next camp.

Sir Jung had prepared a last exhibition of Nepalese prowess in the shape of a buffalo, whose head was to be struck off in one blow of the Khookri; but this was declined with thanks.

Again turning to the diary, I find the following :

‘Peyton is in despair to-night about his cubs : they have all been shut up in one basket, and, not content with his admirable bottle, they have taken to the amusement of sucking each other’s ears, and the fur is coming off in an alarming manner. I have ordered separate baskets for them.

‘A very fine full-grown stag broke away just in front of the Duke to-day, who rolled him over dead. His head was an unusually fine specimen. I think the Duke preferred this sambur even to a tiger.

‘While giving us the details of the bag this evening, the Duke told me a story of a Frenchman, who, being rather proud of his knowledge of technical sporting terms, on one occasion described his bag of two brace of partridges by saying that he had “shot a pair of braces.”

‘*March 3.*—Yesterday, after our party had started on their return journey, we beat through the woods to the west of Newul Khar, about the Peara Nala ; and, much to my astonishment, before we had been out an hour, we actually put up a “pair of braces,” starting four tigers out of a large patch of grass and underwood. The ground was difficult, and only one of them was bagged, falling to the rifles of General Chamberlain and Captain Clarke.

‘While we were struggling through some heavy tree-jungle, and the line was a good deal broken, a tiger was put up on the right of the line, and made away through the thick woods towards the river. He was rapidly pressed.

‘As we moved on towards him, he moved away from us towards the buffaloes, and, as he approached, they turned on him with their horns, all standing with their fronts to the enemy, and prepared to receive his charge if he came on. I incline to think also that one or two of them butted at him with their horns, for before we got up to him he gave a roar and bolted out of the grass into the open plain, where he was despatched.

‘I cannot say who killed him, and first blood was claimed



by a good many sportsmen, one of his most ardent pursuers being the General.

'We now prepared to beat down the Nala, which is the tiger's ordinary home in these woods. It was hours before we came upon any satisfactory signs of our game, but at length, on the other side of the Nala, they came upon a freshly-killed something or other—I forget what, for I never saw it; and a little farther on a footprint was found in the bed of the Nala on one side. A shikaree jumped down, and reported it but a few minutes old, and he was hardly well up again before the elephants showed that they were aware of a tiger close at hand. A little more crashing through the branches, and we had him out in front of us. He gave a roar and rushed away from the elephants, and as the Duke fired at him he gave another roar and came back right at us. The jungle was very thick, and I could only hear him; for I could neither see him nor, indeed, anything else but my own elephant, though the Duke was only five yards off, so closely were the branches interlaced.

'The Duke fired in his face, and turned him towards me, and he came flying through a thick bush into a little open patch in front of my elephant. This put him altogether in a false position, for his shoulder was exposed in a most inviting manner; and down he went, accordingly, a tremendous somersault, like a hare on a large scale, the Duke giving him the finishing stroke in the neck a minute later.

'This was a fitting end to the sport; and it was the end, for beyond a few Neelgae, nothing else was seen all day, and as soon as the tiger had been securely padded, we pushed on to Maroncha Ghat to dinner.

'Our party was much reduced; but I think this was one of the liveliest evenings we had. Probably our lucky bag of three tigers in two days had something to do with it.

'At nine o'clock the palkees were brought out, and we all started off for Kheree, forty miles, where we arrived this morning at ten o'clock. The Duke never seems to tire, for he walked some miles last night by the side of my palkee when I was quite past active exertion and felt thankful to lie down.'

'Before leaving, the Duke made ample provision for the three men injured during the expedition, and distributed many gifts, not a mahout or palkee-bearer being forgotten.'

Here the diary ends. At Kheree the Duke and his *suite* were entertained at breakfast, when Prince Alamayon was presented by Captain Speedy. The little fellow spent the

evening there, and Colonel Thomson tells that when he was asked by the Duke on his departure whether he had any message to send to any one in England, he said, 'No.' Pressed again, he said, after some consideration, 'Yes, there is one.' 'What is it?' said the Duke. 'Give my love to the Queen,' was his answer, and I have no doubt the message went home in all its simple integrity.

About two o'clock the Duke started for Seetapoor, in a travelling carriage and pair, relays of horses having been sent on previously; and at dusk we drove into Seetapoor, cavalry escort, guard of honour, Royal salute, and all the rest of it dispelling the illusion of the last ten days, and reminding him that his quiet holiday was over.





## SOME VILLAGE CRICKET

BY W. BEACH THOMAS

At the period when county cricket is at the point of death and we begin to grumble at the lack of interest of the papers, another class of cricket takes a fresh lease of life. The world is wrong to centre its interest on the cricket that goes by the name of first-class, the cricket that is played on perfect wickets, with perfect solemnity, and that ends not improbably in a draw, for enjoyment does not keep step either with solemnity or with perfection. Village cricket is in reality often vastly superior as a game to any county match. It possesses almost all the virtues and avoids the deficiencies which from time to time agitate the legislators in the more exalted domain of first-class cricket. The truth of this superiority, which was suggested by the annals of the Muddleton Club, will be proved by some account of the leading features of our last season, our 'grand climacteric.'

To begin with, the wickets are so delightfully bad, that four innings in a day are a practical certainty. If only the wickets at Lord's and elsewhere were to be remade on the lines of our match wickets at Muddleton, there would never again arise any question of heightening the stumps or narrowing the bat or altering the l.b.w. rule, nor would 'declaring' ever be heard of. The formation of the wicket was of this nature: the piece of the field that was more level than the rest contained four ridges and three furrows. For ordinary games we played any-

where, but for match purposes one of the three smoother strips along the furrows was always selected. The bowlers liked it. Wherever the ball was pitched, it at once made in the direction of the wicket, by reason of the two flanking slopes, though this precision in the bowling was partly compensated for by your certain knowledge of which way the ball was forced to break. It was also, no doubt, in consequence of this special piece of wisdom that our home matches usually ended the right way.

Another virtue inherent in village cricket in general, and Muddleton in particular, is its levelling tendency. Within limits it is true to say that one man is as good as another. A first-class cricketer could not swoop down upon Muddleton and keep us in the field all day long, and if ever a first-class bowler came amongst us, he was successful rather in proportion to his speed than his excellence. There is a story of an onlooker at a small village match some years ago who was greatly astonished at the persistence with which one particular slow bowler was kept on. The rustics were hitting him high and hard and often, but, thanks to the wicket and the roughness of the outfielding, the bowler could not get a wicket anyhow.

‘Who is that bowler?’ at last ventured the visitor. ‘He does not seem to be much good.’

‘He’s a gent wot goes by the name of A. G. Steel,’ was the caustic rejoinder.

A. G. Steel could not have been thought much of at Muddleton, at a first appearance. ‘He bowls slow’ is still in the Club a phrase of some contempt, even if prejudice on that account has been somewhat modified by late events.

Though occasionally our opponents took exception to the formation of the pitch, the site of the ground was impeccable. It lay half way down along a long slope at the top of which was a sort of forest of trees into which a beautiful Elizabethan house nestled comfortably. It was flanked by two gigantic beech trees, and in front was a terrace, from which Olympian recess our Squire and his family sometimes watched our victories—we felt, with feelings of pride. Below the ground was a large lake, the haunt of many wild fowl in the winter months, into which, it is recorded in the Club’s score book, the old Squire once drove a cricket-ball. In close proximity to the ground were some enormous elm-trees and two considerable May bushes, beneath which the deer would often foregather even in the progress of a match,

The village was a little larger than villages usually are : it contained two public-houses, a temperance inn, a railway station, one man who was interested in horse racing, a brewer, and three loafers. Of course there was a clergyman, who was also our umpire and an invaluable member of the side. The man interested in horse racing and the brewer were his churchwardens and also at times fellow-cricketers, but they were of no particular use to the side as compared with their ecclesiastical superior. On the whole we were a very harmonious crew apart from a few inevitable jealousies, which only added to the general amusement. Perhaps the most serious causes of friction centred in the landlady of the 'Temperance Hotel.' She always did the catering—on the two occasions in the year when we ran to a lunch—but at the same time at once satisfied her conscience and aired her fighting proclivities by protesting against the addition of beer from a foreign source. She and our umpire were also noted for little passages of arms, though each respected the other. At stated intervals they would meet and go through a sort of set conversation in the parlour of the Temperance Hotel.

'I haven't seen you at church lately, Mrs. Campbell. Are you as busy as all that on a Sunday ?'

'I would have you know, Mr. Rogers, contrarily, that I'm a sabbath-keeping woman.'

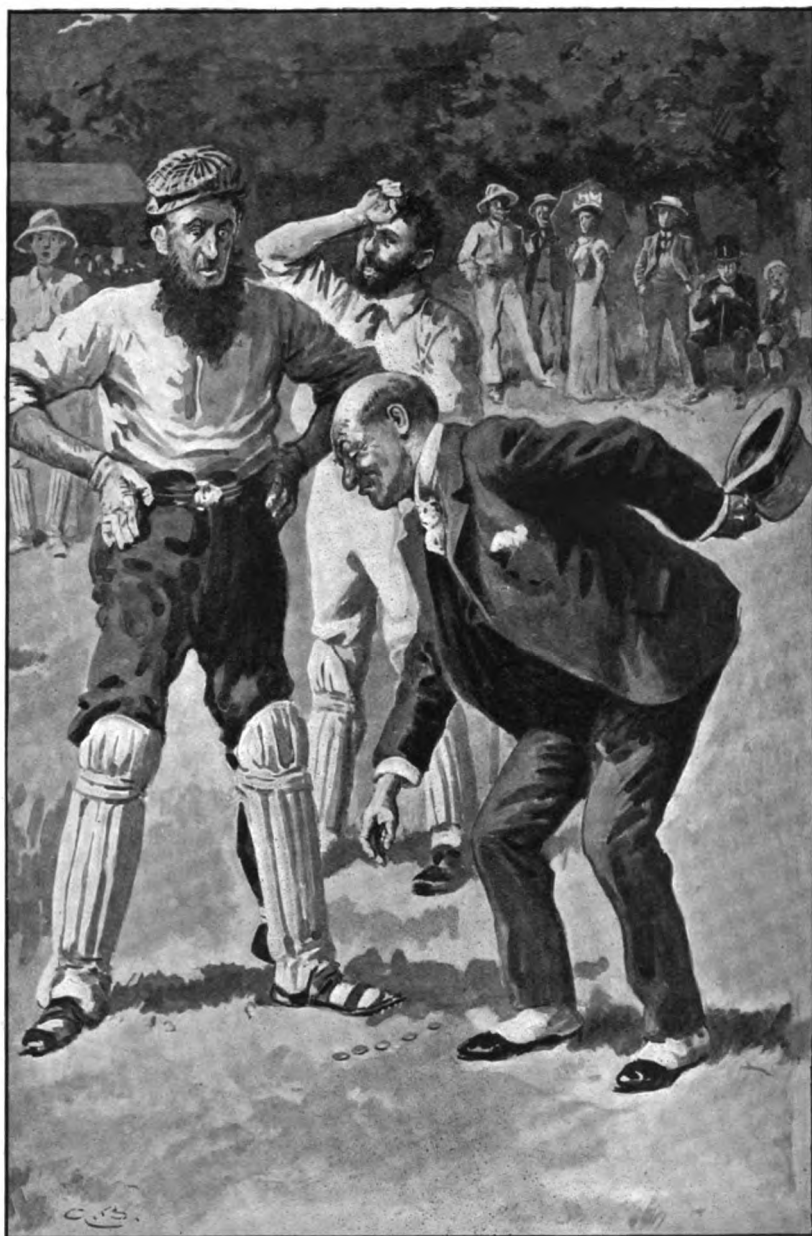
'That I'm sure you are, Mrs. Campbell ; only I should like to see you a little more often.'

'Well, Mr. Rogers, if you think I'm going to church where the two offecials are a brewer and a bookie, you don't know a decent Scotch body when you see her.'

'Tut, tut, Mrs. Campbell ; and you'll be at the cricket match next week, I hope,' said the Rector, who loved peace, except on the not infrequent occasions on which his umpiring decisions were called in question ; and the clever change of topic at once restored good temper, for on cricket matches Mrs. Campbell dispensed cakes and tea to brewer and bookie impartially.

The match in question was awaited with supreme interest. It was a return match, and revenge was in the hearts of the villagers. For it is sad to confess that the result of the first of the two matches had brought the cricket team into ridicule with the loafers and the officials at the station. It had been played against another village team, so called, run by a neighbouring squire, and was conspicuous as the only occasion on

which we travelled by train to play cricket or played for a full day. On the journey we had been full of confidence, the result of the prestige of a long series of victories. But from the beginning things had gone against us. We had lost the toss. A prejudiced umpire had continued to no-ball our fast bowler for stepping over the crease, a detail we had always been good enough sportsmen to disregard in village games. Then our side contained one 'passenger.' He was a new 'prentice to the blacksmith, and was said to be able to hit a ball unheard-of distances. But he turned out to be a failure as a long hitter, and missed three important catches. The details of one of these chances is even yet a favourite tale among the village wits. The great smiter of the opposing team, who afterwards made no fewer than thirty runs, hit a ball very high straight to the young blacksmith. He stood like a rock, and, but for his head, which moved up and down with the regularity of a mandarin's, he might have been unconscious of the impending thunderbolt. We were proud of our fielding, and the business-like appearance of the new fielder pleased us. But for some reason—whether he was thinking too much of the style of the thing, or was unused to rocketers—the eyes of his nodding head were turned down at exactly the wrong moment, and the ball fell with a hollow clank on the top of his head, and bounded—we stepped it—fifteen yards to the side. The blow would have felled an ox, but the stalwart youth did not budge. 'Where be she?' he muttered, in half soliloquy; but by that time field and audience were collapsed and shaking with laughter, and the ball was picked up by someone else. However, we had got the side out for 70 runs by lunch time, and partook of a very handsome meal with good heart. But possibly our heart was too much in it. In addition to the ordinary good things, the generosity of the host capped the feast with a glass of sherry all round—an unheard of luxury; but whether it was this or the chapter of accidents, or the excellence of the bowling, I know not, but the lamentable result remained that we were all dismissed for 12 runs! A second venture was only a little more fortunate, and by half past four we had been defeated by an innings and some odd runs. Our return to the village station was lamentable. We made every excuse. We said the wicket was like a road; that our foes had imported a first-class bowler from Lord's, and we gave the poor 'prentice a thoroughly bad time. But it was of no sort of use. The wits had got hold of a good thing, and, after their way, did not mean to let it go.



**HIS METHODS OF NUMERATION WERE STRANGE**





The time for the return match and revenge that is sweet had come. Our team, it is to be feared, was not, in the strictest sense, a village combination. We had drawn into the ranks three schoolmasters from a neighbouring school, one of whom was an old Blue. The bookmaker had a friend staying with him whose name had appeared in the papers, and last, but very much not least, we had the squire's gamekeeper. He was a wonderful man, who had at different times turned his hand to everything. He had begun life as a cricket professional, and after curious experiences in racing stables and with an eccentric nobleman in Paris, he had taken to gamekeeping. All his professions were depicted in his coat, of whose capacities in his character of wit he was never tired of enlarging. It was enormous ; it was square cut ; it had pockets everywhere ; it would hold a couple of hares and show no signs, and when buttoned up gave the wearer an air of middle-class, almost Sunday, respectability. He was a good gamekeeper, with wonderful eyes for poachers and their wires, but his *forte* was village cricket. He bowled fast with a low action and had a taste for the leg stump. We had seen him do several hat tricks ; we had seen him get all ten wickets, and as a bat he never failed to hit the ball 'oh so high or not at all.'

The strength of our side was unquestionable, but it was a little unfortunate that some spy or traitor had carried the news to our rivals. For the rival squire hated to be beaten. He had come into a fortune late in life and unexpectedly, and in his early days had never seen cricket, much less played it. But in later life the game got hold of him. He loved to umpire, and though his notion of the rules was often hazy, he never miscounted an over. His methods of numeration were strange, and at first rather disconcerting. As you approached the crease to begin the over, he would drop a penny on to the ground between his feet and mutter audibly, 'One.' At the end of the over he would stoop down, not without difficulty, and gather up the little hoard, and some time before he had reached his new position at short leg the field were longing to resume.

As our opponents drove up in the squire's private brake with two horses and a general air of wealth, we looked with anxiety to note the calibre of the team. It contained three unknowns, whose names presently transpired. One was said to be a real live lord, and he appeared in solid patent-leather shoes, which our village now regards as the patent of nobility. He talked airily and at large of the first-class cricketers who

had bowled him out. The other pair, and our hearts sank within us, had come from Lord's ; one was a wicket-keeper and the other a fast bowler of very considerable fame. We would have protested, but, alas ! our own conduct had not been sufficiently unassailable. Besides, we secretly believed our gamekeeper was really a match for any number of professionals.

The spin of the coin favoured the visitors, and they decided to bat. The first-class professional went in first and faced the gamekeeper, whose deliveries, to our consternation, he knocked all over the field. Not only that, but he was stealing short runs, and our unaccustomed field were giving at least one overthrow an over. Forty was up for no wicket ; we were getting very hot and bad-tempered when the gamekeeper, on the point of delivering a ball, stopped short, and the pro., who was backing up with too much vigour, had his bails knocked off. ' Maybe you didn't know that dodge at Lord's ? ' cried the artful dodger, but before the professional, who was more amused than angry, could reply, a shout of ' Not out ' was heard from the visiting umpire. We at once represented that there had been no appeal, that the laws of cricket warranted the trickery, but nothing would move him. In the intervals of argument he simply responded with, ' I give it " not out. " ' We might have stayed there for ever if the pro. had not averred that nothing in the world would induce him to stay on such a wicket a moment longer than he was obliged.

After this things went better for us. Our parsonical umpire gave two doubtful decisions in our favour which more than compensated for the obdurate negatives from the other end. But the score had already amounted to ninety-eight for seven wickets, and we feared the hundred would be reached, a colossal score according to our ways of batting and our style of wicket. From this disgrace we were saved by our gamekeeper, who did the ' hat trick ' on the last three wickets. One of the unfortunate three was the live lord in the patent-leather shoes. ' Ah, ' he said, as a manifest long hop shattered him, ' just the sort of ball Richardson bowled me with in a match last year. ' As the last wicket fell, the gamekeeper, without a word to any one, rushed off the field full pace for the village. It was conjectured at first that the sun and success combined had been too much for him, but, on returning a little later in an appalling state of heat, he explained that he had been to telegraph his feat off to some paper which had offered a prize for the greatest bowling performance of the afternoon.

Our side entered upon the uphill task with great misgivings. The score was very large, and the genial pro. from Lord's assured his patron that he would get us out twice for half that amount. But he had reckoned without his own good nature and our stonewalling shoemaker. He began by bowling what on ordinary ground would be a goodish length. But the dry weather had made our wicket more eccentric even than usual. Three times in the first over our shoemaker, who made it a point of religion not to move either his bat or person, was struck violently on the body. In the third over much the same fate befell our scholastic 'Blue.' This was too much for the sporting instincts of the fast bowler ; he was not going back with murder on his shoulders, and proceeded solemnly to bowl half-volleys, a species of ball for which our Blue had a particular taste ; the score mounted steadily for about three-quarters of an hour and our first pair were undefeated, when a slow full-pitch dismissed the shoemaker for the large score of one, a most valuable innings, and a little later our Blue was yoked. We continued to get along pretty well, but when the ninth wicket fell the score had only reached ninety-six. Excitement was intense. The Scotch landlady sat down on a case of ginger-beer bottles, and the brewer took an enormous draught. As the tenth man walked in the two umpires fairly danced with partisan keenness and the crowd shouted at the batsman their unfailing piece of advice : ' You keep 'un in the block ; they can't bowl you then ! ' The gamekeeper was still in, unaffected by nerves. But the new man had to receive three balls from the professional. To his eternal honour and glory he stood the fire like a man ; he moved not a single muscle and stopped a really excellent ball with his fingers. It was now the keeper's turn. He nodded at the crowd, took a professional survey of the field, and rushed down the pitch just about the same moment that the bowler started his run. Whether by device or impotence, the bowler delivered a very full pitch, at which Hopkins, athirst for glory, let go with all his might ; but his stroke was as previous as his advance down the wicket, and he skied the ball straight to the bowler. We shivered, but just as the bowler was putting his hands to the ball there issued from the striker a roar such as man never heard. For a fatal fraction of a second the bowler shifted his gaze towards the sound, and the ball fell harmless to the ground—and the match was at any rate a tie.

The scene that ensued has never been approached in our corner of the world. Every one either appealed or shouted

abuse, the big borrowed professional solemnly lay down on his back and roared with laughter, and the two umpires fairly bellowed 'out' and 'not out' in antiphonal rivalry. As the tumult slowly subsided the gamekeeper was heard declaring : ' You can't call a bit of a sigh obstructing the field.'

' If you hadn't bellowed like a bull he'd 'a caught the ball.'

' Don't tell me ; 'e never caught a ball in his life.'

' Why did you shout, then ?'

' Shout,' said the keeper, with scorn ; ' if you'd 'eard me shout you wouldn't call that bit of a noise a shout. I appeal to the umpire. 'Ow's that, umpire ? ' he concluded, facing the parson.

' I give it " not out," ' was the repeated response.

' 'Evin' been given " not out," 'ere I stays,' and as he handled his bat as one who could use it, slowly, and with lessening growls, the position was accepted.

The match was not yet won, and our motionless bat had to receive the next ball. The bowler, blind with fury, gathered himself together and delivered a ball at his full speed. As was natural, it was very nearly a wide, but hitting some bigger lump than usual broke across and struck the patient batsman full on the person. ' Come,' shouted Hopkins, this time with a roar that would pass even his own standard of what a roar should be, and, suiting the action to the word, he was down at the other end before the field had recovered. ' Run, you fool,' he continued, at the same pitch, to his unfortunate partner, who was still rubbing himself. ' Run, I say.' By this time the wicket-keep had awaked to his duties, but his eagerness overcame his discretion. He recovered the ball indeed, and, hurling it furiously at the remote wicket, again struck the retreating runner in the same quarter, who thus finally was enabled to complete the run in much pain, but, *quâ* cricketer, intact. In this way we won our revenge, but the Club is sorry to say that its challenge for the current year has not been accepted. ' We shall be glad to play,' the secretary's answer ran, ' when you and your umpire have learnt the rules,' which only shows what a terrible thing is professional jealousy.



H.R.H. THE COUNT OF TURIN DURING A RUN

## MORE CONTINENTAL SPORTSMEN

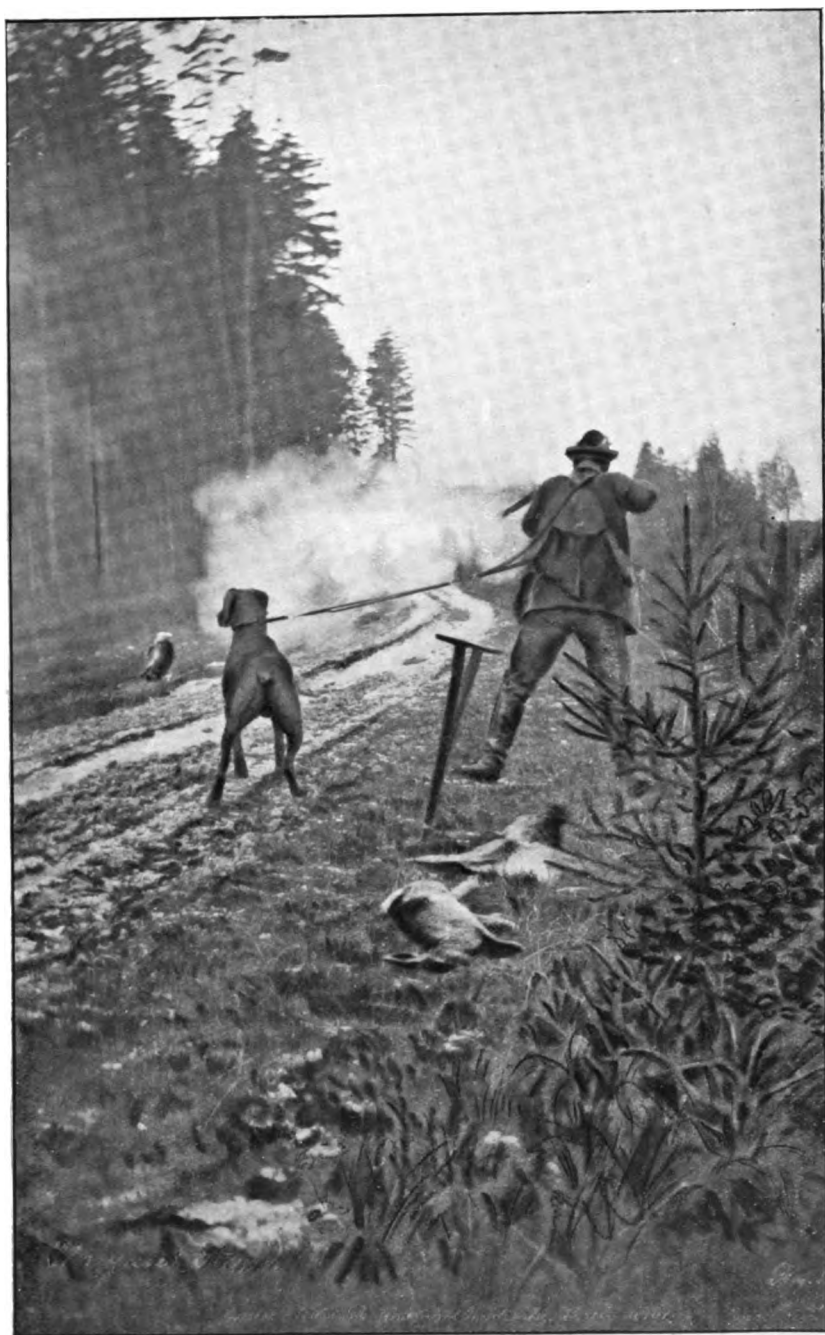
BY DANIELE B. VARÉ

THE average Italian sportsman is, *inter alia et majora*, an optimist; that is to say, he is rarely discouraged or disappointed when, during his walks abroad in search of game, the quality and quantity of his kill are not proportionate to the length of time and to the amount of hard work that it has cost him to obtain it. In his eyes the game (no pun intended) is always worth the candle. And, after all, who shall say that he is wrong? Is it not enough to breathe the cool, bracing air of the mountains or the sea-shore, to hear the soft drone of the bees on the hill-side and the distant voices of the peasants singing among the vineyards and the olive-trees; to feel the delicious warmth of the bright summer suns and to watch the lizards darting about the trunk of some gnarled old tree, or the beautiful white oxen, with their patient eyes and splendid horns, those horns that Horace called *lunatae*, grazing in the green fields down in the plain or splashing about in the cool waters of a swiftly running stream? If you are fortunate enough to

bag a few wood-pigeons, a hare, or half-a-dozen brace of quails, what more should you want? We cannot complain that game is scarce in Italy, for wood-pigeons, partridges, quail, snipe, and hares, &c., can be shot at only thirty miles out of Rome by any one possessing a gun-licence, even if he has not an extensive knowledge of the country, without fear of being had up as a poacher. The quails and the snipe are the most common, the first named arriving on our shores in the early summer, sometimes so tired that they fall heavily on the soft sand of the beach and can hardly flutter off into the bushes; so that, if it is sport you want and not slaughter, it is best to wait a day after their first appearance before starting forth to make a record bag. Snipe or *beccaccio* are to be found in plenty in the marshy lands also not far from the sea-shore, and if you are very energetic and start shooting at dawn, you will sometimes be astonished to find, as you wade about among the rushes, that your prey is already within your grasp; for while the unfortunate birds are fishing about at sunset in the shallow pools the wind changes and the water begins to freeze, catching the long beaks of the snipe as in a vice and holding them firmly prisoners till the next day.

There are also numerous *chasses réservées* all over Italy, where pheasants and deer are preserved. We have wild boar in abundance on the Maremma and in Sardinia, and the excitement of the chase is in no way diminished by the fact that both in the Maremma and in the island of Sardinia are to be found the last remaining representatives of the terrible brigand bands that were once the scourge of Italy and the terror of all travellers. It sounds quaint, I know, to talk of hunting the wild boar on the lands where the followers of 'Turiddu, of Tiburzi, of Fioravanti, still prosper and live contentedly enough on their ill-gotten gains; but these poor bandits are really almost harmless, or they would have been wiped out long ago, and in Sardinia I have heard of some country gentlemen employing them as foresters or guides for their shooting-parties with considerable success. In the Val d'Aosta and in the Apennines the chamois or *stambecco* shooting affords splendid sport, and various are the types of those who enjoy it.

An Italian sportsman, though easily satisfied, is by no means lazy or indolent. To drive leisurely off to some well-stocked moor, to pass the day comfortably installed in a butt on the hill-side, with a servant to load the guns and a crowd of beaters to drive the birds over his head, a champagne luncheon to



A GOOD SHOT

*Photograph by Prof. Uhlenhuth, Coburg*





refresh him in the middle of the day, and a brake to bring him home in time to dress for dinner—such is the ideal of a good day's sport from an English point of view ; but an Italian would find the programme both tiresome and absurd. He would remark that the object of such an expedition is not the natural healthy enjoyment of a day's freedom in the country, with the added zest of a few birds or hares anxiously stalked and successfully brought to earth, but rather a wholesale slaughter, which is both monotonous, for the aspect of the sport never changes, and effeminate when you consider that for the sportsman the amount of trouble entailed is absolutely *nil* when compared to the size of his bag. I remember describing a grouse drive to an Italian acquaintance I had met in an hotel in Viareggio, who, possessing a gun and a dog, considered himself quite an authority on sporting matters.

'Why, a lady could do that!' he said with a sniff of contempt when I had finished, and as I was obliged to confess that some ladies not only could but *did* 'do that,' he seemed to think that nothing further need be said on the subject.

It is useless to tell such people that one of the finest qualities that a sportsman can boast of is a quick, unerring aim. The only argument in favour of English ideas that seems to appeal to them at all is that the word 'sport,' being undeniably an English word—so much so that we dwellers on the Continent have not been able to translate it into our native tongues, but have been obliged to use it as a foreign idiom and to print it in italics in our newspapers and books—it is at least probable that the originators of the name should know more about the thing itself than any one else. I told my Viareggio acquaintance that I had met a gentleman in Scotland who, standing in a butt with three loaded guns and a servant to hand them, could 'drop' two birds as a covey came towards him, two as the grouse flew over his head, and two as they continued their flight, shooting, in fact, six birds in less than as many seconds.

'Could he walk from Rome to Naples?' asked the irrepressible southerner, 'passing the nights in the open and eating nothing but bread and onions, as Signor Urbano of Nettuno did last autumn, carrying everything himself, the quails he had shot, his gun and his cartridges? He is a sportsman if you like!' The Signor Urbano alluded to was a gentleman living not far from Porto d'Anzio, well known along the sunny Tirrean coast for his devotion to the chase, a devotion which caused him to wander for days and nights over the wild, lonely

tract of campagna which stretches from Rome almost as far as Naples, all alone with his gun and his dog, sleeping, as my interlocutor had said, under the stars, with only an old shooting-coat to protect him from the chill night winds and a grain or two of quinine in his pocket to keep away the malaria. He was, and is, for that matter, the beau-ideal of the Italian *cacciatore*—of considerable muscular strength, of extraordinary powers of endurance, absolutely indifferent to both the intense cold of the winter nights and the terrific heat of an August sun,



HOUNDS MOVING OFF

or to what is perhaps even worse, the damp, enervating scirocco winds that make you perspire and feel fagged and irritable even if you sit still all day and refrain from work of any description whatever.

I had the pleasure of meeting Signor Urbano several years ago in a beautiful old villa at Porto d'Anzio belonging to his brother, who is also a fine all-round sportsman. Both brothers are typical Italians, not very tall but agile, muscular, and alert, both tanned a deep brown by a healthy out-of-doors life. It was at the Porto d'Anzio villa, I remember, that for the first time I saw something of the quail shooting. We had passed the night, my host and I, in a little red-brick cottage

down by the sea, as the villa itself was, for some reason, closed at the time ; and my first impression on waking up was that burglars were trying to break into the house and were being chased off the premises with the assistance of a few hundred dogs ; after dreamily wondering why they did not give it up as a bad job and go away, I discovered that most of the noise proceeded from the little *lupetto* or Pomeranian I had brought with me from Rome, who, being unused to travelling about, had taken the precaution against losing sight of me



RIDING HOME

during the night of curling himself up on my pillow ; the cause of his just indignation was the sound of several shots in the grounds near the cottage, on hearing which I guessed that my host was already on the war-path. So, having hastily dressed and ejected my canine defender from his haven of rest on the pillow, I sallied forth to see something of the fun.

You are justly proud in the North of your wooded parks, your silent heather-covered moors, and of the wild beauty of the Highlands. Possibly, as I once heard an Englishman observe, the brilliant colouring of a southern landscape is out of place when it forms the background to a sporting scene, and the soft grey and brown and purple of a Scotch moor has a

more delicate, less dazzling charm. Perhaps it is true. That you have the better sport I, an Italian, am bound to confess. We, less fortunate, have the deep blue of our cloudless skies to console us, the wealth of flowers, the soft balmy air of the south ; and, after all, we enjoy the fun, such as it is, quite as much as you do, my readers. So, on this understanding, let each follow his own sport in his own way, and drink to the other's good health !

I suppose that, having gone so far out of my way to compare the sporting sceneries of Italy and Great Britain, I ought at least to describe the beautiful Bay of Anzio, as I saw it that morning, just a few minutes after dawn, with the pretty white villas dotting the hillside all along the coast, the brown sails of the fishing-boats, the deep blue of the Mediterranean, and the little rippling waves that broke merrily on the sandy beach and plashed against the dark crumbling ruins of the old Roman port. But all this has been done before, both in English and in Italian, and much better than I ever could, so I will content myself with rejoining my host, whom I found half-smothered in quails and accompanied by a small boy and a picturesquely clad old *contadino*, who was introduced to me with great ceremony. This worthy turned out to be a most interesting person. He was of gipsy blood, I believe, and had a great reputation among the local peasants, keepers, and fishermen as a doctor. He boasted a profound knowledge of the medicinal properties of the various herbs to be found on the campagna, a knowledge gained by a long series of interesting experiments on himself and his patients. He was a very old man, and in the days before Rome became the capital of united Italy he numbered among his clients not a few brigands. My host suggested in French that I should pretend to be afflicted with some grievous malady, and ask the advice of the old gentleman. This I proceeded to do, describing to him various purely imaginary symptoms and complaining of violent sick headaches. Old Nanni, however, having felt my pulse and stared me for some time in the whites of the eyes, remarked with a grunt that there did not seem to be much the matter with me (wherein he proved his wisdom), and advised me, since I insisted on his prescribing a medicine, to take a small quantity of a common herb called *gramigna*, to boil the same in water for two hours, and, after letting it stand for a day and a night, to drink it off. What effect this concoction would have had on a person suffering from sick headaches I am unable to say.

The shooting round Porto d'Anzio is a pleasure that any one may enjoy, for the *chasses réservées* are few and far between. This is the case all over Italy, especially so in the south, and the sport has always a rather wild character, even where game is preserved. In your splendid English parks and woods, vast and solitary though they be, the handiwork of man is nearly always apparent; but in Italy the *tenute* that are left uncultivated for purposes of sport have a savage, almost rugged aspect, which is, in my opinion, an added charm to the sport itself.



THE HUNTSMAN AND WHIP OF THE CAMPAGNA PACK

I especially noted this fact when staying last autumn in Umbria. Though the vast plain which stretches away from the base of the hill on which Perugia and Assisi are built is one of the most fertile and the most cultivated in Italy, the vast preserves of game kept up by the gentlemen of Umbria might have been situated in the wildest part of the Abbruzzi or Calabria.

Such inveterate sportsmen as the lucky possessors of these lands I have rarely met. Nearly all of them bring their horses to Rome in the winter for the fox-hunting. Not content with that, and not being able to start cub-hunting in Umbria, they indulge in paperchases among themselves. Last year, when I arrived amongst them, their horses and grooms were recover-

ing from the effects of a *Concours Hippique* that had just taken place in Perugia. One sportsman I was privileged to meet had just planted heather, brought all the way from the Alps, over half of his estate, to better accommodate his pheasants; and the gentleman whose guest I was had built himself a new set of stables, the boxes, stalls, doors, and mangers of which had been sent from Birmingham, together with the tiles for the decoration of the walls, and an engineer belonging to the firm, who had successfully endeavoured to cure the hoarseness, brought on by explaining to the Umbrian workmen what they were to do, with a liberal daily allowance of Italian light wine. The stables, once completed, had furnished the inhabitants of Perugia with a seemingly inexhaustible topic of conversation, and a local newspaper had dedicated a column and a half to the discussion of their merits.

Speaking of newspapers, I must not forget to mention the Italian sporting journalist. The perfection of everything is rare, and the degree of imbecility displayed by some of the gentlemen who write for the Italian papers concerning matters of sport is absolutely unique. Whenever I get a chance of following the Campagna fox-hounds I always make a point of buying the halfpenny Roman paper, the *Messaggero*. This journal has a large circulation among the poorer classes in the capital, and the last time I read an article in the *Messaggero* on the description of a meet and a run, the author of the article was labouring under the impression that the wily fox was hunted with *guns*.

I remember the run described well. It had been a good one, and among other smaller accidents a friend of mine, the same who first introduced me to Umbrian sport, had come a bad cropper whilst jumping a broad ditch, the banks of which had been rendered unsound by recent rains. My friend, the whipper-in, and another, had ridden at this obstacle three abreast, and the ground giving way beneath them, they had all three come an *imperial crowner* at the bottom! The rest of the field, noticing, as they came over the brow of the hill, that something had happened, swerved off to the left and took the ditch, with more or less success, farther up. The *Messaggero* having got wind of this accident, probably through some groom, described it at great length, the description ending with a phrase that I have translated literally—‘the consequences of the fall not being, fortunately, serious, Mr. G.’s accident only served to put his fellow-sportsmen in a good humour for the rest of the

day.' The author had alluded in the beginning of his article to some shots that had been fired—who by or what for I do not know ; but I think that the idea of a field of one hundred and fifty horsemen and ladies pulling up in the middle of a run to better observe the antics of an unfortunate friend as he struggles, half choked with mud and stunned with the force of his fall, at the bottom of a ditch, and being so pleased with the sight as to retain their good humour for the rest of the day, is worthy of a better fate than half a column in the *Messaggero*.



SOME ROMAN FOX-HUNTERS

I have said that pheasants, deer, and wild boar are preserved in various parts of Italy. Some of the finest among these preserves are organised by, and belong to, H.M. the—alas!—late King Humbert, who, like his famous father, King Victor Emmanuel, enjoyed nothing so much as a holiday from the affairs of State spent among the deer of Castel Porziano, near Rome, the wild boars of St. Rossore, the pheasants at Monza, or the chamois in the Val d'Aosta in the mountains above Turin. Often, strolling home late at night after a ball or a *Veglione*, I have noticed a short line of carriages trotting quickly away from the Quirinal towards the gates of the town, and the smart salute of the *carabinieri* on their beat, or

the fleeting vision in the glare of the electric lights of the handsome bronzed face, with the white hair and moustache, reminded me of his Majesty's custom to start for the twenty-



HIS LATE MAJESTY KING HUMBERT AT HIS MOUNTAIN LODGE

*Photo by Guigoni e Bossi, Milan*

mile drive down to the coast two hours before dawn, so as to begin shooting at sunrise.

With a generosity equal to his love of sport, his Majesty furnished the recently organised club of stag-hunters with the



deer taken from his estate of Castel Porziano, and thus enabled the club to bring out their hounds at least twice a week on the lands belonging to Prince Odescalchi, round the castle of Bracciano. This love of sport, which is almost a love of danger, seems to be hereditary in the House of Savoy, for it has made of H.R.H. the Count of Turin a most skilful and daring horseman, and has caused his brother, the Duke of the Abruzzi, to undertake a voyage of discovery, which in itself is one of the severest tests of courage, towards the ice-bound North Pole. May his success be worthy of his daring!

King Victor Emmanuel was well known all over Italy, even before the unification, during that sanguinary period of cruelly repressed revolutions and heroic struggles for liberty, not only as the only prince who was not a tyrant to his subjects, but also as an honourable, kindly nobleman, who scorned the tawdry splendours of a half-starved Court, such as those of his compeers in the south, and loved with a deep affection the wild mountains round his home, among which he would wander alone and unattended, to all appearances a little country gentleman of sporting tendencies. And when, by force of his admirable statecraft and iron will, he had given to the Italians a place among the nations of Europe, his grateful subjects could find for him no more high-sounding, grander title than the simple name of 'Re Galantuomo,' or the 'Honest King.'

Few monarchs, who have worked for their country's welfare as did Victor Emmanuel, have found so much time to dedicate to sport. I have always noticed, with some amusement, that all the notable personages who obtained the honour of a private audience with the king describe him as having received them *en habit de chasse*. As a matter of fact, Victor Emmanuel, when not in uniform, was always dressed as if for a day's shooting. He would wander about among the wooded heights of the Val d'Aosta or on the thyme-scented pastures of the Roman campagna, sometimes with an attendant, often entirely alone, with his gun and his dog for company. He would chat familiarly with the simple mountaineers and peasants, would sometimes seek shelter from the rain in their cottages, and, seated on a rough wooden stool in the chimney-corner, enjoy a plate of polenta or a glass of light wine whilst the voluble housewife, quite unconscious of her guest's great rank, would tell him all her endless troubles, and the little peasant children would tumble over his boots or rummage for untold wealth in the pockets of his shooting-coat. What pockets they were too!

And what a various assortment of interesting things they contained ! Envelopes, bits of brown paper, coarse wooden matches, a yard measure, some nails, a long piece of string, a hunting-knife, a pocket-handkerchief or two, a small drinking-cup of horn, and several long black cigars. Who would have guessed, on seeing him in such surroundings, with his soft peaked hat stuck carelessly on the back of his head, gazing moodily into the glowing embers or discussing the vine crop with his host, that this was the man whom Thiers, though he loved him not, described on leaving his presence as '*le plus fin des souverains de l'Europe* !'

When he returned home from these expeditions he would change his shooting-coat for a fresh one of exactly the same cloth and cut and, so adorned, dine and proceed to a theatre. It was on such an evening that, arriving at the Apollo during the first act of an opera, he perceived in one of the boxes the daughter of the Russian Empress then in Rome, Princess Maria Alexandrowna, the present Duchess of Edinburgh. According to the Italian custom, his Majesty, as the curtain went down after the first act, rose to go and pay his respects to the Russian princess. But to his dismay he remembered that he was still wearing his shooting-coat, and that etiquette prescribed evening dress. What was to be done ? The Court box next to that of the King happened to be occupied by Colonel Bagnasco, A.D.C., and Senator Gadda, Prefect of Rome. The King laughingly suggested that the last named should lend him his *frak* for the occasion, and as Gadda naturally did not say no, the King and the Prefect retiring to the back of the box exchanged their coats and Colonel Bagnasco provided the necessary white tie. Owing to the position of a mirror the public in the stalls found out what was going on, but his Majesty, having completed his toilet to his satisfaction, entered the box where the Russian princess was seated, and with considerable wit excused himself for the rather quaint fit of his evening clothes and good-humouredly pointed out the unfortunate Gadda, who was vainly trying to look unconcerned at the back of the royal box.

Like his father, King Humbert took a great interest in all matters connected with horses and horse-breeding. Twice a week the Quirinal stables are open to all visitors who have taken the trouble to procure a permit at the office of the Master of the Horse. These stables are certainly the finest I have ever seen : spacious, well lighted, airy, and with a vast exercising-ground attached ; and the horses are the pick of the

English and Italian breeding establishments and of the French Haras. The public, however, may only visit the carriage-horses (some 150 in all), for the King would not allow any stranger to visit and criticise his mounts. The Italian racing clubs owe everything to his Majesty's patronage, for, besides generously subscribing to the various club funds, he offered several annual prizes for both flat races and steeplechases, principal among the first named being the Italian Derby, of 24,000 francs (about £960), which is run every year at the Campannelle, outside



HIS LATE MAJESTY KING HUMBERT INSPECTING THE RIDING SCHOOL OF  
TORDI QUINTO

Rome. The King made a point of attending nearly all the more important race meetings, and endeavoured to encourage Italian lovers of the turf by every means in his power. For two years he was absent from our Roman race meetings in consequence of the dastardly attempt to assassinate him on his way to the Campannelle in 1897. I happened to be one of the first persons to see him after the attempt. It was in the early spring, and the splendid racecourse, situated half-way between the town and the base of the Alban hills, was crowded with smartly dressed people, foreigners and Italians. I was strolling about in the paddock watching the horses who were to run in the next race, when the trumpets announced his Majesty's arrival.

Like everybody else, I ran round to the entrance of the royal stand and took up a position beside the hedge which separated the enclosure from the road. The royal carriage, however, did not appear at once, and when it eventually trotted up and stopped under the awning it was evident, from the anxious and excited demeanour of the *carabinieri* and mounted policemen who were on guard at the racecourse, that something had happened. The King, however, stepped calmly out of his victoria and, taking off his hat in acknowledgment of our bows, walked briskly up the steps of the royal stand. As the carriage turned away we saw that the back cushion of the seat that the King had occupied was cut half across as if with a knife, and the next instant the news was being passed from mouth to mouth that there had been an *attentato*, and that his Majesty's calmness in the moment of danger alone had saved his life.

It was a pretty scene, that which followed, with the smiling white-haired King standing straight as a dart under the red awning amid his officers and gentlemen, the pale beautiful Queen smiling too, though with tears in her eyes, beside him, and the smart, brilliant crowd in the paddock waving their hats in wild enthusiasm for their sovereign's happy deliverance, and cheering with *evvivas* that echoed far away over the great silent campagna.

That evening all Rome met, with torchlight processions and cheering, on the piazza in front of the Quirinal, and those who shouldered one another in the palace courtyard on their way to offer congratulations and to sign their names in the books repeated to each other the words his Majesty had spoken to his aide-de-camp as the carriage had dashed up to the racecourse, leaving the would-be assassin lying like a crushed snake in the dust for the *carabinieri* to pick up and drag to prison: 'Hurt? Oh no; not at all! It is nothing! Merely one of the little inconveniences of the profession!'

Racing-men possess much the same characteristics, whatever country they hail from, and the jockeys, bookmakers, and stud-owners one meets at the Campannelle, at Longchamps, and at Newmarket belong to very similar if not identical types. The Neapolitan sportsmen, however, have little in common with their colleagues of the North, for whilst the Milanese is generally a practical, serious and wealthy member of society, your Neapolitan is almost always a cheery, devil-may-care individual, with never a thought for the morrow. All Neapolitans have a passion for horses, and the poorest will starve for a month if he

can scrape together enough to put in an appearance on a race-course. Some of the finest four-in-hands in Italy are owned by Neapolitans, and don't they just know how to drive them!

Of all the queer sights, the Chiaia at Naples on the day of a race meeting is the most amusing. Splendid brakes and princely equipages flash past you in the brilliant sunshine, and behind and all around them, in clouds of dust, cabs, dog-carts, donkey-carts, phaetons, omnibuses, and turn-outs that have no name in the English language. Everybody must drive on the Chiaia that day, if he goes without his dinner for a week after. The



A MEET AS A SOCIAL GATHERING

quality of the vehicle or the species of quadruped that pulls it is of no importance, for both can be so smothered in flowers, bells, feathers, and paper decorations as to make the commonest wooden cart a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, and give the finest horse the appearance of a depressed cockatoo. In Naples I have often seen nine or ten people, who were to all appearances enjoying themselves amazingly, seated in a cart made to hold four, to which were harnessed two horses, a pony, a mule, and a cow!

Among the most amusing races are the various Grand Militaries and steeplechases, with gentlemen riders, that take place in Rome or Milan. The officers who ride in the first named do so in uniform, wearing their colours on a broad

ribbon or *sciarpa*, that is attached to their tunics for the occasion. Some of these gentlemen ride steadily and well, but others seem to consider the whole thing as a big joke, and scamper and tumble over the course with huge enjoyment, which is not in the least marred by their arriving at the post several minutes after the winner. The steadiest riders are generally the older officers, who dedicate much time and money and the fruits of a long experience to the winning of a race ; but, as nearly every cavalry subaltern wishes to be able to say that he has ridden in a steeplechase or two, there are always two or three gay, devil-may-care *sottotenenti* among the field, whose antics between start and finish fill the foreign onlooker with speechless amazement. I remember one Grand Military at the Campannelle which was remarkable for the fact that there was not a single rider but had a fall over at least one of the various obstacles. The last to come in passed the winning-post about twenty minutes after the starter had dropped his flag, having had a fall at every single jump ! This gentleman's superior officers, however, failed to see anything to be proud of in his having beaten the record duration of a steeplechase, and, so I have heard, had him placed *aux arrêts* for making a fool of himself at a public meeting. The queer racing stories told in the cavalry barracks would fill a book. Once two young officers, who were riding in a steeplechase, happened to fall almost simultaneously over a rather stiff hedge, and not being experienced riders they both, in falling, let go their reins ; they managed to remount, however, finished the race in magnificent style, and each declared on re-entering the paddock that he had been entirely ignorant of the fact that he was riding the *wrong horse* !

The same officers who make such original steeplechasers often show to very good advantage on the hunting-field, for, whatever their faults, they lack neither the pluck to take them into a bad place nor the nerve to bring them safely out of it. The riding-school of Tor di Quinto, besides teaching them to execute the most difficult and dangerous feats of horsemanship, such as the descent of precipices, &c., has also the effect of giving them the steadiness in riding which they would seem to lack entirely when they first take to ' racin' and chasin'.' Some of the finest type of Italian sportsmen are often to be found among the cavalry officers who have attained the rank of captain, and, in spite of the heavier responsibility that their new rank involves, maintain a keen interest in all matters which concern hunting,



IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST

*Photo by Prof. Uhlenhuth*

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shooting, and racing. Some of these officers are entrusted with the direction and supervision of the various military riding-schools that have been organised in some of the more important towns, and then their position among sporting men is almost an official one. This fact is especially noticeable in Rome, where the officers of the Tor di Quinto riding-school are greatly encouraged, by order of the War Office, to follow the Campaigna pack of fox-hounds.

The Italian cavalry captain is generally a small man, thin,



A FALL IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL OF TOR DI QUINTO

wiry, and as smart as one of the handsomest uniforms in Europe can make him. He has nothing of the rather languid manner that is affected by a great many officers of other countries ; his ambition is to be in as many places at one time as is physically possible, and the language he sometimes uses would startle a Thames bargeman or, to use a Roman expression, make the hair stand on end on a billiard-ball. The Italian language, liquid, musical, and easy as it is, affords, nevertheless, wonderful advantages to any one wanting to relieve his feelings by the vigorous expression of indignation or amazement, and, given a suitable topic of conversation, I will back a Florentine or Roman cabman to excel in fluency, volubility,

and energy of expression, over the most foul-mouthed black-guard in the London Docks.

In spite of a tongue like a whiplash, our *capitano* is never or rarely disliked by his men, as many little episodes in that most disastrous war with Abyssinia have proved ; the affection that each man nourishes for his superior having very often its origin in the fact that, however hard the officer will work his soldiers, he works himself quite as much and more. Silent, irritable, and curt in his manner (the result, I suppose, of a



THE LAST TO MOVE OFF

long and vigorous suppression of his national characteristics), our friend shows best when in the saddle commanding his battalion or riding to hounds, for his well-knit, smart figure, and light weight make him a good horseman both in fact and in appearance. His ideas concerning England and English sport are somewhat vague, unless he has had the opportunity to visit the country whence his hunters come. At present he takes a great interest in the Anglo-Boer war. He reads the telegrams, consults the maps, and studies your illustrated papers with the help of a dictionary or an English-speaking friend. At the annual review of the troops, as he sits, still as a statue, on his patient charger, the sunshine gleaming on his

silver epaulettes, his sword lowered to the salute, his glance will follow the figure of the English military attaché, riding in red-coated splendour behind the King, and the rigid lines of his face will relax into a smile as he murmurs to himself, in his quaint foreign accent, the four English words he has learnt, 'God save de Queen!'

This article was already in the printer's hands when the terrible news came of King Humbert's assassination. I have asked the Editor to let me add these few lines, for, having written of him while he was still amongst us, a sportsman, a soldier, a most loved and respected King, it is surely my duty, now that he has been most foully murdered, to express some of the great sorrow which lies dull and heavy on our hearts. Yet, though there is no task that I would have accepted more readily than to tell of his kindness, his bravery, and of his great love for his people and his country, now that I have taken up my pen to do so, I feel what little need there is after all of any words of mine.

He was shot by an anarchist while leaving the Sports Club at Monza, and the people who were cheering him, though they would have given their lives twenty times over to save him from the slightest pain, could only stand in stunned, horrified amazement, while shot after shot pierced his side and his pale brave lips murmured as he swooned away: 'It is nothing!'

To those who knew him, or to those who know my country, there is an irony and a pathos in this short, bald account of the tragedy, which it would be difficult to surpass in the most impassioned elegy. What need of well-turned phrases to express a grief such as ours? For twenty-two years he has reigned over us, beloved of his people. May his memory remain sacred to the Italians for all time.



## TWO FAMOUS TROUT STREAMS

BY DARBY STAFFORD

PROBABLY no two trout streams in England, certainly no two in such close contiguity, are more widely known to angling fame than the Kennet and the Lambourne ; their sporting excellence being as well appreciated by the fisherman as are the superior qualities of their trout by the *connoisseur* in that species of edible fish. Although the two rivers are so near each other, and flow through similar country, it is a fact that the differences between their trout is no mere fancy of the champions of either ; for in shape, markings, colour of flesh, and other particulars, 'Kennet trout' and 'Lambourne trout' are widely different. Which is the better a wise man does not venture to assert—in Berkshire, at any rate. The streams, after a gradually approaching course—marked by many a coy and coquettish turning away from each other—at length meet and join, all rivalry sunk, agreement assured by the mingling of their waters ; and finally, after a joint course of over twenty miles, together add to the volume and enrich the fishing reputation of the Thames.

On the principle of *majores priores*, we must deal with the Kennet first. It needs no trumpeting among such fishermen as have ever been lucky enough to cast a fly upon it, or have heard its praise from their more fortunate brothers of the angle. The upper reaches of the river are exceedingly beautiful, and in every way admirable from a fisherman's point of view, or perhaps it would be better to say, from the point of view of

those fishermen who are privileged to exercise their art in that region, it being by no means a free water to all and sundry. But the best known lengths are in the neighbourhood of Hungerford and Newbury, particularly those that are in the fortunate hands of clubs whose very names the worshipful angler of modest pretensions mentions with bated breath. Not that all the water is so exclusively preserved that it is impossible to obtain a day's fishing in some very capital reaches ; but all the fishing is of such a character as to make a visitor feel that he is



THE KENNET—HUNGERFORD MILL

a very highly privileged person indeed to be allowed to wet his line in the Kennet.

And such fish as are to be seen—and caught, if (such a big ‘if’!) the sportsman be of the first order in patience and skill! A Kennet trout would depress its tail and elevate its nose in derision, and would feel its *amour propre* deeply wounded, by any such ‘chuck and chance it’ methods of fishing as obtain in some less particular neighbourhoods, where the streams are most undignifiedly rapid and by no means gin-clear. A Kennet trout is a dandy and an epicure of the most fastidious type. Nothing but the very ‘driest’ and daintiest of dry-fly will induce him even to glance at the presented lure, much less take it. On a recent hurried visit to Hungerford the writer spent

half an hour below the bridge observing the trout, on a reach which is not in the most exclusive occupation. How many he counted within a length of a hundred and fifty yards he is afraid to declare, lest his character for veracity should suffer ; and the size of the majority was as remarkable as the number on view ; while the business-like way in which they were rising—on a not at all promising-looking day—was almost enough to cause him to set all laws and customs at defiance—with a borrowed, or stolen, rod.

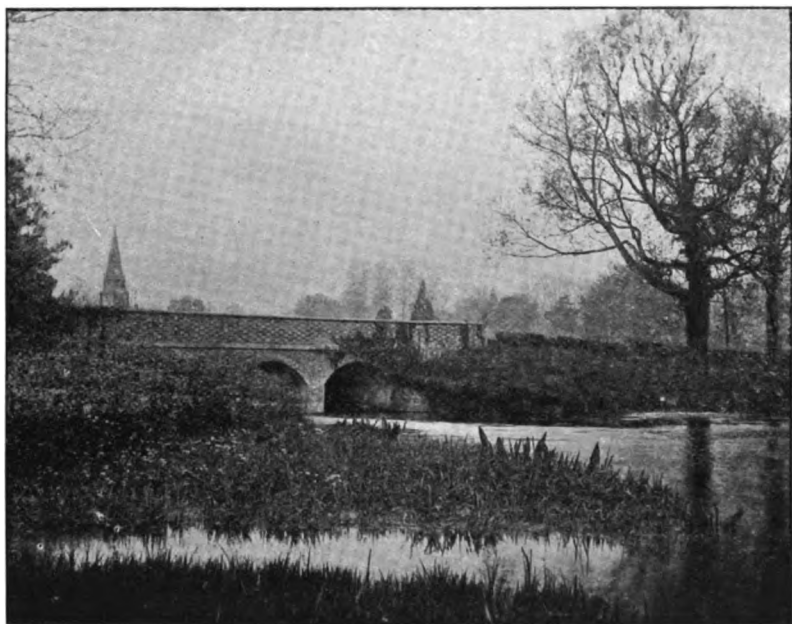


A WELL-KNOWN REACH ON THE LAMBOURNE JUST ABOVE ITS JUNCTURE  
WITH THE KENNET

Between Hungerford and Newbury the Kennet has a curious course, here and there breaking up into so many streams that it is almost impossible to tell which is the main channel, and at intervals doing a tremendous amount of water-meadow business. And, sad to relate, more than once, like an aristocrat who demeans himself in the eyes of his peers by going into vulgar trade, the river, for a few hundred yards at a time, serves as a canal. That is to say, a canal runs its straight course parallel with the river, and where the channel of the latter is not too winding to serve it has been made part of the canal. One fancies that the imprisoned and degraded river-

water, when it comes to a big bend, rushes through the weir with a dash that is peculiarly joyous and a bit disdainful of that which it leaves behind as still only 'canal.'

Large trout abound everywhere. The size and gameness of some that are to be found in the narrow runlets in the water-meadows are secret to all but the initiated. Passing from quiet country associations to what must be a somewhat bewildering acquaintance with town life, as it runs under Newbury Bridge, the Kennet soon after ends its independent

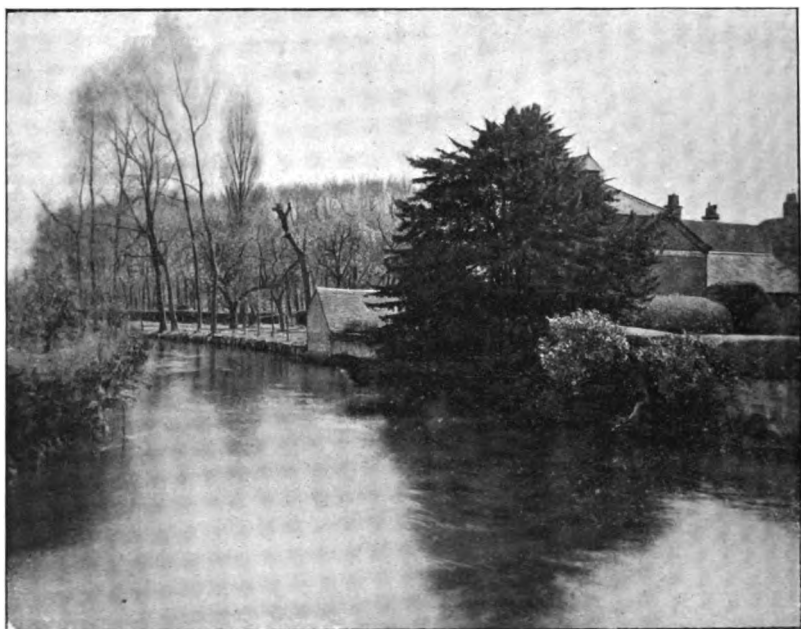


THE LAMBOURNE—WELFORD BRIDGE

existence—though it still retains its name—by joining forces with the Lambourne.

The latter river is smaller than its neighbour all along, though in the matter of fishable quality it has no reason to regard itself as secondary. It lives a country life from source to outfall, being, on the whole, more exclusive than the Kennet. At any rate, it suffers from no canal contamination, and its trout are not as accustomed as their Kennet brethren to rub shoulders with coarse fish of various kinds. It also is for the most part carefully preserved; and its anglers reap the benefit thereof in size and quality of the fish taken. Here, as in the

Kennet, a fairly high size-limit is enforced, to the great improvement of the fishing in every way. The stream's higher reaches are pretty well known, and its lower lengths are much frequented by London anglers, who can make a quick run down and obtain snug quarters near capital water which is situated just above the point of juncture of Lambourne and Kennet. For a mile or two above this club water the river flows through private grounds, where the fishing is strictly preserved and of exceptionally excellent quality. Beneath



THE LAMBOURNE AT SHAW MILL, NEWBURY

Bagnor Bridge for many years dwelt the 'oldest inhabitant' of that part of the Lambourne. Proof against all legitimate means of capture, and far too wily to fall a victim to vulgar snare or other underhand 'dodge,' he lived and flourished there season after season, a credit to his native stream and a standing—or, rather, floating—advertisement of his river and his kind. Now the old fellow is gone, gathered to his fathers peacefully, let us hope, the place is not quite the same, though his successor gives every promise of doing full credit to the family stock. He was one of 'the Lambourne Trouts,' and what higher family prestige could mortal fish possess than



that? Higher up the stream, though still in its lower reaches, the fishing is such as amply to delight the naturalist and nature-lover as well as the mere angler. Indeed, of the whole course of the Lambourne, it may be said that it is alike fascinating to fisherman and artist—contemplative men, both—a river of true delight.

Each having run its individual course, the Kennet and the Lambourne meet in peace, which shortly becomes turmoil. They make each other's acquaintance in a large mill-pool, and,



WHERE KENNET AND LAMBOURNE JOIN, HAM MILL, NEWBURY

after a brief pause—as of shy children—with a roar and a rush they mingle in a useful piece of work, the turning of the mill; although one erratic, and somewhat lazy, bystream of the Lambourne slyly slips away from the main body, and sneaks by a short cut across the meadows, escaping the labour of the mill, and snugly gliding into the combined stream a little lower down, looking as meek as if it had never gone off on an adventurer's course at all. And, indeed, it has worthy—or should it rather be unworthy?—companionship in wayward courses in a side branch of the Kennet, which slides away from its parent somewhat above the mill, and runs a daring and lengthy course of its own until, in loneliness and repentance, it seeks reabsorp-

tion, coming home like a long-travelled son, to find that, since its departure, its parent has wedded and is now flowing in company, there being two streams in one.

The multitudinous runlets of the delta of the Nile are not more numerous and bewildering than the offsets and side branches of the Kennet particularly. The only one thing which is constant and never varying amid the splits, meanderings, and differing channels of both Kennet and Lambourne is—fish. And by 'fish' is meant trout. In parts of the Kennet and the joint stream coarse fish abound, but the glory of the two rivers is trout—trout which vary much while the streams are separate, but which are superexcellent whether separately bred or 'mixed.' So that it is with special significance that this article is headed, emphatically, 'Two Famous TROUT Streams.'





## PAGES FROM A COUNTRY DIARY

*September 3.*—To Brewster Sessions, where a full bench of magistrates assembled. All the three *ex officio* justices with whom recent Conservative—save the mark—legislation has thought fit to leaven the too aristocratic tendencies of county benches, turned up, a thing of rare occurrence, due no doubt to the business obligations of these gentlemen, one of whom is a greengrocer, another an undertaker, and the third a chemist. But, on the rare occasions when they can find time to attend to their magisterial duties, I notice that, so far from tempering justice with mercy, and thereby setting an example to the cruel Tories, under whose iniquitous rule rustic malefactors have languished so long, they invariably urge the infliction of the fullest penalty of the law, and to-day proved no exception to the rule. Personally I should like to see half the public-houses in England closed—with reasonable compensation to their owners—nor am I in favour of granting new licences without the very strongest reason for doing so, but the animus which these three gentlemen imported into to-day's proceedings perfectly astonished me. Their creed appeared to be that temper-

ance as opposed to teetotalism is impossible ; that no publican can possibly be anything but a sinner ; and that the working-classes of this country are incapable of any self-restraint where strong liquor is concerned. Consequently when the Bench adjourned for lunch to the nearest hotel, I fully expected that these ardent reformers would refuse even to cross the threshold of such an iniquitous place as a licensed house, but when I saw the greengrocer and the undertaker wash their food down with ale, while the more epicurean chemist, with a courage tempered by discretion, partook of what he called a 'small port,' I could only regret

the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun.

*September 4.*—It has been a piping hot day, I have been out partridge shooting, and had a great deal of walking for very small results. How much more fatiguing partridge shooting is than grouse shooting ! To wade twice or thrice up and down a flat field of turnips, or, worse still, of potatoes, tires one far more than treble the same distance up a steep heather-covered hill. What giants our grandfathers must have been, who used to go out shooting in weather like this arrayed in frockcoats, tall, 'bell-topped' hats, and leggings reaching half way up the thigh ! Only last week a friend showed me a curious old portrait of Sir Harry Goodricke, who was a master of the Quorn in the early part of the century. He was depicted out deer-stalking, admiring a fine stag he had just killed, and this—try to imagine it, ye flannel-shirted, knickerbockered sportsmen of to-day—was his stalking costume. A voluminous twice-round satin cravat with high pointed gills, an exceedingly close fitting swallow-tailed coat, something like the coats upper boys at Harrow wear, or used to wear, and skin-tight trousers with a broad stripe down the side closely strapped under Wellington boots. The only sensible part of his dress was a flat Lowland bonnet. Yet this very man was one of the most renowned sportsmen of his day, equally famous for his endurance in the saddle or on foot ; but how he ever contrived to get up a Highland hill in those scanty trousers passes my comprehension.

*September 15.*—Belinda and I have just returned home after visiting at the country houses of widely-different character. On Monday we went for a couple of nights to Wapshot Park, the seat of Sir Giles Wapshot, Bart.—I trust I may be forgiven

the piracy of this name—a gloomy-looking edifice erected in the reign of Queen Anne, to which Monarch the first Baronet was physician. We arrived in time for five o'clock tea, which Lady Wapshot and her daughters were dispensing to the rest of the party, a couple of elderly squires and their wives, and a diffident but eligible young man, on whom, I fancy, Miss Emily Wapshot is not indisposed to look unkindly. Sir Giles was not present; he disdains five o'clock tea, and invariably retires about this hour to the apartment which, by a fine stretch of imagination, he calls his study, to fortify himself against the fatigues of dinner by a little refreshing slumber over the *Times*.

The first hour or two after arrival in a strange country house is usually rather a cheerless time, and to-day proved no exception to the rule. Lady Wapshot is a charming old lady, and her daughters are nice, unaffected girls; but they have not the gift of setting strangers at their ease, and it was with a general feeling of relief that we dispersed to our rooms to dress for dinner, a meal which is served at Wapshot at 7 o'clock from May to October, and at 6.30 for the rest of the year. Belinda and I occupied an enormous vault-like bedroom and dressing-room *en suite*, the furniture of which must surely date from the sovereign who enriched the Wapshot arms with a bloody hand. The bed in particular excited both admiration and apprehension: a four-poster of solid shining mahogany, its patchwork counterpane lay at least five feet above the floor; while the quantity of curtains and trappings of dingy brocade with which it was hung so affected Belinda's nervous system that before retiring to rest that night she insisted on my searching them to make sure that neither burglar nor bogey lurked within their ample folds.

The party at dinner was further augmented by some country neighbours, including the Rector of Wapshot and his wife, the latter being the lady who fell to my unworthy lot to take into dinner, where her conversation during the progress of that repast dealt exclusively with the shortcomings of servants, at whose hands she appeared to have been an almost incredible sufferer. The meal, which was of the character usually furnished by a 'good plain cook with a kitchen-maid under her,' erred rather on the side of abundance, and was, I imagine, largely supplied from the Wapshot estate. I know this was the case with the saddle of mutton which formed its *pièce de résistance*, for Sir Giles told us so, expatiating with pardonable

pride on its excellence. Indeed, the worthy Baronet could probably conceive no higher recommendation for anything than that it was produced on his property; his simple creed of excellence being that England is the finest country in the world, —shire the finest county in England, and Wapshot Park the most desirable spot in —shire. Consequently he never leaves home, save once a year, when, the hay harvest being assured, he conducts his family to London, where they spend a fortnight, no more, no less, in a gloomy hotel near Cavendish Square. During this time Lady Wapshot and the young ladies pay solemn visits to such of the territorial magnates of —shire as pass the season in London, visit the Academy, the Botanical Gardens, and similar places of innocent amusement; while Sir Giles passes most of his spare time in peaceful slumber on a sofa at the Carlton.

After the ladies had left us, our host, who likes the sound of his own voice, pointed out the only solution of the Chinese difficulty, meanwhile manfully taking his share in the consumption of a couple of bottles of excellent, if rather potent, port wine. I am not a great post-prandial wine-bibber, and I would cheerfully have given five shillings to be allowed to smoke one little cigarette; but there are limits to human audacity, and to propose to desecrate the dining-room of Wapshot Park with tobacco-smoke exceeds them, so I possessed my soul in what patience I could until we adjourned to the drawing-room, where first the Rector's daughters, and then the Misses Wapshot, favoured us with a selection of music, both vocal and instrumental. This was followed by a round game for counters at twopence a dozen, at the conclusion of which such guests as were not staying in the house took their departure, all, I noticed, as they shook hands with their hostess, murmuring something about a 'delightful evening.' At last, thought I, the moment has arrived when I shall be able to say two words to a cigar, but in this I was—literally—reckoning without my host. A move was made indeed, but to the entrance hall and not to the smoking-room; and as we entered it, a long line of servants, beginning with a dignified black silk clad housekeeper, and ending with a giggling scullery-maid, filed in at another door and took their seats on two long wooden benches: Sir Giles put on his spectacles and clutched a ponderous volume of Family Prayer, and the rest of us sought articles of furniture whereat to kneel. The ladies then bade us good-night, and we smokers were invited to repair to the gun-room, a comfort-

less apartment furnished with very straight-backed wooden chairs, and whose stone-flagged floor struck chill through the cocoanut matting with which it was carpeted. Late hours are not the custom at Wapshot, and when Sir Giles had finished a very small pale cigar, which he smoked impaled on a penknife, he invited us to partake of 'some spirits and water,' and proposed an adjournment to bed at the temperate hour of 11 P.M.

It is the custom to herald the morn at Wapshot by the ringing of a huge bell on the top of the stables; visitors are called at 7.30, and family prayers and breakfast follow an hour later. I confess with shame that these hours are rather more matutinal than is agreeable to me, and the unwarranted time I took to lace my boots prevented my attendance at the earlier function, but I did most ample justice to the second, especially in view of the fact that one of my many vices, that of drinking tea before rising, is not in favour in Sir Giles' establishment.

Immediately after breakfast we went out shooting. Sir Giles no longer shoots himself, so the management of the day's proceedings was entrusted to his *fidus Achates*, the Rector of the parish, an indefatigable man, who wore the heaviest boots I have ever seen off a ploughman's feet, and under whose energetic guidance we tramped the fields till dewy eve, with only one short half hour's respite in the middle of the day while we consumed Brobdingnagian sandwiches and hunks of bread and cheese, washed down with flat luke-warm beer out of a stone jar, under the shelter of a haystack. For shooting is an amusement very seriously regarded at Wapshot, and by no one more so than the reverend gentleman who directed operations that day. He was a capital, if slightly jealous, shot, but his chief peculiarity lay in his determination to leave no stone unturned, no field unwalked, no hedgerow unbeaten, in his pursuit of game. As a rule one does not seek partridges in grass fields during the heat of the day, nor in turnips late in the afternoon, but the worthy *padre* insisted on our beating every field as it came with mathematical accuracy. Once when I hinted that, having driven two coveys into a field of potatoes, it was hardly necessary to walk a bare pasture full of stock lying next to them, he replied, 'Ah! but I've often known a hare to lie in that field.' The absurdity of a line of guns and beaters marching and wheeling over forty acres on the chance of bagging one hare did not suggest itself to him, and, the whole of the day's proceedings being conducted on similar lines, I was not altogether sorry when we suspended operations. Not that we had a bad

day's sport : game was abundant, but had matters been managed on less conservative principles we should probably have nearly doubled our bag. From Belinda I learnt on our return that the ladies of the party had spent the day in doing fancy needlework, varied by gentle exercise in the gardens and a solemn drive in an ark-like landau.

Next morning we left Wapshot to spend two nights at Lacklands Abbey, the seat—let me once more go to Thackeray for inspiration—of Hermann Newcome, Esq., who has recently become a landowner in — shire. Well do I remember the uproar among the squires when it became known that Lord Lackland had sold the Abbey to Mr. Newcome, who is one of those multi-millionaires who have descended meteor-like on English society within the last few years ; and the most derogatory reports were circulated as to his character, reputation, and extraction. However, the fact remains that the — shire folk were most unnecessarily perturbed at his advent, and Mr. Claypath, of Beanacres, whose grandfather—he had one !—was a shoddy manufacturer, went so far as to say that he should not permit Mrs. Claypath to call at Lacklands. But to the dire confusion of Mr. Claypath and his fellow-sufferers, it presently became forced on their intelligence that it was a matter of perfect indifference to the new owner of the Abbey whether they called on him or not. For, in addition to Lacklands, Mr. Newcome is also the possessor of a house in Grosvenor Square ;—where Great Personages honour him with their company—of one of the largest steam-yachts afloat, and of a villa at Newmarket, so that it is needless to point out that the fortunate proprietor of such claims on the esteem of his fellow-creatures is independent of association with such small fry as the lesser order of country gentry. Nay, it was a matter of considerable astonishment to me that Belinda and I should have been bidden to a house of such social pretensions as Lacklands, with the master of which I have but a very slight acquaintance.

We only reached our destination in time to dress for dinner at 8.30 P.M., and on descending to the drawing-room found a large party of beautifully-dressed guests already assembled, all of whom, with the exception of our unworthy selves, I believe either merited, or aspired to, the much-coveted distinction of being 'smart.' What struck me most about them was that they none of them appeared to possess any surnames : they were all Algys and Billys and Lady Algys and Mrs. Billys. I presume this is the customary method of address within the charmed



circle of smart society, but it is a little embarrassing to the humble individual who finds himself temporarily pitchforked into it, and I own that it was with considerable misgivings as to my ability to entertain so fine a lady that I presently conducted a Mrs. Jack Something to the dinner-table. But I need have been under no apprehensions: a short but searching examination satisfied my new acquaintance, before the fish was removed, that I had not the slightest claim to smartness, and that therefore the barest meed of civility was all I need expect from those who could lay claim to such qualification. Consequently she met my well-meant efforts at small talk with the indifference they doubtless merited, and devoted herself to a pink and white young gentleman in a high collar, who sat on her other side, leaving me to find ample occupation in the contemplation of my fellow-guests, and in the consumption of a most excellent dinner; a situation I accepted with philosophical relief. The splendour of the ladies' dresses, and the magnificence of the hothouse flowers and the gold centrepieces which covered the table—all such vessels were of gold, none were of silver, which is not anything accounted of in the house of Newcome—the bewildering variety of dishes and the giants with powdered heads who proffered them; the high-pitched conversation and the shrill screams of laughter as some more than ordinarily facetious Algy set the table in a roar, all afforded me subject for contemplation, and presented a marked contrast to the simple fun and solemn decorum of Wapshot Park, where the whole company sat silent while Sir Giles delivered himself of some ponderous version of 'old grouse in the gun-room.'

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we finally left the dining-room and repaired to a huge apartment known as the music-room, on the polished floor of which an impromptu dance was organised. However, the mazy waltz and graceful polka did not meet the requirements of Mr. Newcome's guests, so a set of aptly-named 'Kitchen' Lancers was improvised, the performance of which vaguely recalled to me the zinc palms and gas lamps of a Parisian place of amusement I had not visited since the days of my youth. But dancing was soon voted 'slow'—a most inapposite definition, it seemed to me—so a move was proposed to the smoking-room, where the party presently reassembled in tea gowns and smoking suits of marvellous design and brilliancy. The ladies lighted cigarettes, and the gentlemen regalias, and, the night being yet young—it was only about 12.30 A.M.—a roulette table was brought in; a huge

box of ivory counters produced, a banker selected, and—I, in company with one or two others who had played the fascinating game, Consule Planco, and lost our taste for it, judged it prudent to retire to bed. It must have been considerably later that the rest of the party sought their couches, as I was roused from slumber in the small hours of the morning by a most fearful uproar in the corridor outside my bedroom: the tramp of hurrying feet and the swish of skirts; bumpings as of reluctant bodies being dragged along the ground; yells of laughter and feminine shrieks; cries of 'Go it, Billy,' 'Pour it down his baok, Lady Algy,' 'Sit on his head,' and so forth, plainly indicating that a most spirited bear fight was concluding the evening's festivities.

A plenteous repast of fancy bread, tea, and hothouse fruit is supplied to visitors at Lacklands in their bedrooms, and a more solid breakfast follows at 10 A.M., partaken of by Mr. Newcome's smart friends with almost incredible appetite. I had seen them indulge in a most lavish dinner the night before; I gathered that supper had been provided for the roulette players before they retired to rest; all had already broken their fasts that morning, and yet they now ate with a heartiness that excited my astonishment no less than my admiration.

Breakfast over, I fondly imagined that we should at once proceed with the partridge-driving which was the object of our visit, but an hour was wasted while our host communicated with the various Bourses of Europe, and it was not until nearly mid-day that a start was made. Mr. Newcome does not understand much about sport himself, but he has plenty of friendly advisers who know what they want, and see that they get it; and consequently the shooting is conducted on a scale of luxurious magnificence. No time was spent here in tramping the country; a huge brake took us straight to the scene of the first drive, where a stupendous array of loaders and keepers was awaiting us; we had hardly taken our places ere birds began to come over us thick and fast, and under ordinary circumstances we ought to have had a capital morning's sport. But roulette, champagne, and bear-fighting up to 2 A.M. tend to improve neither the accuracy nor the steadiness of eye and hand, and although there were shoals of birds—the famous natural resources of the Lacklands partridge-shooting are augmented every year by a thousand hand-reared birds—the bag at lunch time was by no means proportionate to the expenditure of cartridges. Luncheon, graced by the presence

of the ladies, was served in a large marquee, where a meal of many hot courses, washed down with magnums of champagne—this noble wine is never served in lesser vessels at Mr. Newcome's—and ending with coffee and liqueurs, was consumed with the unfailing appetite I have already commented on. A considerable time was subsequently spent in the consumption of tobacco, and in much high-pitched flirtation; and then, accompanied by the ladies, we drove off to resume our sport. I trust it is only diffidence, and not misogyny, but I detest the presence of women out shooting; and to-day the Mrs. Dick, who attached herself to me during the first drive after lunch, so distracted me by chattering and moving about that I missed four easy shots in succession, whereupon she remarked that she 's'posed I wasn't accustomed to partridge-drivin' and, borrowing my shooting-seat and a cigarette, moved off, to my inexpressible relief, in search of a more expert marksman. I am bound to confess that the shooting—or rather hitting—improved very much during the afternoon, the result, I fancy, of the recuperative properties of the champagne and old brandy at lunch; but about five o'clock, when the coveys were getting nicely broken up, and sport was almost at its best, exhausted nature demanded further sustaining, and we were driven back to Lacklands to partake of yet another meal of hot cakes, savoury sandwiches, and poached eggs! Billiards and Bridge filled up the interval till dinner, which in turn was followed by more dancing, more roulette, and, I believe, more supper and bear-fighting as a fitting finale to the day's amusement.

The party broke up next day, and I confess that I left Lacklands Abbey without much regret. I would certainly have liked another day's partridge driving, but the sense of being at forced high pressure from morning till night, and the constant straining after excitement and amusement, coupled with the fact that Nature has denied me a 'smart' digestion, had an effect rather depressing than otherwise on my bucolic nerves; and I feel temporarily of the opinion of the cynic who laid down the dictum that life would be endurable but for its pleasures.

*September 24.*—Having been most amply chastised with Liberal whips, it now appears that the unhappy landowner is to be scourged with the Conservative scorpion, in the shape of another Agricultural Holdings Act; a measure as unjust as it is unnecessary, which, like all similar legislation, will merely tend to benefit bad tenants at the expense of good landlords. Good tenants, and there are plenty of them, require no such Acts

of Parliament. How open these latter are to abuse the following anecdote will show; though it must not be supposed that there exist many tenant farmers so dishonest as the one in question, who we will call B. This gentleman, who was a very bad farmer, received notice from his landlord to quit his farm, and immediately took the very unusual step, under the circumstances, of purchasing artificial manures and feeding stuffs to the extent of, let us say, £200. He then went to his friends and neighbours, and telling them he had a larger quantity of these fertilising agents than he required in his present situation, succeeded in inducing them to take about £175 worth of them off his hands. So far, so good, but at the end of his tenancy Mr. B. put in a claim, *inter alia*, for the unexhausted value of the whole £200, producing, as is customary, receipted bills to that amount, as evidence of its consumption on his farm. The fraud was only discovered by accident, and I respectfully commend this perfectly true story to the notice of the Minister of Agriculture who frames the next Tenants' Relief Bill we may inevitably expect in another four or five years.

September 29.—A deplorable coolness has sprung up between two former friends, our vicar and the parish doctor; the outcome of the former's lamentable habit of gentle sarcasm. It happened in this wise: the vicar and I were just starting off for an afternoon's shooting over his glebe, when the doctor drove by in his gig. He is one of those well-meaning people who always deem it necessary to greet you with what he considers a happy truism, and as he passed us he waved his hand and called out cheerily: 'Off to kill something, I see.' To such a remark, coming from such a quarter, there could be only one answer, and the vicar could not resist making it. 'Yes,' he replied, equally cheerily, 'I hope you're not,' and the good medico, who by the way is a Scotchman, has taken dire umbrage at the pleasantry.

It has put me in mind of a charming anecdote I came across some time ago of a village doctor who, living to a green old age, was finally buried in the very centre of the churchyard where he had previously seen so many of his patients laid to rest. He had been universally popular in life, and his many friends subscribed to erect a handsome tombstone over his remains, and, the question arising as to what should be engraved thereon, a humourist, whose wit could have been his only excuse for his irreverence, suggested '*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!*'



## JACKAL OR DEVIL ?

BY C. G. PAPILLON

How can the black rice-pot sit down beside the golden spice-box ?

*Hindu Proverb.*

I WILL tell you the story as I heard it from Jack Falkner one sultry night in the verandah of Kincaid's bungalow. Kincaid of the Civil Service I mean ; not Kincaid of the —th Bengal Lancers. That was his brother, but the one I am talking about was a P.M. in the North-West Provinces. Falkner and I had been dining with him, and we were smoking afterwards in the verandah, when Kincaid got talking of pony races and gymkhanas, and that was how Falkner came to tell us the story.

I remember the night as though it were yesterday : the still, hot air, and the incessant summer lightning, sweeping across the inky sky like bands of silver, and lighting up the pink blossoms of the thunbergia that covered the verandah. The night was alive with sounds, as an Indian night always is. There was the harsh croaking of the frogs in the jungle, the ceaseless noise of the 'scissor grinders' on the trees, and at intervals the dreary howling of a jackal.

'The best rider I've ever met in India,' said Falkner, 'was Manville-Kerr, senior subaltern in the same battalion as myself when first the regiment was quartered at ——. By Jove ! how that boy could ride ! He rode some of the worst brutes that ever saw a race-course, and nearly always managed somehow to squeeze home first. I don't know how he did it ; it

was born in him. His last race, though, supplied us with food for reflection, and gave the station something to talk about for a month of Sundays. You don't mean to say you never heard about it? Well, it was a sad business, and if you want to hear the story, I must go back to eight weeks before the Race Club Hurdle Handicap.'

Soon after the stewards for the annual races had been appointed, and the date fixed, there was an undercurrent of public interest in the hurdle race far deeper than the surface ripple of big lotteries and heavy betting. It was all owing to the recent arrival of a cavalry regiment, who were known by one half of the station as the 'Insufferables,' whilst the other half flattered their vanity. There was deadly rivalry between all our fellows and the Insufferables, and it was wormwood and gall to think of the hurdle race going out of the regiment. It was always the big event on the card, and worth the winning too; a sweepstakes of 25 Rs., and 750 Rs. added by the club, for ponies not exceeding 13.2. Two years running a polo pony belonging to our first lieutenant had won it, each time with Manville-Kerr up. But since then the pony had been sold to a Rajah, leaving its owner a richer though a sadder man, whilst all the regiment mourned the loss of it.

Now the adjutant of the Insufferables, Packer by name, had a switch-tailed white Arab, called Lotus Lily, full of quality from her nose to her heels, and representing a thousand rupees in hard cash. Everybody agreed that Lotus Lily was 14 hands, if she were an inch, as also that Packer was a blackguard. They said he had pared down her feet as much as he dared, had shod her with plates about as thick as a sixpence, and taught her to stand out, so that she just passed for 13.2. When she was measured she drew down her withers, as though she was accustomed to a pin in the standard, and I think Packer was up to most of those little dodges. Be that as it may, we all vowed to leave no stone unturned until we found some means of defeating Packer in the sight of all the station.

Manville-Kerr was the man to do it, if it was to be done. But the difficulties were enormous. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, neither can you make a racehorse out of an *ekka*-pony, nor handicap a blood Arab down to the level of a *brumbi*. Among all the polo ponies in the regiment, there were about half a dozen a bit above the common, but not one of the same stamp as Lotus Lily. However, when the case

was laid before Manville-Kerr, he merely said, 'It must be done at any cost'; and we breathed again.

A week later he took counsel with Wyndham, who had a barb that had run in sprint races, and could jump a bit. 'Wyndham,' he said, 'would you sacrifice that little barb of yours for the honour of the regiment, or would it be asking too much of you to play second fiddle this year in the hurdle race?'

'What do you take me for?' was the reply; and Manville-Kerr was satisfied.

'I have a scheme,' he said, 'and I think it will work. I have made it my business to find out all there is to be known about Lotus Lily. Two miles over hurdles is the length of her tether, and at that distance she has never been beaten by animals of her own class. Now, the handicap is a distance farther, but the Insufferables look upon it as a gift for her. I propose to ride my black pony, Bang Up. Give my stable-boy the mount on your barb, and let me school him beforehand. I want Dinapore to gallop Lotus Lily to death in the first mile and three-quarters. He'll shut up before the seventh hurdle, but he'll have done what was wanted. Lotus Lily will be cooked, and drop back. I shall creep up on my black, and ride Packer down in the last two furlongs.'

But all this was two months before the races, and the next eight weeks were destined to contain more for Manville-Kerr than all the rest of his life put together.

About three miles out from the station there was a lonely, God-forsaken spot known as Juggerwallah Nullah. It was beautiful just at the slope of the valley among the deodars and the cypress-trees, but farther on it became little more than the rocky bed of the hill stream, that rushed and gurgled along the bottom. If you stood down in the nullah by the water-side, and looked up, there was nothing between you and the blue sky but two walls of rugged rock nearly three hundred feet high.

Under the shade of the deodars, at the head of the gully, was a picturesque Indian temple half-hidden with gaudy weeds and tangled creepers. Once there had lived in it a monster of wickedness, but he had gone to the gods of his fathers long years ago. I only know what my native servant told me about him, and they are all liars; but his story fits in with the events that happened during the eight weeks before the races, and you may call it a coincidence or not, as you please.

It was Rumchunda, my *sais*, who spoke of him as the Unknown, and told me that his antécédents had never been discovered, but that he had called himself a Portuguese from across the border-line. Wherein his awesomeness lay appeared to be a point upon which opinions were divided. Some said he was a loathly *Thug*, who had crept forth at night with his shovel and cloth, and had come back after many days, having slaked the thirst of Kalee, the goddess of blood. Others said that he had worshipped at the Devil's shrine, had practised black magic, and called down the Evil Eye. Rumchunda spoke also of a jackal that had taken up its abode with the Unknown, and which the natives had regarded as a ghoul in the likeness of a beast.

Besides the jackal, there had lived with him his child—a girl as beautiful as a daughter of the stars—and a chattering hag who looked after her. But seven years before the incidents which I am going to relate, the Unknown and the jackal both disappeared mysteriously and entirely. Rumchunda said that the Unknown had died, and that his spirit had entered into the jackal, and driven it down to the plains.

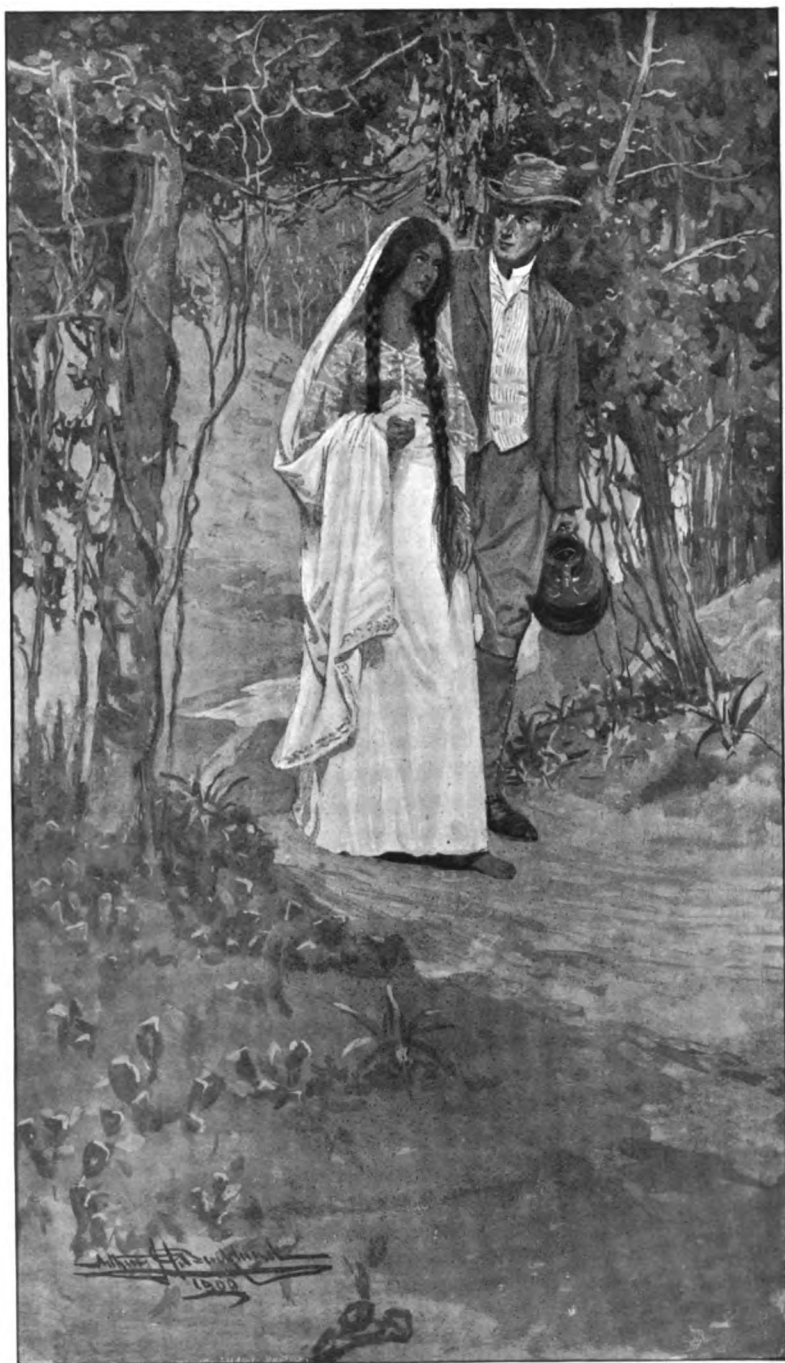
The daughter of the Unknown lived on in the ruined temple in strict retirement, with the shadow of her father's magic to protect her from intrusion. She was known as the Moon-flower of Juggerwallah Nullah, perhaps after the bindweed that covered the porch of the temple and whose white flowers only opened in the moonlight, or because she herself was so rarely seen.

And now I come to the evil day on which Manville-Kerr met her.

It was one lovely evening when I had been out with him for a long ride, and we came back by the ridge above Juggerwallah Nullah. He was always desperately energetic, but I don't remember what especially fired us with a desire to explore the gully. There was a stable-boy of Manville-Kerr's with us, exercising one of his polo ponies, and we left our horses in his charge whilst we started down the dangerous mountain path that seemed to lead into the heart of the hills.

She was standing by the stream with a pitcher in her hand. I shall never forget her, though it was the only time I saw her. Her eyes were the colour of agates, but soft and liquid like some dark pool in the hills. They looked right into Manville-Kerr's soul, and that was the beginning and the end of it. I suppose less gorgeous eyes than hers have made





KERR CARRIED HER PITCHER UP TO THE RUINED TEMPLE FOR HER



fools of men before now. As to the rest of her, she was too dark. For Kerr's sake I think of her as Portuguese. But the shape of her ears, and the flat print of her little bare feet, told another tale.

Well, Kerr carried her pitcher up to the ruined temple for her, and she walked by his side and talked in the vernacular and broken English. He stayed up there the deuce of a time, while I waited for him by the stream in anything but the best of humours. When he at last came back, he tried to make a joke of it ; but somehow I felt from the first that it was all up with him, and that he had lost himself in those dark seas of eyes, into which he had looked too long.

One hot still night a week later the white flowers of the bindweed opened in the moonshine, so that the porch of the temple was clothed in white, like a bride in her glory. The air was heavy with the scent of the jessamine that crept over the broken fence of the compound, and myriads of fireflies danced in the shade of the great deodars. The moon could not look in under the columns of the temple, and the Moon-flower of Juggewallah Nullah stood in the shadow, but not alone. Manville-Kerr stood in front of her, holding her two hands to his breast, and talking wildly.

He said that existence without her was a living death ; that nothing in earth or heaven should take her from him ; that he would leave the regiment and go far away into the hills with her, where they would live in paradise till the end of their days ; anything, everything—if only she would be his.

‘As the white flowers open in the moonlight, so my heart opens to thee,’ said the girl ; ‘and as the hill-stream in the nullah flows on to the great river and is lost at last in the waters of the Hooghly, so my heart is lost in thine. When thou art gone the darkness of night will come over my soul, and I shall weep for thee, my king. Yet it is not good that thou shouldst love me, for the *jadoo* of my father surrounds me.’

Then she tore herself from his embrace, and, with those wonderful eyes swimming in tears, she implored him to go away and never see her face again, or mischief would befall him.

Just then the whine of a jackal sounded close under the verandah. Before answering her, Manville-Kerr paused in spite of himself to listen. The whine was repeated.

‘What is it ?’ said the girl, who saw the listening expression in his face. She clung to his arm, and a look of terror blotted out the sorrow in her eyes.

'There is nothing to fear,' said Kerr soothingly. 'I was only wondering how a jackal could find its way up here. How can it have got so far up the hills?'

'A jackal?' she repeated mechanically. 'There is no jackal. Thou art deceived.'

Her face seemed to change to marble, and all the softness went out of her eyes. She implored, and entreated, and ordered him to go; and though he could not understand what it all meant, he at last reluctantly yielded to her frenzied entreaties and left her.

The fireflies made the night gay, and the white blossoms of a Mandevillia that covered the trunk of a big cypress in the compound looked like stars in the moonlight. Manville-Kerr stood out of the shadow of the trees, where he could be seen, and looked back. The white-robed figure still stood by the entrance of the temple. She stretched out her arms to him with a little cry, as if to call him back, and then, with one last look, disappeared into the shadow of the shrine.

Again the jackal's scream broke upon the stillness of the night. Manville-Kerr hurried on through the nullah to where his horse was waiting for him on the ridge above, with a sense of gloom and foreboding that made him fear to look back. As he went rapidly along the edge of the stream, a big dark object floated slowly past on the face of the waters. It was a dead buffalo, with a score of gluttoned vultures on its carcase. He was glad when he left the gloom-stricken gully behind him for the clearer heights above; but all the way back to the station he fancied he heard the jackal's wail sounding weirdly in the distance as though it were following him from afar.

From that day a change began to creep over Manville-Kerr. He was gloomy and silent, and there was a hunted look in his eyes which was never there before. But whatever was preying on his mind, he never let it interfere with his interest in the hurdle race. Every morning he was up at daybreak superintending the gallops of his three candidates. They did good work over the sticks and on the flat, and Bang Up improved daily, so that the adjutant of the Insufferables, who met him one day coming in from exercise, remarked facetiously that he would certainly be bang up on the day, always supposing that Lotus Lily laid down and died, or was otherwise disposed of in the race.

One day Manville-Kerr came into my room, looking ghastly. His eyes were sunken and hollow, like those of a man

who hasn't slept for days, and as he rolled himself a cigarette his hand was shaking like a dotard's of eighty. I felt he had something to say, so I held my peace and let him speak first. Presently he blurted it all out. He told me of that first visit by moonlight to Juggerwallah Nullah, and how he had been, the week after, and yet once again. Each time the jackal's whine had sounded closer to the temple, and each time it had followed him home.

'Why the deuce don't you shoot it?' I said impatiently.

'I can't. I never see it,' said Kerr hoarsely. 'It will drive me out of my mind soon. I hear it all day long now, at odd times, when I'm not dreaming of it. And the worst of it is,' he added, 'I can see that the other fellows don't hear it.'

'My dear chap, how do you expect to ride decently in five weeks' time from now,' I retorted, 'if you give way to this sort of thing? You've got the jumps; that's the long and short of it. Kerr, you're a fool; forgive me for saying it, because I'm your friend. You must chuck the Moon-flower of Juggerwallah Nullah and all this rot. And for heaven's sake don't believe in black magic and native jugglery, or you'll drive yourself clean off your chump. Now, have a peg, and then take me to see the gees.'

He was better for a day or two after that. I stuck to him, and hardly let him out of my sight, but in less than a week the old hunted look had come back to his face and the listening expression in his eyes, as though he heard something from far away that was repeated intermittently.

I was smoking alone one night about eleven o'clock. My wife had gone to bed, and I was having a last cigar before following suit, when a sudden tap at the half-open window made me jump to my feet. I drew aside the curtains that were flip-flapping in the night air, and pressed close against the window-pane was a white face lit up by the light from the room. There was a look in it that made my heart stop. For a moment I did not recognise those terror-stricken features. Then I saw it was Manville-Kerr.

'Hullo! old chap,' I said rather boisterously. 'Come in and have a smoke.'

I went round to the door and let him in. He followed me into the smoking-room and sank into a chair. Then he looked slowly round the room, with eyes that were full of an awful horror and a face that was grey and drawn.

'I've seen it,' he whispered.

‘Seen what?’

‘The *Thing*. It screamed so. . . . I went out to look for it.’

He talked in short, jerky whispers, clutching the arms of his chair nervously. Then again he looked slowly all round the room with those scared eyes, till they rested on the door behind me. I looked over my shoulder with a nameless dread and pushed back my chair against the wall.

‘Yes, I’ve seen it,’ he repeated again, in the same hoarse whisper. ‘I followed it . . . to the nullah . . . till I heard it whining quite close to me . . . in the trees. I looked and I saw a native with his back to me. It . . . the *Thing* . . . turned round . . . and oh! my God, Falkner . . . it was a man *with the head of a jackal*.’

He put his hands to his temples and groaned. His forehead was damp with the sweat of a great terror, and he clenched his teeth to stop them chattering. It was bad to see. Could this wreck of nerves be the hard-headed boy who, a few years back, had cut out the work for the best of them with the cream of English packs?

‘Look here, Kerr,’ I said unsteadily, ‘you’ve got a touch of fever, old man. Try not to think. We’ll set you right in no time.’

Then I rang up my servant and sent him for the doctor.

He was ill for five days. The doctor was a good chap, and did father and mother and nurse to him. Only he and I knew Manville-Kerr’s secret. The outside world understood that he had got fever, but the doctor shook his head, and told me what I had feared—that it was just touch and go with his brain.

When he got about again he was more taciturn than before, and he laughed sardonically at the doctor’s parental care. ‘You chaps think I’m off my head,’ he said; ‘but I tell you I am as sane as either of you. It’s the Devil’s magic that’s played Old Harry with me, and you want the nerves of a fiend to stand what I’ve been through.’

Well, the day of the races came round at last. The whole station was in a whirl of excitement. Packer—most insufferable of Insufferables—was swaggering about all over the course, telling every one to put his last rupee on Lotus Lily, and offering to lay 100 to 8 about any of our ponies.

Now, Lotus Lily was the sole hope of the Insufferables, whereas half-a-dozen of our fellows, besides Manville-Kerr and

Wyndham, had got quadrupeds of sorts in the race, presumably to harass Lotus Lily, as their pretensions were *nil*. Then the colonel very sportingly put in his up country *ekka*-pony, to whom jumping happened to come as natural as whisky to an Irishman. It ran in blinkers, with the mark of the collar on its neck, its quarters rubbed bare with the breeching strap, and a native up, who carried about half a stone overweight. I suppose a queerer collection of horseflesh was never seen in any paddock, and Lotus Lily looked a duchess in the company. They were laying 7 to 2 on her, and 10 to 1 against any other, offered.

Packer said, 'I think I've got a soft thing this time'; and smiled, well satisfied.

Manville-Kerr was more excited than I had ever seen him. He was quite himself again, and dead keen on the race. He had laid his plans carefully, but he knew well enough that the milk-white Arab would take all the doing they could give her.

The first two events on the card went off very quietly, and without much demonstration of interest. It was the lull before the storm. When the saddling bell sounded at last for the hurdle race, the dull hum and roar of the racecourse rose higher, and the suppressed excitement found a tongue at last. Bang Up was trained to the hour, as were Wyndham's barb, Dinapore, and Kerr's other polo pony; but I thought Lotus Lily looked a bit soft. She fretted a good deal at two or three false starts, so that when the flag fell and they were at last off, she was already all of a lather.

Kerr's stable-boy perfectly understood his mission. At the fall of the starter's flag he shot off at a tremendous pace, and had soon established a strong lead. Packer, thinking that Dinapore would come back to him, was well content to wait for symptoms of her collapse. At length, however, he let his mare out a bit, but the barb was a flyer, and the distance between them increased. The Insufferables began to shout at Packer to shove her along, and the adjutant got flustered, and thought that Kerr's boy was going to slip his field altogether. He took up his whip, and brought Lotus Lily along with a rush.

Then a very fine race ensued. Kerr's stable-boy rode Dinapore as though he were finishing for the Derby, and Packer, falling into the trap, urged Lotus Lily to her utmost. How Dinapore ever got over her hurdles at the pace, I don't know, but she did. At the sixth hurdle Lotus Lily pecked badly, and

it was clear she was getting blown. You could see, too, that she and the barb were both dropping back, so that Manville-Kerr was creeping up fast on Bang Up. The Insufferables yelled again. They said Packer was losing the race for them.

Suddenly Dinapore began to stop fast. Flecks of pink foam flew from her nostrils back into the boy's face, and as he wiped it off with one hand he saw what it was. She had broken a blood-vessel.

They were at the last hurdle but one. Bang Up was overhauling Lotus Lily every yard of the way, and the white Arab was in trouble. She responded bravely to whip and spur, but it was no good. The game little mare had come to the end of her tether, and she fell at the seventh hurdle. Packer lay where he had come down, with a broken collar-bone, but Lotus Lily was up again at once, and went off like a deer.

The race was all over bar shouting now, and, indeed, our fellows had already begun to cheer Manville-Kerr as he rode all alone at the last hurdle, when Lotus Lily came galloping riderless behind him. We saw him look round at her, and never shall I forget the change that came over his face. He gave one unearthly yell, and dug his spurs into his horse's flanks. Lotus Lily flashed over the hurdle close behind him; and Manville-Kerr flogged and lashed Bang Up as he landed, shrieking out the most fearful oaths. As though possessed with a diabolical terror, he pulled Bang Up right out of the course, and as he swung round the wrong side of the flag, Lotus Lily swerved with him.

'For Heaven's sake, Kerr, keep your head!' I shouted, above the yells of the crowd. 'Go back and finish the course!'

But he paid no heed to the shouts that rent the air, and galloped furiously on.

'It has come,' whispered the doctor at my side.

The ghastly thought of what it was that was hunting Manville-Kerr to his death flashed in an instant across my brain. I knew that to his eyes Lotus Lily was not riderless. I watched him with a cold dread, as he thrashed and spurred Bang Up, shouting all the while as Lotus Lily raced him, with her white muzzle and dilated nostrils on a level with his stirrup leather. They were heading for a yawning pit that lay two hundred yards from the race-course. Another moment, and it would be all over with him.

Half-a-dozen fellows, who were mounted, galloped as hard





WITH A WILD SHRIEK, HORSE AND RIDER DISAPPEARED



as they could to cut him off and avert the awful calamity. But they were no match for Bang Up, who was urged to his utmost speed by the madman's whip and rowels. As Manville-Kerr reached the edge of the precipice, he flung his hands above his head with trembling, extended fingers, and, with a wild shriek, horse and rider disappeared. Lotus Lily stopped dead, shivering with heaving flanks on the brink of the chasm.

We picked him up, a limp unconscious heap, with the terror of hell in his face. The pony's back was broken, so they shot him where he lay.

Manville-Kerr recovered consciousness for a few hours, and I was with him to the end. The hunted look left his face, and he passed away the same evening as peacefully as a little child. Just before the end came he spoke three times, with difficulty.

'Did you see it?' he whispered. 'The *Thing*, I mean. It was riding me down on Lotus Lily.'

A shiver ran down my back, but I only pressed his hand and smiled to reassure him.

'Who won?' he whispered again after a minute.

'The colonel's *ekka*-pony, with the native boy up,' I answered steadily, gulping down the lump in my throat.

Then he moved his lips once more, and I bent down to listen. 'Tell *her*,' he whispered; and I understood, and bowed my head in assent.

He was buried the next day in the little cemetery outside the station, and the same evening I wended my way to Juggerswallah Nullah—the messenger of death. But the temple was deserted, and only a dirty Hindu servant was there to answer my inquiries.

The young *memsahib* had left the nullah two days ago, wringing her hands and weeping—heartbroken. Whither she had gone he knew not. And the old *memsahib* had set out early that morning towards the rising sun. They would neither of them ever come back again.

A week later I went again to the cemetery. A plant of the white moonflower was growing at the head of the newly made grave, and my heart ached for the woman who had placed it there. When we left the station in the following year it had covered the grave from head to foot, and I knew it would be there for all ages. You can never eradicate that beautiful bindweed when once it has taken root; neither can you tear

love from the heart of a man. So perhaps it all happened for the best.

But a man should set his face and steel his heart against the women of a strange people, for the black rice-pot and the golden spice-box were never made for the same shelf.

Falkner ceased, and a hush fell upon us. But Nature never sleeps in an Indian night, and the frogs croaked on in the jungle and the shrill scream of a jackal came drearily across the plain.





## ON THE ROUGH ALLOTMENTS

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES

BY H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD

It is early morning, and the hills loom faintly through the misty air. On the nearer moorland the fog lies in little pools amidst the scattered rocks and the bracken, and far away the dinted crests of the fir-trees are fringed against the sky. Two or three rooks drift desolately in the cloudy distance, and the rattle of a belated fieldfare as he droops down into the wood is the only sound.

The family is at the door to see our departure, so retreat is impossible in any case. The moisture forms upon the brims of our caps when, with guns between our knees, we huddle together in the trap. There is no affectation of happiness, but the pipe-stems are held firmly between the teeth, and in every face is the calm power to bear. So we go forward on the rough moorland road, with the monotonous grey walls on either hand. In the hollows the chilling November mists gather in upon us, but as we ascend the hill the air lightens, and an optimist finds traces of the sun.

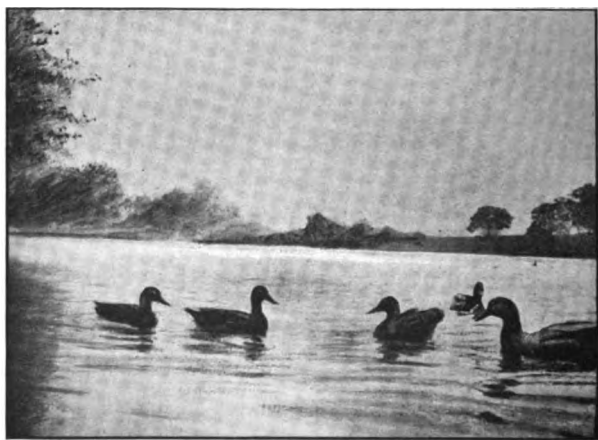
We reach at length a gate in the wall which gives upon the heathery allotment where we are to begin. The heather



has been burnt in a long oblong patch, and the dry blackened stalks crackle against the boots as we press on. All is still dank and watery, and every thorn in the hedgerow is tipped with

crystal; but the morning is clearing and the grey wild clouds are higher. To the left is a narrow line of trees, and at their feet the bracken grows high and green furze-bushes are scattered about. Suddenly we hear a rustle of wings, but we can make nothing out for the intervening brushwood. Then a hen pheasant sails over the leafless branches, going away fast and strong. It seems an impossible shot, but the charge overtakes her in mid-air, and she comes down with a run.

Our way lies near a little lake fringed at one side with trees. It is nearly dry in summer, and



now promontories and islands of weed encroach upon its surface, the taller reeds standing up like spears. When the surrounding moorland is dry the snipe gather here; but they are

hard to approach, and usually rise wildly in wisps of a dozen or more. A little party of mallard are resting on the misty water, and beyond them several teal. We plan a careful stalk, but the senses of the duck are keen even in repose, and long before the guns can reach the sheltering bank they spring into flight, and, without even a preliminary wheel, they ascend straightway to the safety of the upper air.

The teal, true to their type, are more confiding. When they rise they skim the reeds for twenty yards or more, and, barely topping the low trees, they turn and cross the water again, still flying low. A shot is fired, but the range is too great, and a few feathers only float behind the retreating wings.



Still undeterred, they wheel again and make straight for a barely concealed gun on their right. Seen from my distance, the first bird stops and gyrates with outspread wings to the heather, and the second plunges to the water on a long inclined plane almost before I hear the double report.

Leaving the lake, the way lies through several rough pastures. Soon the dog stands anxiously and the nearest guns draw up. Five partridges rise, beating the air with their brown wings and uttering their frightened creaking cries. The partridge's wing has a 'whir' of its own, unlike that of any other bird, even of the grouse.

One bird falls straightway to the first shot, the others go on unscathed. Stay; far away, almost on the sky-line, one hesitates, then ascends straight upwards and falls like a stone.

There need be no fear that he will move before the dogs come up. Already he is lying prone upon his back stone dead with a bead of blood on his beak.

In one of the pastures a great flock of golden plover are feeding ; they are easy to distinguish from the green plover by their lighter colour and smaller size. They have chosen the centre of the field for their resting-place and are not easy to get near. We are trying to circumvent them when they rise. As they sweep along in solid order they pass too near the farthestmost gun. Three birds fall to a long shot : two dead and one an active runner. When the dogs are not at hand it is



not always easy to retrieve a winged plover. He waits till you are quite near and then eludes you by a sudden rush.

At last we reach the heather and the first line of the butts. Now we have leisure to watch the moving sky and the great sweep of the hills. The beaters may be made out moving far away on the misty sky-line. There is no sound in the air, and the eye wanders from the barren stretch of heather to the little roofless house on the rocky ridge and farther, to the winding road fringed by storm-beaten firs.

Suddenly comes a distant cry, and the hand tightens on the barrels. The first detachment of black crescent-like forms come over the crest, flying straight and low to the butts. A gun to the right stops the foremost, he strikes the heather with a track of feathers in his wake.

The disordered pack breaks and rises, and bears to the butt on the left. The Colonel, who has moved no muscle as yet,



half rises in his place, and, with the ease of long experience, selects two suitable birds and they die in the air together.



Now another pack comes, making straight for you ; the thin black crescents suddenly turn into cannon-balls which hurtle past your ears ; a gun goes off, and a despairing eye watches the grouse disappear unharmed over the rocky edge near the leafless mountain ashes.

At length the beaters, with their little fluttering white flags,



draw near. One stops, then runs several yards, and the cry, 'Mark hare,' goes down the line. She comes into view, making stealthily along through the heather. Then she pauses

and vanishes, but a moment later a shot to the right announces her doom.

With the appearance of the beaters the guns straighten



their cramped bodies and the work of seeking for the dead proceeds. As the dogs range to and fro, an isolated grouse rises and makes for the end butt ; the only one, as it chances,

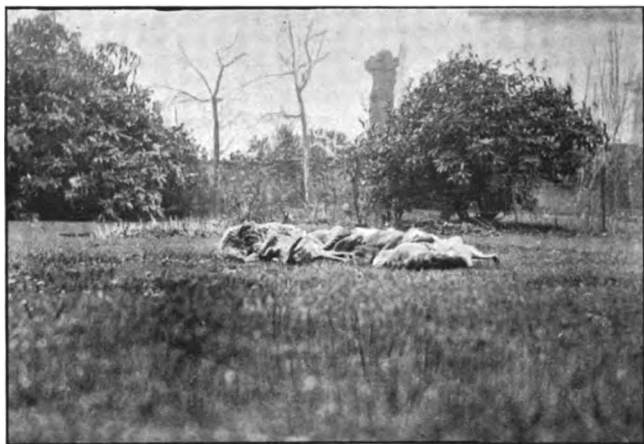


which is still occupied. A gun-barrel is extended and the bird subsides as quickly as it rose.

A grouse lying in the heather is a beautiful study in colour ; the delicate browns and blacks of the plumage harmonise so completely with the dried stems and faded bloom that the eye

is satisfied. A cock pheasant, lovely as he is, always appears a little out of place in an English setting. His tropical dyes out-face the sombre tints of his surroundings and create a sense of his incompleteness. Nature, after all, has a very accurate eye for picturesque effect ; it is difficult to add anything to her work without producing incongruity.

The men gather together, and soon disappear round the shoulder of the hill to take their places for the next drive. A few words with the Colonel, and the guns file down the



little valley on their way to another line of butts. So this dim November day wears out with varying luck. Monotonous as their record might seem, every drive is filled with special incident and interest of its own.

At night, when the pipes are lighted, many discussions will arise ; each shot will be fired again, and every miss will be provided with an adequate and altogether unexceptionable reason.

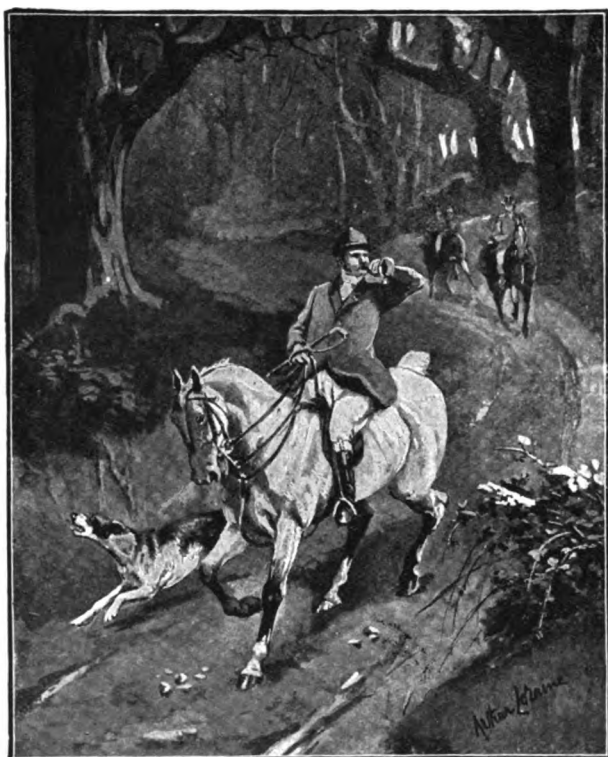


## RIDING TO HOUNDS

BY FRANK L. W. WEDGE

ANOTHER hunting season has come round, and introduces itself to our notice much as have its forerunners so far back as the memory of the writer dates. The few real lovers of hound work (when unconnected with the unparalleled charm of riding across country in their wake) have already participated from the first morning at dawn, to the last at a more fashionable hour, in many charming engagements with the cubs, and such, be they old and grey, or youths entering keenly to the chase, are, I am sure, all the better for their experiences. The cry of hounds is always cheering, and the first blast of the huntsman's horn as surely pronounces summer's death as did the curfew-bell in times long past the evening hour. To men resident, or hunting even for a season, in a country, the knowledge of how and where the raw material for future sport is distributed must, moreover, be valuable; and, apart from that, to a person not necessarily in the accepted sense of the word 'a hound man,' to watch a pack at work in select company, and to hear the gladdening music,

should in itself be bliss ! Of course there is but little 'lepping,' if any, at first attached to the pastime of cub-hunting, and with the sometimes necessary holding up of young foxes we may not personally acquiesce ; but Masters of Hounds have divers interests to satisfy, if they cannot please all, and the man at the helm must direct the course of events, and should know best. Then, later, when a few little bursts in the open do occur, how



BLOWING HOUNDS OUT OF COVER

doubly charming they are after a summer's inaction ; and if we pick our way for some ten or dozen minutes over a blind tract of country without mishap, are we not justly proud ! Of course there is then amongst us the young, bold and promising good man of the future, who valiantly takes a toss or two, for lack of discretion and experience, although the huntsman and some few older hands may negotiate even the same identical obstacles without a fall. But we have, if ever keen at all, most of us passed through that period of gallant indiscretion, and as long as hunting lasts may there be ever recruits going similarly,

if recklessly, to the front, irrespective of ground, leap, or mount. They will come back to the ruck in due course if spared, but it is from such gallant fellows and lads that our best men's places are filled up when hounds run, and from Anno Domini, or whatever other cause, vacancies in the ranks occur ! The very front rank is, mind you—taking it day by day—in this country or in that, seldom if ever overcrowded.

I might write never, I think, and further might add that one of its number, if laid up at home, could, as a rule, pretty accurately, in any good thing related to him with the pack he follows, name the men which composed it. Of recent years in most Hunts expenses have most undoubtedly and very considerably increased on all sides, and it cannot be denied that most Hunt establishments are more smartly and efficiently maintained, as a rule, nowadays than almost any were some years earlier in the century.

The times have, however, caused landlords and farmers to be less affluent, if not indeed needy, and, with this change of circumstances, wire has here and there to be dealt and contended with, and poultry taken by foxes almost in every Hunt—and rightly—to be paid for.

It is not my purpose here to deal with cases of imposition, which most undoubtedly have on the latter head risen proportionately almost to the support extended to the fund ; but whilst advocating the liberal payment of recompense by secretaries for all such losses, I at the same time think it the duty of the very large majority of straightforward and loyal supporters of fox hunting themselves to keep in check, or bring into contempt, such men as without principle make unjust claims upon the secretaries' resources. It is doubtless better to pay three exorbitant claims than cause offence by even only partially paying a fair one ; but the farmers themselves ought to back up those interested in the disbursement of the fund and its support, by (for their own credit and general good) exposing all clear cases of imposition. This, from experience, I know they will not always do, for I have been told myself by farmers of purely fictitious claims sent in by individual neighbours of their own my informants did not like to name.

But to return to hunting itself. As I said at the beginning of my paper, another season is upon us, and with its advance, whatever its general similarity to those preceding it, we shall, and must perforce, notice changes. Let us hope that the reader may in his own case remark that he is less seldom than formerly,

or even never, now slipped by hounds when breaking away on a scent even from the largest of his country's woodlands—that he tumbles about less than he did, but yet is more often 'there,' and that on each of his horses he goes as well, when necessity makes it worth while, as upon the pick of the basket; for in every stud, bad, good, or indifferent, there must be a favourite.

The season starts rosily enough for such a one, but in the case of another how different and unsatisfactory are the omens! The fences begin to look a bit more awkward perhaps, and are



ridden at without the old decision; horses' bridles, in which they used to go well, must be changed; the huntsman doesn't half sound his horn enough when hounds go away, and, somehow or other, there are more spur marks noticeable than was the case . . . before the rider's loss of nerve began to pull all else out of harmony!

So one man improves and another deteriorates, as in the past; but still hounds run on as well as ever with a scent, and there are the same small set of good men and large army of moderates and duffers to form the main body and rear rank of the field.

The secret of true happiness when hunting is, however, never to attempt to ride beyond your present nerve. If in

your inmost heart you know you have not the pluck and dash you once had, ride accordingly, and never endeavour to compete, as once you did, even with men to whom you could formerly show the way, if the latter have, from any cause, at the present day more aptitude for riding over a country than your once more brilliant self. By riding at fences men *don't like*, more bad falls are occasioned than from any other cause, simply because the rider's lack of resolution is imparted to the horse, whose own intended movements are probably in addition hampered by an untimely tug at the bridle or prick of the spur.



It is, indeed, far better for the old fogeys, or those just qualifying for a place in their ranks, to bow gracefully to the inevitable, and far safer for them too. Therefore, gentlemen, take my advice, and *never attempt to ride beyond your nerves*, however high your reputation may once have been, and however loth you may be to have to acknowledge you are not the man that once you were.

When you can't move over a country like a castle across a chess-board, you will undoubtedly get to your destination with more pleasure, dignity, and safety if you essay the journey like a knight. What I mean is, jump two little fences that you *do* like the look of, if not quite in the course hounds are running, rather than make yourself in an uncomfortable funk, and possibly



get a bad fall, by 'negotiating,' to keep to the familiar phrase, or attempting to 'negotiate' the other—which some few others have so gallantly and successfully cleared.

I daresay it will hurt your self-pride to turn aside, but that is not finking, for it requires more courage to play the second part you are now more qualified for, than it would perhaps were you to ram on your hat and ride at the now objectionable obstacle referred to for fear people might think that you dare not. Well! I hope that the season just about to start may be an open and good scenting one, and bring with it few mishaps and much good sport and fellowship.

Every sportsman should be liberal, whatever his means, and, above all, courteous to those over whose land he rides and those who till it. Civility costs nothing, but is, I fear, too often more conspicuous on the part of a rustic who opens a gate, than upon that of the well-equipped hunting man, who rides through the same frequently without even a word of thanks. That is detestable. Good feeling and fellowship all round must ever be the foundation and backbone of hunting.

Costs have increased, and funds must be forthcoming to meet them. The poor man's mite, though great in amount proportionately to the rich man's larger paper subscription, does not go a great way towards the necessary total. Hence, the richer man, if an equally good sportsman, should himself increase his subscriptions to a rate which would be more equivalent (when income, stud, &c., are considered) to that of the others. The system on the part of many, who could well afford more, of giving the least possible with decency, has, with a certain class of rich men, been for years past far too noticeable.

Such men would lose on a race, without any thought or regret, more by far than they would ever think of contributing towards the interests of fox-hunting, and the farmers over whose land they ride, in any half-dozen seasons. Sport may be described as inherited by those who live in a district, be they farmers, landowners, or both, and for participation in this wealthy immigrants to any hunting country generally pay infinitely less (proportionately to its privileges) than for any one of their many annual means of recreation.

Limits as to subscriptions rather than otherwise encourage such niggardliness, I think, for the sum fixed is not necessarily exceeded by many who easily could and ought to do so; and, on the other hand, the enforced limit often acts as a cruel spur to

those who, when previously giving perhaps less than the named sum, were even then by far the more liberal donors of the two classes in question.

The 'limit' rule would, indeed, never have been necessary, but for the lack of spontaneous generosity on the part of rich men visiting, or taking up more or less permanent quarters, in the more fashionable hunting countries in which it originated or has since taken root.

Upon the actions of such gentlemen, therefore, the future of fox-hunting depends to-day, to a far greater extent than it



did previously to the beginning of the long-continuing agricultural depression.

It is to be hoped that, before the season is over, we shall be able to welcome back to their familiar places many who have long been absentees, men who have been serving their country at the front, with many a longing lingering thought, we may be sure, for the scenes at home in which they have so often borne a leading part. Some will return no more, for they rest in graves hallowed by the memory of gallant deeds done for Queen and country ; but, so far as can be seen at present, the majority of the victors will soon come joyfully home, and as they gaze over the well-known plough and pasture will contrast what they see with the recollection of the veldt.

One popular colonel of a Hussar regiment has ridden through the campaign a good horse that he has hunted in a score of English counties, and on which he has thrice won his regimental cup over a three-mile steeplechase course. I believe it is also a fact that a well-known officer of the Guards rode one of his polo ponies during the war, and has since his return played it at Ranelagh and Hurlingham.





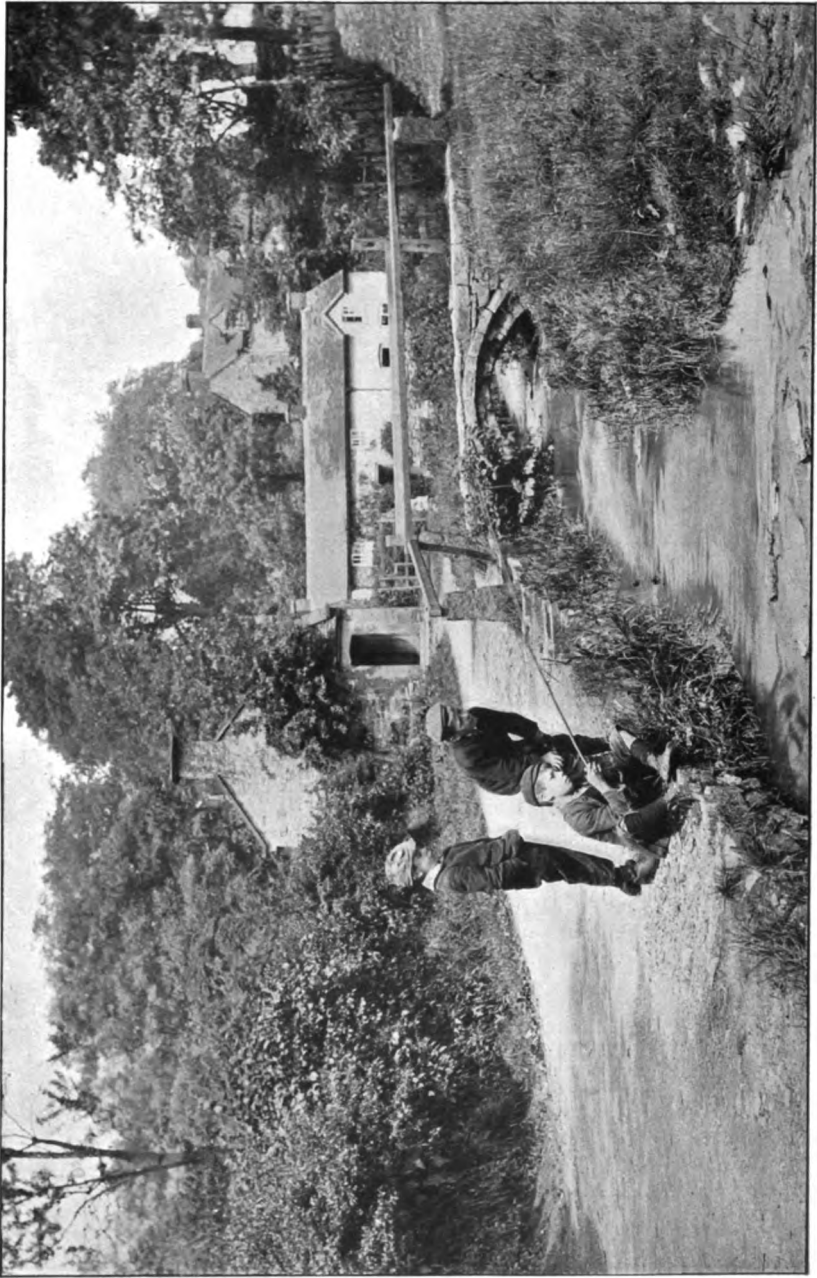
## A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

We shall be unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and we reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. The proprietors reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

## THE AUGUST COMPETITION

The First Prize in the August competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. Charles F. Inston, Liverpool; Mr. Charles M. Wane, Edinburgh; and Miss Cecily Adams, Wolstanton, Staffordshire. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



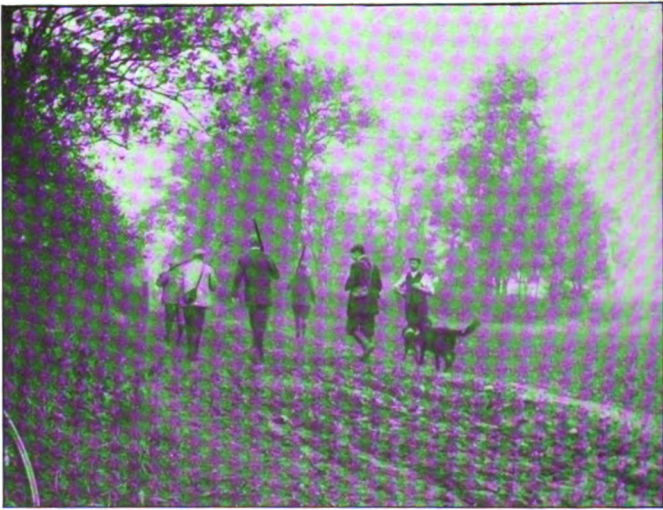
FISHING FOR BULLHEAD

*Photograph taken by Mr. Charles F. Inslon, Liverpool*



THROWING THE HAMMER. EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY SPORTS, 1899

*Photograph taken by Mr. Charles M. Wane, Edinburgh*



A MISTY OCTOBER MORNING

*Photograph taken by Miss Cecily Adams, Wolstanton, Staffs.*



THE WINNER OF THE ETON COLLEGE JUNIOR STEEPLECHASE AT THE LAST JUMP

*Photograph taken by Mr. F. C. Stern, Prince's Gate, S. W.*



ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES, WITH THE MASTER, MR. H. K. LONGMAN

*Photograph taken by Mrs. George Longman, Epsom*





**BARNUM AND BAILEY'S MOON-RAKER JUMPING 7FT. 2IN. AT EDINBURGH, 1898**

*Photograph taken by Mr. Charles M. Wane, Edinburgh*



**ON THE BANKS OF THE AVON, NEAR ST. LEONARDS**

*Photograph taken by Mr. J. G. Weston, St. Leonards-on-Sea*



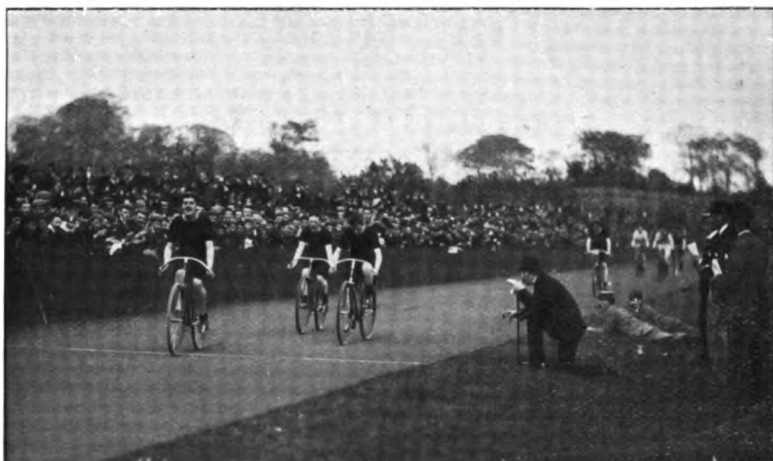
**THE START FOR THE JULY HANDICAP. NEWMARKET SECOND JULY MEETING**

*Photograph taken by Mr. J. G. Kennedy, Peebles-shire*

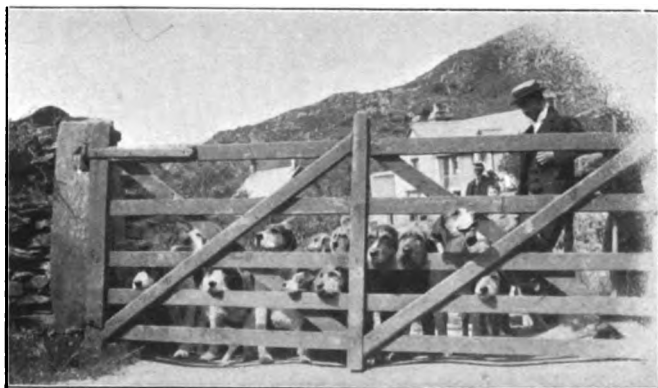




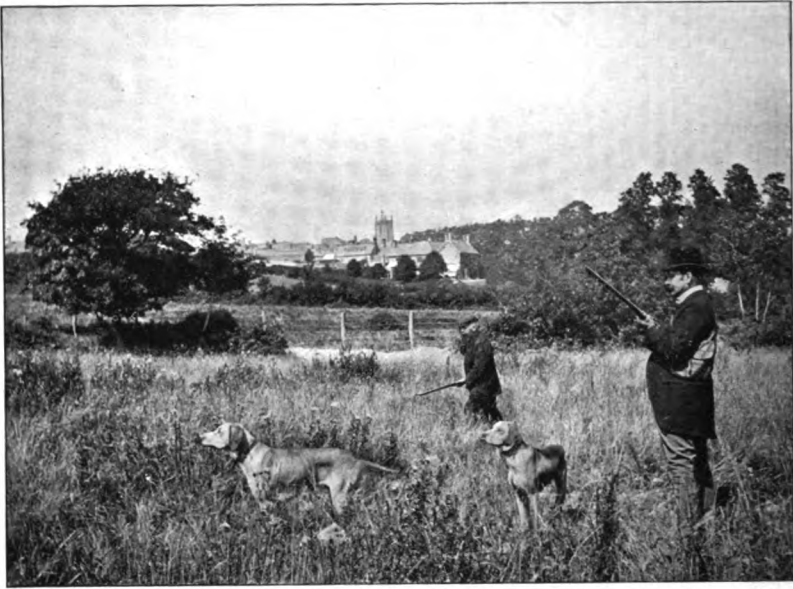
**HIGH JUMP. FETTES COLLEGE SPORTS, EDINBURGH, 1898**  
*Photograph taken by Mr. Charles M. Wane, Edinburgh*



**AN EASY WIN. POWDERHALL SPORTS, 1896**  
*Photograph taken by Mr. Charles M. Wane, Edinburgh*



**MR. BUCKLEY'S OTTER-HOUNDS**



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

*Photograph taken by Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb*



A MEET OF LORD MIDDLETON'S HOUNDS NEAR SCARBOROUGH

*Photograph taken by Miss G. M. Howard, Scarborough*



**A CAST IN ROUGH WATERS**

*Photograph taken by Mr. A. P. Silver, Halifax, N.S.*



**MR. A. B. HEINEMANN FEEDING YOUNG BADGER CUPS**

*Photograph taken by Mr. H. M. Lomas, Minehead*



GROUP OF SHŌLAGAS WITH HEAD OF INDIAN BISON (38½ INCHES SPAN)

*Photograph taken by Mr. W. Elkington, Lieut. 1st Batt, Warwickshire Regt., Ootacamund, India*



DRAWING THE POOLS AT WYNDTOWN, SALOP

*Photograph taken by Mr. S. C. de Medcwe, Bishop's Castle, Salop*



## NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

FEW more idiotic stories have ever been told of a distinguished man than that which went the rounds soon after the death of the late Lord Chief Justice, about what was supposed to be a racing experience of his with the late Judge Clark of Newmarket. In his younger days, this preposterous legend goes, Mr. Russell used to ask Mr. Clark for tips 'which, by the way, invariably turned out trumps.' Mr. Clark is represented as having grown weary of being bothered, and by way of putting his questioner off, one day asked Tom Jennings to tell him something that 'had no earthly chance.' 'Mine,' Jennings replied. 'On meeting Mr. Russell he imparted the supposed good thing, saying "it was extra good." The young barrister, undeterred by the long price, had a real dash on it, and, strange to relate, the supposed loser won in a canter, to the disgust of Judge Clark and the delight of young Russell.' A more utterly foolish anecdote is inconceivable. In the first place, Lord Russell had far too much tact and delicacy to worry any one for tips; and in the second place, he could not have gone to a worse person for information than to the late Judge Clark, who, admirably as he discharged his functions, took no sort of interest in horses, and most assuredly never worried himself about looking through cards and trying to find winners; in fact, a more hopeless source for tips could not be found. In addition to this, the kindly, courteous old gentleman would never have tried to make any one lose his money; and again, if his tips 'invariably turned out trumps,' surely he would have known without asking Tom Jennings what horse in a race had

no chance. It would be difficult to import more baseless stupidity into a few lines than is to be found in this anecdote.

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I do not mean to say that Lord Russell was not energetic in seeking information, as he certainly was so, and, moreover, he freely backed—at any rate before he attained his high office—not so much his own opinion, as that of anybody else who professed to have one. I remember his telling me some years ago that he had seventeen bets on the Cesarewitch and did not win one of them, which was certainly not good picking, as several of the horses were backed for places. On the Derby Day of 1890 I was lunching in the Club Stand at Epsom, when Sir Charles tapped me on the shoulder and entered into a discussion as to the best horse to back for a place, we both having a rooted conviction that Surefoot, on whom odds of 5 to 2 were being laid, could not by any possibility be beaten. Finally, I remember, he went off to find out what the friends of Rathbeal thought about his chances, and presently returned to tell me that the colt was certain to run into the first three—which, as history records, he failed to do. Almost the last time I talked about racing to him, however, we were both more fortunate. I had had a bad day at Hurst Park, when I chanced to meet him just before the last race and learnt from him that he had a great fancy for Mercenary, a filly which he owned in conjunction with John Porter. *Væ Victis*, ridden by Sloan, was an odds-on favourite, but the Chief Justice's mare, starting at 4 to 1, got home comfortably by a length and a half.

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My acquaintance with Sir Charles Russell was made in rather a curious way. I was on a jury in a case in which he held a brief, and the occupants of our box were all indignant at the cruel severity with which he cross-examined a witness who seemed to us the type of everything an old family solicitor ought to be. A friend of mine was leading on the other side, and, getting into court early next morning, I told him that the jury had felt quite wroth at the manner in which the old solicitor had been treated. My friend replied that we should not be troubled for a verdict, as the case had been settled out of court; and I thought no more about it till, a few days afterwards, Sir Charles came up to me on a race-course and said, 'I hear that you disapprove of my methods of cross-examination?' I

somewhat feebly answered that the jury all thought him extremely hard on the witness, but that probably he knew more about the old gentleman's character than we did ; and he answered that, in spite of appearances, the old man was one of the worst characters in the profession. After this, however, we always chatted when we met, and, as this was tolerably often, I soon conceived that liking and regard for him which all his friends must have felt. He was always particularly anxious to know whether I 'had been doing any good' after a race meeting or a visit to Monte Carlo, and used somewhat mournfully to add that his position had obliged him to give up his old habits of speculation ; though I rather fancy that there were not a few exceptions to the new rule he had made for himself in this respect.

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Mr. Radcliffe Walters writes to me from Ewell, Surrey, as follows : 'In "Pages from a Country Diary," *Badminton Magazine* for this month, p. 145, I see mentioned the fact of a rabbit sitting on a partridge's nest. This reminds me that five or six years ago I had a letter from a Scotch keeper, in which he said he had found a rabbit on a grouse's nest, and the next time he passed by the grouse was sitting. Is it possible that the warmth of the nest attracts the rabbit ? I notice that our tame rabbits have a habit of lying across one another for a long time together, quite quietly, and it occurs to me that this may be done for the sake of the warmth, though I last noticed it in the recent hot weather, when one would hardly think such a motive would exist. The two in which I have observed the habit are does, living alone in a hutch with a wire run.' I do not know whether any of my readers can suggest an explanation. I cannot.

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Mr. Algernon Hollis writes to me : 'DEAR RAPIER,—Apropos of pike, it may be interesting to your readers to hear of a tough old customer that lived in a mill-pond in the Meynell country, and survived many attempts to secure him. He was once seen to jump out at a cat basking on the bank ! My brother and the village innkeeper, who was a keen fisherman, went down one evening to try him with live roach. He took my brother's bait and was played for some time, but the excitement of the publican was too much for him, and he seized the line, and the pike instantly snapped it and escaped.

No sooner was he free than he took the other bait and ran the line off the other reel before anything could be done. It was not a case of entanglement of lines. So far as I know, he was never caught, and may be living yet.'

The following list speaks for itself. It is a record of the

*I hope you won't forget to send me a copy of your account of the Terai shooting when completed.*

*Yours very truly*  
*Afric*

Secleapore			R. D. S. Galatea.
4/2/70			
H.			
Sigars			5
Sambar			1
Bara Singha			1
Spout			1
Wild Gye			1
Bullet			32
Pera			37
With bar			9
Haw			41
Partridge			109
Pea fowl			32
Junco fowl			14
Floucan			4
Snake			14
			<u>801</u>

'bag' made during the expedition an account of which is given in other pages. As the preceding fac-simile reproduction shows, the Duke of Edinburgh was anxious to obtain a record of the game shot—if tigers come under the head of 'game'—and this list was copied by himself on a sheet of the paper which he used when in command of the *Galatea*. Snipe and tigers look somewhat odd in the same list, and assuredly this bag was a mixed one!



A few months since I commented on the way in which the two-year-olds kept beating each other—usually by heads and necks. The same sort of thing continues. Whether the running in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster was right, and Orchid is a better animal than Veles, remains to be seen, as also whether in the future Star Shoot will not have the best of both. The failure of Canterbury in the Rous Plate appears, at the time of writing, to lower the form of several other animals, and, as has been before remarked, the natural inference is that the two-year-olds are all bad. Nor does it appear that the three-year-olds are much better. After the race for the St. Leger I inquired of a number of those whom I regard as the best judges at what they estimated the beating which Diamond Jubilee gave to Elopement. No one put it at more than 10lb., and some at 7lb., which confirmed my own estimate. The fact that an animal like Courlan, who ran in a small selling race early in the year, should have been third, beaten only three lengths, suggests how poor the form must have been, and furthermore incidentally shows the absurdity of considering the time.

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Courlan was beaten three lengths—that is, nine yards. How long does it take a horse to gallop that distance?—because that space of time, added to 3 minutes  $9\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, is the time in which Courlan galloped the Leger course. Yet Ormonde took 3 minutes  $21\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. According to time, Courlan would have beaten Ormonde by about forty lengths! The failure of La Roche in the Doncaster Cup surprised and disappointed many people who had looked on her as redeeming the three-year-olds. It is true that she was giving 10lb. to King's Courier and to Merry Gal, but it was generally believed that she had more than that margin in hand, though, of course, King's Courier was practically an unknown quantity. It would be worth going a very long journey to see Diamond Jubilee, La Roche, and King's Courier run together over the Cesarewitch course, but such a sight is not to be hoped for.

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Of course there may be some good animal among the two-year-olds of whom little is at present thought, and next year's Derby may be won by a good horse, slight as the prospects of such a contingency at present appear. Morion as a two-year-old won a single race, beating by a neck a colt called West-

minster, who never got his head in front all the season, and the following year, out of fourteen races, was beaten ten times, his total winnings amounting to £768. There was little in Memoir's two-year-old career to suggest that she was the animal she subsequently proved herself. She won three races out of six ; but one was a match with the roguish Golden Gate, and in the other two she met a couple of very moderate opponents. Sir Hugo started at 100 to 6 for the Middle Park Plate, and finished seventh in a field of ten. As a two-year-old St. Gatien was contemptible. Common and Merry Hampton did not run until they were three. There is justification, therefore, for living in hopes !

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I regret that I have not room this month for two letters I have received on the familiar subject of 'systems.' One of them is in favour of the conclusions of a former correspondent of mine who signed himself 'H.,' but for my own part I disbelieve in all systems, because, even if one had an unlimited purse, the time would inevitably come when stakes would grow so large that it would be impossible to find bookmakers willing to accept bets. The professional backer, who is ready to accept risks of a nature which need not be specified, and who can find trainers and jockeys ready to share those risks with him, may occasionally bring off what is called a '*coup*' ; for the ordinary man success depends to an enormous extent on mere luck, and how often the best of good things are beaten every one knows. A friend of mine got tired some time since of fluttering ponies and fifties on all sorts of animals, and made up his mind to bet very seldom and then only on horses that to all appearance could not be beaten. He went to Ascot, found nothing during the first two days that tempted him to speculate, but on the Thursday Perth II. looked so absolutely sure to win the Cup that he laid 400 to 100 on. The French colt, as history now records, finished fourth to a very bad third. My friend tried to get his money back by laying 500 to 400 on Caiman for the Rous Memorial, and Caiman was another fourth. That is the fate which frequently attends the most careful of backers.

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The publisher of the excellent portrait of Mr. F. G. Tait in the last number should have been Mr. Marshall Wane, not Warre as printed.



# The Badminton Magazine

## A CLOSE FINISH

BY C. H. VERSTURME-BUNBURY

To say that ourselves and the Brecons were rivals is but faintly to express the state of affairs that existed between us.

We were stationed together at the Curragh for two years, and found ourselves now again together at Gibraltar.

The Brecons' full title, by the way, is the 1st Battalion Queen's Own Breconshire Light Infantry, while we rejoice in the name of the Royal Flintshire Regiment, of which distinguished corps we form the second battalion, and are more familiarly known as 'The Panthers.'

Though rivals, we were on the very best of terms, both officers and men ; and this good feeling was increased rather than otherwise by our many close tussles with one another at cricket, football, and other games and sports.

At rackets we were their masters, as we were fortunate enough to have two men in the battalion who were very much above the average. Both of them had represented their public schools in former days, and they had one year come within an ace of carrying off the Army Racket Challenge Cup from the redoubtable Crawley and Eastwood of the 12th Lancers.

At billiards, on the other hand, though we had several useful performers, the Brecons possessed in Motley a player

of such class that he could give thirty in a hundred to the best of us, and not infrequently topped the hundred in a single break. At polo we were very closely matched, and at the gymkhanas our representatives could hold their own ; but it was at cricket and football that our most exciting struggles for supremacy took place, and each regiment would strain every nerve to succeed in taking a point off the other in any of our numerous encounters. At football we were usually a shade their superiors, but had never succeeded in establishing anything like a mastery over them.

A regimental team necessarily varies very much from year to year, owing to officers and men joining and leaving the service—going to the other battalion—being seconded for special service—and so forth.

At the Curragh we had made but a sorry show at cricket against the Brecons, as, although we had quite a good side, they rejoiced in a phenomenal player, who could knock up centuries to any extent even in first-class cricket, and whose bowling was the mainstay of his county in England whenever he could play for them. Fortunately for us, he had shortly before got his promotion and had been given a company in the Brecons' second battalion, and for a time after his departure their team, which had always found him ready to compile a big score and take most of the wickets, were all at sea without him, and we had for one season taken an ample revenge on them for our former defeats.

This year, however, they were very much strengthened by the arrival of a Captain Jones, who had just completed his course at the Staff College—a sound bat, a brilliant field, and an excellent captain. Under his care their team had again become formidable, the more so that two of their last joined subalterns were also capital cricketers. Baynes had played for Sandhurst ; besides being a good left-hand bowler he was also a fearless striker with the bat, and though not a scientific player, could often demoralise the opponents' bowling by his fierce hitting. Radcliffe, their other recruit, was a steady bat, rather of the stonewall order, and had played for his college at Cambridge before joining the militia, through which he got his commission. He was also a very fair wicket-keeper.

The Governor of Gibraltar has presented a most handsome challenge cup to be played for annually by the regiments of the garrison, and this usually furnishes close contests and considerable interest ; but by the rules of the competition only one officer is allowed to play in each team, so that the sides that

take the field do not really represent the full strength of the different regiments.

The ordinary regimental matches were more interesting to most of us, especially as there is no 'pot' depending on the result of the match.

We had already met twice in the season and had each scored a victory, so that this, the rubber game, which I am about to describe, was a subject of the very keenest interest.

The Brecons played a team made up of six officers, two sergeants, and three men. Upon two of the latter they depended chiefly for their bowling in addition to Baynes.

We played eight officers, a sergeant, a corporal, and one man. This man was rather a character in his way, and his name was Croker.

He was one of the regimental cooks—stood about 5 ft. 9 in. in his socks, and weighed 16 stone. He was a really splendid wicket-keeper—stood up to any bowling—never missed a catch and hardly ever let a bye, but was not quite so good a stumper as he might have been. Still, for a regimental team, he was a great acquisition. As a bat he was a source of endless amusement to our opponents and of vexation to us. As a wicket-keeper he seemed to possess the eye of a hawk and the pluck of a tiger: he was always cool and collected, and stood hard knocks without turning a hair. The moment, however, that he took a bat in his hand to go to the wickets he became a different being: he trembled in every limb, he appeared to be utterly unable to see or time the balls, he struck feebly in the air at slow ones, while anything like a fast ball made him execute a hasty retreat in the direction of short-leg. We spent hours on him at the nets, coaching him to keep the right foot steady and so on, and could get him to play quite well at practice; but as soon as it came to a match the old Adam prevailed and he repeated his usual inglorious performance.

Our side was captained by our Colonel, a rare old cricketer and fine judge of the game. An indifferent bat, but a very fine bowler, Colonel Jenkins was second to none in the garrison in that department, but was unfortunately beginning to put on flesh (or 'cultivate a field-officer's figure' as we irreverently put it), and he sometimes seemed to find the ground a very long way off when it came to stopping a ball at point, where he invariably fielded when not bowling.

He had one little weakness, which was that he never knew

when to take himself off when bowling, and had thrown several matches away for us by this propensity.

He always thought he knew exactly how to get each man on the opposite side out. On one occasion two men were in and thoroughly set, but the Colonel plugged away at his end in spite of being repeatedly hit all over the field. At last one man, after hitting four fours off one over of the Colonel's, was unfortunate enough to be run out in attempting a short one off the fifth ball.

'I thought I should get the beggar presently,' was the Colonel's complacent remark!

Needless to say, the day of our match was fine, as from May till October not a drop of rain falls at Gib., much as one often longs for it. They won the toss, and as a matter of course decided to bat first. Cricket at Gib. is played on the North Front—a sandy plain on the north side of the Rock—and the wicket is pitched on a clay patch about forty yards square, the pitch being covered with a strip of cocoanut matting. The outfielding is soft sand, in which one sinks up to the ankles at every step. This, while it makes fielding very fatiguing, also militates against high scoring, as it is very difficult to get more than three for any hit except by hitting very high; hits along the ground, however hard, are seldom worth more than two.

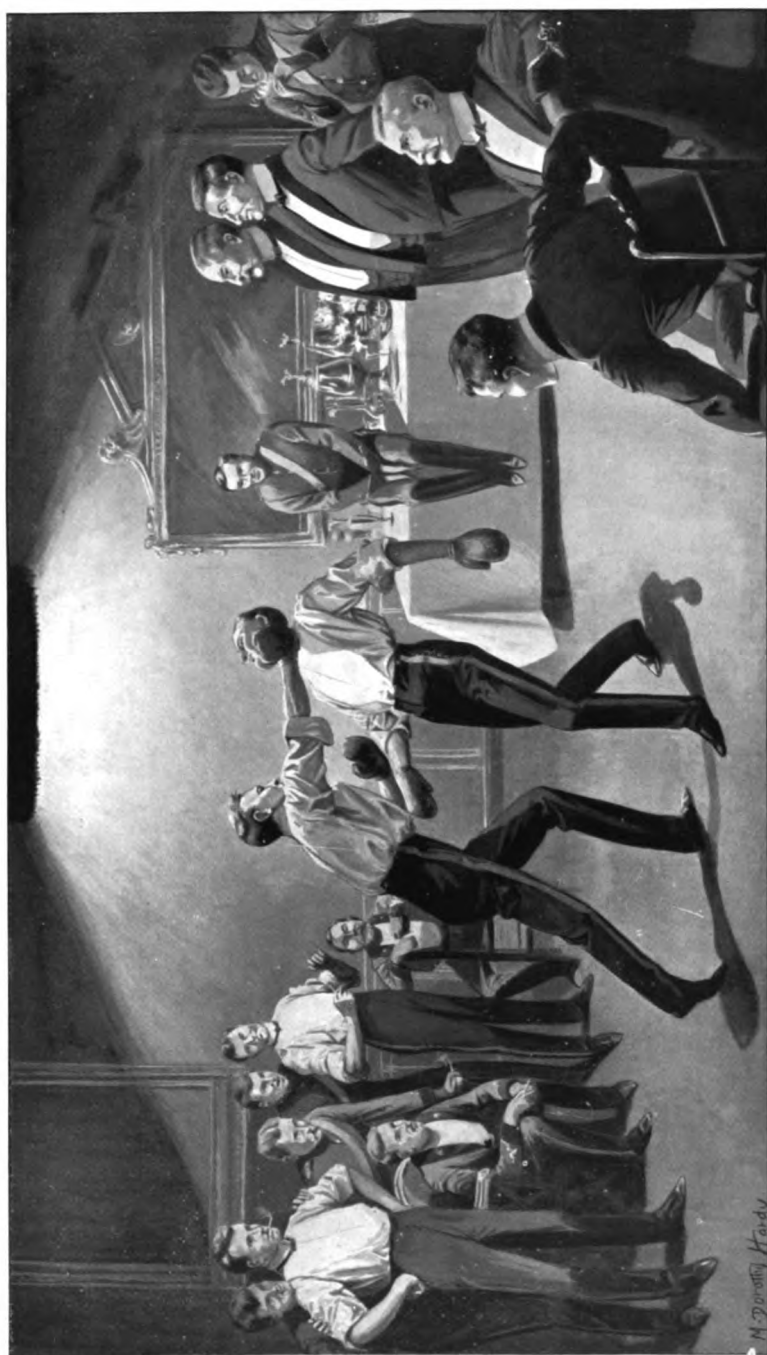
Whether the occasion was too great for the nerves of our opponents, or for some reason or other, they failed altogether in the first innings, and the Colonel and Corporal Norris, bowling unchanged throughout the innings, succeeded in dismissing them for 85, towards which Baynes contributed fifteen, Radcliffe twenty-five, and Jones sixteen.

Full of confidence at this promising start, our men gave a very different display of batting when it came to our turn, and the Brecon bowling was thoroughly collared.

Sergeant Ormley, a very steady but punishing bat, nearly carried his bat through our innings for 106, and our total figured out to the very respectable sum of 225, Ormley being out ninth wicket. When stumps were drawn for the day each side had completed an innings and we held a lead of 140 runs.

That night all of us who were playing for the regiment dined with the Brecons, and a rare night we had of it.

The Brecons were nothing if not sporting, and as soon as dinner was over they brought in the gloves and each of us was told off for a round or two with one of the other regiment, care being taken in every case that the weights were about even. If



IF NOT SCIENTIFIC, THE BOXING WAS DECIDEDLY RAPID





not scientific, the boxing was decidedly rapid, and more than one 'knock-out' was brought off by one or the other of us.

The survivors settled down, some to cock-fighting, others to pool, and some few to whist ; while the evening concluded about 2 A.M. with tobogganning down the staircase of the mess on tea-trays.

Next morning, when we took the field again, more than one of us was not looking quite as fresh as could have been wished. Our bowling, which had been of the best on the first day, was now anything but deadly, and ball after ball was allowed to 'wander' on the on side, only to be despatched with the greatest promptness to leg for three or four runs. Baynes hit like a horse kicking ; while Radcliffe played steadily, and, in spite of bowling changes, the score was up to 112 before Baynes was clean bowled in trying to hook a straight one. He had made 87 without giving a chance.

Jones followed, and soon showed that he was in form. We had five bowlers on our side, also two others who thought they could bowl, and all seven of us had a try ; but to no purpose. Finally, in desperation, Sergeant Ormley had a try with lobs. Such lobs I never saw. They did not break one inch, they were no particular length, and, in fact, any baby could have played them with ease. His first over cost us sixteen runs and the second fifteen, but in the third Jones miss-hit and was well caught at long-on for 96, the total being 276 for two wickets.

Fortunately none of the rest were much use as bats, but the last man gave a lot of trouble, hitting out at everything and knocking up 25 before he was bowled.

Radcliffe was not out until he had raised his score to 123, and their total amounted to 368. This left us with 229 to get to win—a sufficiently formidable task for the last innings—and excitement was now great.

All the ladies of the two regiments had come down to see the finish, and our band was discoursing sweet music to the onlookers. It was soon apparent that we were not to have too easy a time. Baynes was bowling his very fastest and making the ball fly all over the place, while Private Cracknell at the other end, who bowled with a peculiar round-arm action, was keeping a deadly length and putting almost every ball on the wicket. It was not long before disaster befell us. Sergeant Ormley, who appeared filled with the idea that he must make all the runs in one hit, was letting out at almost every ball, and after being twice missed in the slips and once in the long field

off a tremendously hard hit, he was bowled all over his wicket by a real beauty from Baynes, and retired with 27 to his credit. One for 38.

Ancaster, who succeeded him, was as steady as a rock, and for some time everything went well. Runs came steadily, and he and Ainslie (who had gone in first) were both playing very good cricket. An extra fast one from Baynes, however, caught Ancaster on the elbow : after that he could hardly hold his bat, and was soon caught in the slips.

Two for 96.

Hardcastle, who came next, was a useful bat and very keen on stealing short runs, while Ainslie had a very strong dislike to being hustled. It was not long before a misunderstanding arose, Hardcastle calling him for a short one and Ainslie refusing to move, so that the former, who had got nearly the whole way down the wicket, was unable to get back and was easily run out.

Three for 125.

The Colonel now came in, and succeeded in making 15 by some very lucky cricket before being disposed of.

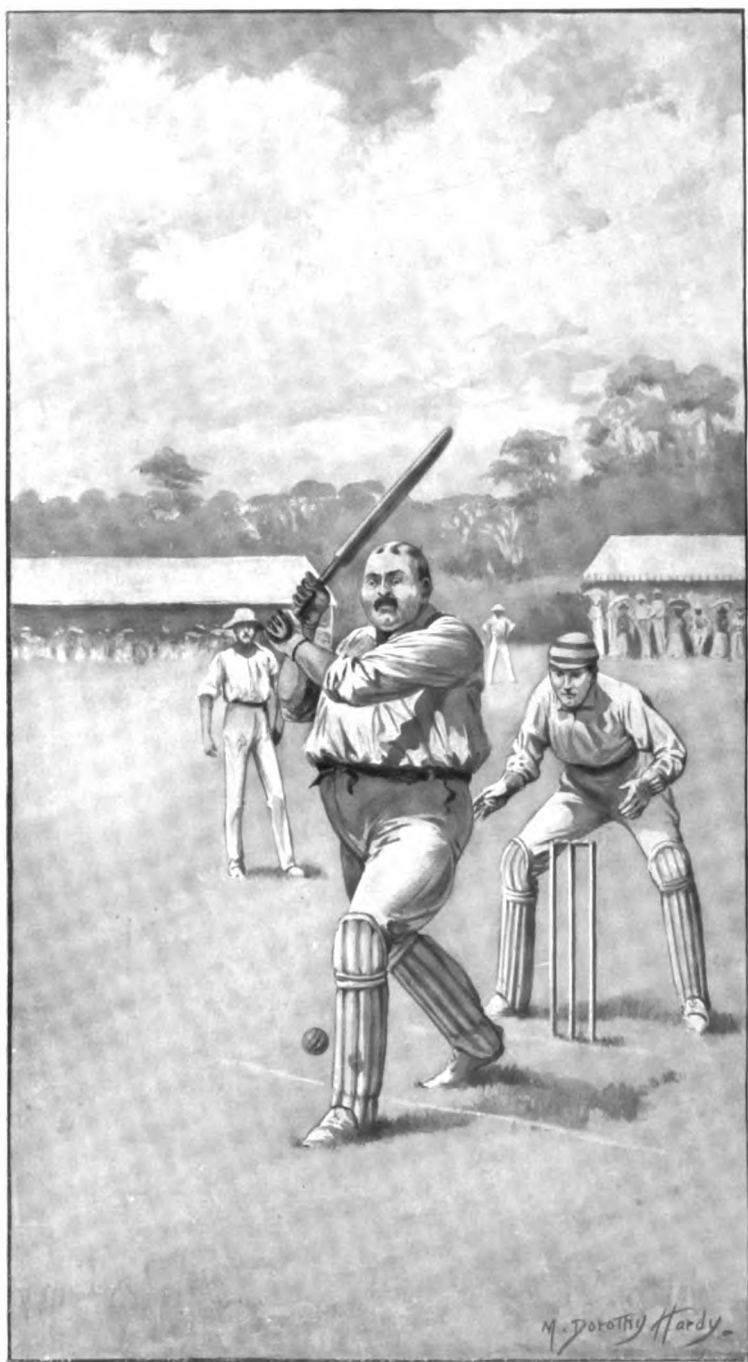
Four for 163.

We had now only 66 to make and six wickets still to fall, but, like most regimental teams, we had a very decided tail, and not one of them could be relied on for a good innings. Ainslie was thoroughly set and hardly likely to get out, but unfortunately he was a slow scorer, so altogether things did not look too rosy for us. Norbury and Oakley were both dismissed without scoring, and the game seemed as good as lost, the score now being 172 for six.

Fry, the next comer, proceeded to play the right game and hit at everything : one stroke went over cover-point's head, the next was nearly into long-on's hands, and the next flew through the slips just out of harm's way. The score began to mount rapidly, and the Brecons, who up to now had been playing for all they were worth and giving nothing away, began to get a bit nervous and demoralised.

Fry should have been easily run out, but the ball was returned wide of the wicket and resulted in two for overthrows. Soon, however, he paid the penalty of over-confidence, and running in to drive a short one, he missed it and was easily stumped. The score now stood at 210 for eight wickets, and only 19 runs were wanted.

Eight more were added before Corporal Norris was bowled, and Private Croker had to appear.



STEPPED STRAIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS WICKET AND MADE A HUGE SWING  
WITH HIS BAT



He walked out to the wicket looking as if he were going to a funeral, and 'with a trembling hand and a glassy eye' took guard and stood evidently prepared to do his very best. Our captain, knowing his man, had told him to put his bat in the block and keep it there, and Croker had promised to carry out his orders.

Baynes, who had one more ball to send down to complete his over, evidently determined to frighten his man out, and slung down a regular fizzer. The sight of the ball coming at him was too much for poor Croker, and, in spite of his promise, he fled for safety towards short-leg.

Fortunately for us, the ball, though a very fast one, was a bit wide, and travelled to the boundary for four byes.

Five to tie and six to win!

In the next over Ainslie hit a couple of twos, but could not get to the other end to receive the bowling, and Croker had once more to face Baynes' expresses.

That was a very curious over, and one that I shall never forget. The first two balls were both beauties, and only missed the wicket by a mere fraction of an inch; the third Croker just touched, and should have been caught at slip, but the excitement was too much for the fielder, and he dropped the ball at the third attempt. The fourth ball was straight, but Croker, who had now found a little nerve, kept his bat absolutely still in the block and succeeded in stopping it.

Baynes now got rather wild, and sent down a very fast and short one straight at Croker's legs.

This was too much for Croker, and, determined not again to run away, he turned his back upon the foe and received the ball on the seat of his pants, from which it bounded off to leg. Ainslie promptly called him to run and dashed across the pitch. Croker was too confused for a moment to move, and it required a vigorous application of Ainslie's bat to his already injured anatomy to make him start.

He just succeeded in scrambling up to the other end before the wicket was put down, and the match was now a tie.

Whether the punishment he had received had roused his spirit, or if something possessed him, I don't know, but the first ball of the next over Croker stepped straight in front of his wicket and made a huge swing with his bat, apparently with the object of hitting to square-leg. Unfortunately the ball was straight and kept low, and hitting him on the leg, he was out.

So ended a memorable match, and the question of supremacy remained to be settled another season.



## SOME SCENES IN THE HIGHLANDS

BY ALEX. INNES SHAND

‘EOTHEN’ preaches sagely as Solomon on the moods of men and the burdens of life. He says that, if an Englishman be not born with a Chifney bit in his mouth, there comes a time for speaking lightly of the very Opera and all our most cherished institutions. ‘You are yet in this cherished England, but you find yourself wending away to the dark sides of her mountains—climbing the dizzy ways—exulting in the fellowship of mists,’ &c. The marvel is that more Englishmen don’t transport themselves thither, in the body instead of the spirit, at what are generally regarded as unseasonable seasons. The Highlands nowadays are dotted over with comfortable residences of all sorts, and most are left untenanted except for a few weeks in the autumn. The glories of mountain and moorland in sunshine, storm, or snowdrift are left to the appreciation of gillies and caretakers. Naturally the affluent Briton knows that he is very well off, and is inclined to congratulate himself on making the best of things. But with all his self-satisfaction he is seldom alive to his rare facilities in making temporary trial of solitude. A sleeping-car in the Flying Scotchman, and you are rubbing your eyes in the morning on the skirts of a desolation as absolute as that of the Thebind, but infinitely more picturesque. Nor are you stuck, like a Simeon Stylites, on the

top of a pillar, whence you are pledged not to climb down.. With a return ticket you need fear nothing worse than a casual snow block, and will be tempted to linger the longer that you may return to Pall Mall when you please. Some of the men most successful in art and letters have been wise enough to seek ever fresh inspiration in Northern Scotland. We say nothing of Scott, who showed the way. The best of Black's works abound in descriptions of yachting, salmon fishing, and Hebridean scenery, and are always saved from monotony by the annual renewal of his observations. Millais was a keen sportsman, and he painted his Northern scenes in all weathers, from blustering March to chill November. He never threw greater life into his work than when shivering on the Hill of Kinnoul in the depths of a dismal winter. For life, even in the interests of the Sybarite, should never be 'all beer and skittles.' The brightest reminiscences of the forest and the moor are the return to the cheery peat fire and the belated dinner, when the limbs are aching with the strain of interminable stalking; when, in spite of hard work, you had been chilled to the marrow with wading flooded streams waist deep; or when, literally all abroad in impenetrable mists, you had well-nigh despaired of salvation.

To the Southron the Highlands naturally associate themselves with sport, but the Englishmen who loved them best were no monogamists. Neither Scrope nor Frederick St. John were wedded to slaughter: both indulged in a variety of innocent pleasures. Scrope was a man of culture, with the Italian poets at his finger-ends, and the drawings with which he illustrated 'The Art of Deer Stalking' are not unworthy of the companion pictures by Landseer. Yet he was never so happy as in his quarters in Bruar Lodge, with the blasts from Ben-y-Gloe howling down the chimneys and whistling through the crevices of ill-fitting doors. St. John, an enthusiastic sportsman if ever there was one, who lay out on the hills like the last chief of Glengarry, was as close an observer of the habits of animals as the recluse of Selborne. He was as curious about titmice and crossbills as about eagles and peregrines. Like Scrope, he had been bred in the South and brought up in the innermost circles of society; yet, when he migrated from the Treasury to the sand dunes of the Bay of Fridhorn, the various excitements of the Far North had such a fascination that even failing health never tempted him back to the haunts of his early manhood.

For in the Highlands all seasons are enjoyable, and if a man has a soul hidden anywhere about him, it is there he is sure to find it. The loitering spring is delectable, and perhaps most perfect in the watery west. To be sure, the stranger should be of robust constitution, when he will become hardened to constant soaking, and, clad in flannels and comfortable homespun, will soon learn to leave his waterproof at home. As the storms drive over the sun breaks out, and the wind dries him before the next inevitable drenching. Nature is in its glory, and rejoicing in its release from the iron grasp of the winter. The keen edge of the air is tempered by a warm breath ; the swelling buds of the birches are bursting into leaf, the larches are putting out their verdant shoots, and the flush of tender green is spreading over the lower country. The contrast is the more enchanting that the snow still shrouds the summits of the hills and comes far down on the northern side of the sheltered valleys. But as the days draw out and the sun finds strength it dissolves, and the rising moisture wreaths itself in mists, rolling round the hill crests in fantastic forms, distorting objects and puzzling the vision, till a hare may be taken for a deer and a sheep swells into a bullock. The melting snow-drifts and the rains make wild melody everywhere. Each swollen tributary is hurrying to the river in the strath which is rushing along in turgid speat, overflowing the rushy meadowland ; the roar of the cataracts in the rocky glens drowns the crow of the grouse and the croak of the raven ; and there are 'dust-falls' and 'veil-falls' tumbling over cliffs where there is scarcely damp enough to keep the lichens alive in the summer. The small burns are frothing and foaming along in puny competition with the raging streams, and innumerable rivulets are trickling through the heather with a murmur like the hum of the bees in a clover patch.

It is a paradise for the nesting birds in search of peace and solitude. Day by day the migrants keep dropping in. You may time the arrivals almost to a day, for they must take their chances of the weather. A bird we always associate with the hill-burns is the ring-ouzel, though more common in Northern England than in these Highland shires. Conspicuous by his white collar, we always associate him with the rowan-trees and weeping birches. The sprightliness of his somewhat monotonous song chimes in harmoniously with the savage surroundings. Then each loch and lonely tarn become populous as the broods of the water-fowl begin to hatch out. At a bend of the burn





A BIRD WE ALWAYS ASSOCIATE WITH THE HILL-BURNS IS THE RING-OUZEL



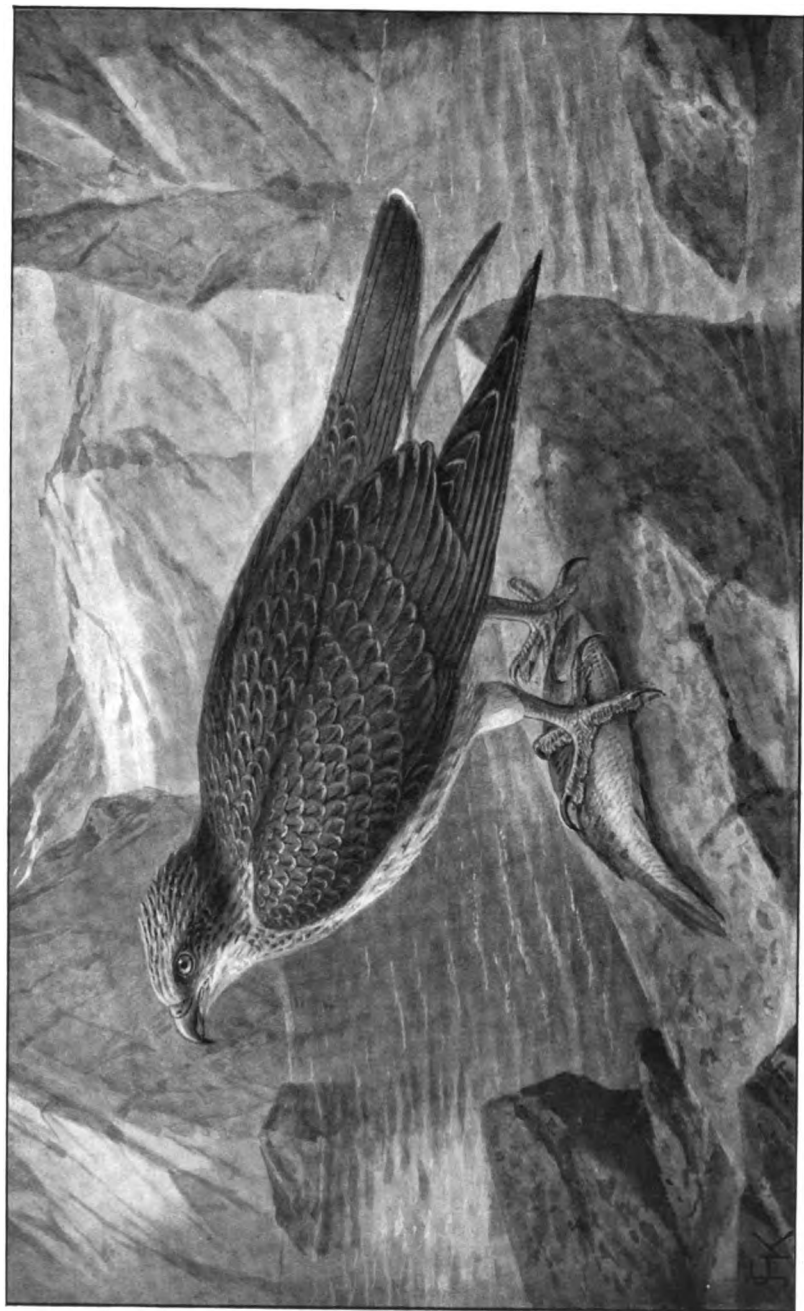
that drains the sedgy lakelet you see the family of the mallards drifting down the stream. The stately drake, sighting the intruder, rises heavily with clamorous quack and a squatter of the water, till, getting freely into his powerful swing, he soars rapidly skywards. His more soberly attired mate, all maternal anxiety, flutters aside with trailing pinions into the heather, with a warning cry to her wideawake little charges, who hastily betake themselves to hiding. For not even the lapwing, with all her dodges and devices, is more resourceful than the matronly wild duck. If you can ambush yourself snugly, it is a pretty sight to see a brood of ducklings foraging for themselves, snatching at the passing flies and dipping after the water insects. But still prettier is the glimpse into the domestic management of a pair of grebes, who, with their short wings, contrive, somehow or another, to travel far inland each year to the favourite breeding-place. For choice they frequent some swampy tarn, and the nest is built of rushes in the shallows, where the eggs must invariably be half afloat. Nevertheless they are hatched in due season, and the tiny grebelets, about the size and shape of filberts, take to what is literally their native element, with their faculties all ready made. You see the little fellows float and dive with a jerk of the stern like that of the tail of the ring-ouzel when he settles after a flight.

It is a far cry from the sedges of the tarn to the eyries of the eagle and the peregrine. The grebes breed in peace, in their lowly obscurity. The tyrants of the upper regions, the princes of the powers of the air—the eagles and the swift raptorial species have been ruthlessly persecuted. It may be said that sheep farmers and game preservers have been only taking revenge for centuries of rapine, indulged with impunity. But ignorance and unappreciation of the picturesque have carried persecution so far, that with some species it has been pushed almost to extermination. As for the eagle, we believe he was a much-maligned bird, and though he may have snatched at lambs more often than he kidnapped babies, both cases were exceptional. Like the vulture, he loves to gorge on carrion; the braxy mutton of drowned sheep used to be his staple diet, and when he over-gorged himself, as his habit was, he often fell a victim to his gluttony. The peregrine may have taken free toll of the game, but on the whole he did as much harm as good, by striking down the weak and the ailing. No bird of the North was more picturesque than the osprey, and against the osprey there was no sort of indictment. He stuck to his

fish diet like Catholics in Lent, and building on unapproachable islets or stone obelisks, he only asked to be let alone. Yet bird-stuffers and egg-collectors have nearly made an end of him ; nor have we ever forgiven our good friend, Frederick St. John, for his wanton atrocities in his sporting Sutherlandshire tour.

Now, happily, a reaction has set in, with the conversion of the wilder sheep-walks into deer forests, and the leasing of the moors to æsthetic Southrons. Eagles and peregrines are good friends to the stalker, and sportsmen who have a sympathy for the picturesque side of nature do not shoot simply for the larder or the record bag. Moreover, with the vast multiplication of the mountain hare, both eagles and falcons have become comparatively harmless. When not taken at an advantage by ambush, trap or poison, they can take good care of themselves. With the range of choice in scaur and precipice, it would be strange if they did not search out almost impregnable fortresses. The ledge of the nest, thickly strewn with the relics of their victims, is practically inaccessible from beneath, and generally overhung by some beetling cliff. Lowered with a rope, you swing in space like a pendulum, and only the chance of a stomach-turning oscillation will land you on the dizzy shelf. As a rule, one only sees the eagle at a respectful distance, circling high in his hunt over the heather ; soaring spectre-like against the azure, between earth and sky, or winging his swift flight from brae to brae, like the bird Evan Dhu wasted his powder on in 'Waverley.' But we have flushed him within half-gunshot, when feeding on braxy in a burn ; and even eagles, like all other denizens of the mountains, are likely enough to lose their bearings in a fog. Once, in a drenching Scotch mist, when out after ptarmigan, we had our cheek literally brushed by an eagle's wing, and, judging by his piercing scream of astonishment, the great bird was the more startled of the two.

The ptarmigan are nesting ; and when the snow is lying low on the slopes and choking the gorges leading down to the corries, there is very pretty rock-climbing and cornice-scrambling for those who care to risk neck and limb, or wish to add ptarmigan eggs to their collection. It is true it may possibly be a bootless quest, for with the white grouse protective coloration is carried to an extreme, and as the birds change their plumage with the tints of the rocks, so the eggs are undistinguishable from storm-polished pebbles. The red grouse are nesting : but of those nests no one knows so much as the



THE OSPREY



shepherds, and if you have a head-keeper who keeps on friendly terms with them, his price is above rubies. The black grouse is nesting in the tangle of loose grass and rushes on the edge of some swampy hollow. Now, having settled his matrimonial arrangements for the season, the cock struts about peaceably enough in the glossy splendour of his sable plumage; and the challenges are silenced which, sounding like the wild 'whi-roo' of an Irish fair, called rivals to the battle for the favours of beauty.

In the springtime the unsophisticated stranger will be surprised by a strong smell of burning heather, blending with more fragrant scents, and he will see dense clouds of smoke curling up from the moorlands and mingling with the mountain mists. Strolling out after dusk he will be delighted by an illumination which may not come up to the displays at the Crystal Palace, but is far more impressive in its scenic effects. The mountains are girdled with smouldering fires, and the Bens seem to be in eruption like Vesuvius or Stromboli. The country is not volcanic; the morasses are not full of slime-pits like the Vale of Siddim; but the heather is literally on fire. For firing the heather is one of the modern discoveries which has been of unspeakable benefit to sportsmen and sheep farmers: a burning question it is, for though their interests need not conflict, there is always room for friction and very fair cause for raising old feuds. The rank heather-growth of successive seasons must be cleared away: the sheep can make nothing of it, and, if it is not actually hurtful to the grouse, its only good is to give them shelter in hard seasons. But for that reason the keeper ought to see that it is not destroyed recklessly and indiscriminately. Where there is no refuge from the storms the grouse will migrate, and whole ranges of moor and hill will be deserted; on the other hand, discreet burning by strips and scattered patches is legitimate strategy which will invite the birds from neglected moors. The ashes on the saturated soil are the best of all manures: there is a rapid forcing of the tender shoots; they fatten the sheep, they strengthen the grouse, and are the surest antidote to deadly epidemics. Besides, if the burned patches are judiciously distributed, they save the young coveys from flying far in search of water, and thus otherwise inevitable casualties are avoided.

Neither the shepherds nor the keepers desire the burning to be overdone, and that leads us to speak of their lives and their relations. They have much in common; the lives of

both are lonely, and there is no reason why, as the Yankees say, they should not kindly cotton to each other. So they often do, for the keeper knows well that the shepherd is master of the shooting situation. Abroad early and late, and at all hours, with his keen-scented collies ranging before him, it is odds if he has not stumbled upon all the nests, and he has certainly located each brood of cheepers. If he be malicious he can do incalculable mischief. In our experience—and we have been on friendly terms with not a few of them—these shepherds are generally sterling good fellows ; but if they are somewhat cross-grained and cantankerous on the surface, who can wonder ? The solitude and hardships of their existence can scarcely be realised. Monotonous it can hardly be called, for it is brimful of incident and anxious speculation. They are responsible for the safety of the flocks, but they have no control of the weather. In some phenomenal storm, with no help available but that of their dogs, they have to search out the wethers that are suffocating in the snow-drifts. In less inclement times the sheep will wander, driving before the wind, like steers on the Texan prairie, and they have to be followed in the face of blinding blasts. Bivouacking in the plaid beneath some ‘shelter-stone,’ with a handful of oatmeal slaked in water for supper, is an incident of frequent occurrence. On an ordinary day’s beat, when the floodgates of the heavens have been opened, stream after stream has to be stemmed breast-high before regaining the shealing, where the wife is waiting in what would be an agony of expectation were it not happily blunted by custom. The shepherd himself, with his faculties always on the strain, sitting habitually in soaking clothes, with ominous twinges of impending rheumatism, is naturally short in his temper. If he is misanthropic it is because he seldom sets eyes on a man. But only take him in the right way, and he is the most hospitable of hosts and the most genial of companions. The diplomatic keeper drops in with a full whisky flask and insists on mixing a tumbler of steaming toddy. He comes with the freshness of the man of the world who sometimes walks to the kirk, which is seven miles off, who hears vague rumours of the gossip of the markets, who has a look at the county paper, and is in touch with the gentlemen of the South. These morning calls are welcome, and in confidential chat the keeper can twist his friend round his finger to their mutual advantage. But the day to be marked with a white stone is when the shooting lessee, who has established himself in favour, graces the shealing



with his presence. On the first visit the shepherd was probably as 'stand-off' as his dogs, who jumped up upon the peat-sodden roof to yelp savagely at the sportsman's setters. But when the host finds that his guest showed no condescension, he met him with the frank cordiality of a gentleman, and when one of these men get into a flow of talk we have seldom met with more entertaining or instructive companions. Condemned in ordinary to silence they think the more, and the commonplaces of their everyday lives are the material for thrilling romances.

They speak, and simply enough, of their own hardships and hairbreadth escapes. But some of the older of them can tell from personal recollection, or from what they have heard from their fathers, of Highland changes in a couple of generations. Seventy years ago illicit distilling was the most thriving trade. The stills were at work everywhere in subterranean dens, only to be detected by the thin thread of vapoury smoke, and the gaugers, who bought information, made periodical descents, backed up by parties of soldiers from the nearest garrison. As they came in force they were seldom resisted, though the victims looked out for occasions of revenge. Seventy years ago the poachers went out in gangs, stalking deer and shooting grouse at their discretion, and the few keepers were far too wise to meddle with them. And the more intelligent will guide you to green circles in lonely glens which mark the site of some long-deserted hamlet, or to the little graveyard or the grassy knoll encircled by the river. And they know that, although their lot is a rough one, these are memorials of days when their forbears lived in chronic semi-starvation, before much-abused emigration was the blessing of the wastes, and sheep-walks and deer forests superseded the black cattle.

But we have been tempted to linger among the charms of spring, and can but glance at the Highlands in late autumn. The exodus has fairly set in, and the tenants of the moors are yachting or driving partridges, or arranging for the pheasant battues. They often miss the hectic beauties of an Indian summer, when the heavens hold up and blue skies are serene, and the game on the higher grounds, in the first snap of morning frosts, have been scattering again, giving fair chances of satisfactory sport. But even when the weather is wild and broken, October in the forests is often the most delightful of months. The barren hinds court the attention of the stalker, and the grander scenery is in the perfection of sublimity. A day or two of confinement after rain and storm, when the

gusts have threatened to beat in the casements and the wind has been shrieking down the passes, there is a lull and some signs of clearing. The clouds have come down and the wind has fallen, and everything is enveloped in dripping mists, nevertheless you go out to take your chances. Everything is enveloped in seething clouds, but the veteran hillman shows the way, and threads the mosshags with confident assurance. It is perilous work fording the flooded burns, with precarious footing on shifting stones; and even linking arms, when handicapped with rifles, it is hard to escape being swept off your legs. On the mountain torrent, as likely as not, the bridges are submerged or have been swept down stream, but you negotiate the passage on a couple of slippery pine-trunks, thrown across a sort of 'strid' from rock to rock. There is no spying for the deer, but there is no mistake about their presence. The rutting season is on, the stags are on the rampage, and everywhere behind the watery veil the echoing glens resound to their roaring. The champions have not yet asserted their prowess, and the hinds are still at the disposal of the strongest. Now and again you may hear the scream of the eagle, bewildered like yourself by the mists and unfamiliar proximity. But Donald sets his breast to the brae and is hopeful; he avers that it is likening to clear, and he is generally a reliable weather prophet. 'The Lord knows we have had wind and to spare, but if there were but a bit o' a breeze'—and sure enough, the breeze is coming. The clouds are lifting and the sun breaks out; a few minutes more and he is shining down in unbated splendour, though below wreathing masses of smoke make a hard fight of it. Here cliff and stone are glittering as if gemmed with diamonds: there grey heather is glowing in dark-some shadow: and beyond are island patches of impenetrable vapour. Above all the rugged peaks are standing up, sharp and clear. Another rift in the clouds and the opposite hillside emerges in a blaze of glory. Donald clutches your arm and points eagerly. A group of hinds is scattered over the grassy slopes, but all eyes are turned towards the Lord of the Seraglio. Patrolling restlessly around there is a mighty hart, his hide black as night from mud-baths in the moss-pits, with the rough hairs, as you may guess, bristling on his thickened crest, and with every movement showing jealous anxiety. He is mo-a-ing and groaning rather than roaring, and as he scrapes the ground impatiently and turns his head down the wind, he seems ready for action at a moment's notice. Not without reason, for, as

you are already devising how to circumvent him, there is a bellow of defiance out of the mist beyond. And, before you have well time to realise the situation, the challenger dashes forward with lowered head. The adversaries meet in full shock, with a terrific crashing of horns. The hinds huddle together, to await the result. That is more than Donald will suffer you to do, though it is such a combat as one has seldom the luck to witness. 'Round this gate, sir ; round this gate, for God's sake' ; and when he had nearly run you off your legs, and circled to within fifty yards of the scene of combat—we omit the varied incidents of the rough-and-tumble scramble—the fight had been decided, and the hinds were filing off in slow procession, the swarthy monarch of the mountains bringing up the rear. The breeze was blowing straight away from us, and the whole party was preoccupied beyond suspicion of danger. What had become of the discomfited challenger we never knew ; but, as a memorial of that most romantic experience, a head of ten, with brow, brae and trae antlers, is hanging now in the hall of a shooting lodge.





## HUNTING IN BRITTANY

### THE LAST OF THE WILD BOARS

BY J. LOWNDES RANDALL

AT about three o'clock on a cold dark winter's morning the writer was aroused by a shuffling and stamping of feet in the hall of his modest mansion in Brittany. 'Qui va la?' he shouted, and the answer came in gruff tones up the staircase, 'Un Ours!' to the accompaniment of the sound of stifled laughter. The voice proved to proceed from Maturin, a queer combination of keeper, groom, and gardener, in which capacities he served Shirley, an English resident in these parts. He was the bearer of a note despatched on the previous evening, but the numerous *auberges* on the way had delayed its transmission and had reduced Maturin to a condition suitable for playing 'Ours' or any other tomfoolery. However, luckily the state of the messenger did not affect the message, which contained the concise statement: 'M. de Carnöet's hounds at the copse of Möclau at daybreak.' At daybreak! We English rather pride ourselves on our keen sporting instincts, but our hunting-fields would be shorn of their unwieldy dimensions if our hounds were at the covert-side at such a time all through the winter. But the early hour had no effect on the muster of gentle or simple by the copse of Möclau. All the neighbouring gentry were there in their dogcarts. There were M. le Baron, M. le Comte, M. de

This, and M. de That, Bretons all, besides a French major on a good-looking roan charger, a jolly-looking priest or two, and peasants by the score, on foot. Among the latter were one or two real ancient Bretons clad in shaggy goatskin coats, with their own long hair falling in dishevelled ringlets from under their queer-looking caps, while their nether garments consisted of coarse sackcloth *bragou-bras*, the trunk hose of our ancestors. Picturesque-looking fellows these. But the majority wore the ordinary blue canvas jacket and overalls of the peasants topped by the low-crowned beaver hat with a silver buckle in the band which terminated in strings behind, like a Scotch cap. A few had boots, but the majority clattered about in sabots lined with straw or hay, while the gentry strode along in breeches and jack-boots.

Some very important members of the community have still been omitted from the list—the gendarmes to wit, who were present, mounted and resplendent in uniform, for the joint purpose of discovering if any one carried a gun without the necessary *permis de chasse*, of witnessing the unloading of the said guns at the conclusion of the chase, and of seeing as much of the fun as possible. Very few of the peasants seemed to be gunless, while the gentry were armed to a man with double-barrelled guns loaded with the deadly *balle mariée*—two bullets screwed together. For a few minutes the hounds and *piqueurs* sheltering under the lee of a low wall escaped notice. They are not what you could describe as a ‘sorty’ lot by any means, but the great rough-coated, griffon hounds, heavy-lipped, long-eared, high-crowned, big of bone, though throaty withal, standing fully twenty-six inches, looked all over like hunting. Not so taking were those others crossed with the smooth-coated Vendean breed, nor, as it was afterwards proved, were they at all suitable to run with the former, being much faster and quicker in their mode of hunting. The *limiers* had been left at home, there being no use for them, as the boar was securely harboured in the copse hard by, towards which we were now moving. It went against the grain to see the covert surrounded by gunners and every ‘coign of vantage’ occupied before the *piqueurs*, sounding the ‘Quête’ right tunefully, plunged into the wood with the hounds.

Before many minutes had elapsed a hound spoke, and the *piqueurs*’ animated ‘Ecoute, écoute!’ showed that it was the note of one which could be trusted. In a moment the whole pack joined in, and opened on the drag with a most melodious

cry. 'What music !' an Englishman would have said delightedly, but it was as nothing to the crash which proclaimed the boar on foot. The wood fairly rang with 'the musical discord,' the deep voices of the griffons mingling with the shriller tones of the Vendean hounds. Twice they go swinging round the wood, and then, with a mighty bound over the bank, the boar breaks covert close to Shirley. There is only time for a snapshot as the quarry disappears with a terrific rattling of dislodged stones over the precipitous side of a ravine. A perfect hail of bullets comes singing and whistling over the first shooter, who had prudently ducked his head the moment he had discharged his gun. The boar, as it turned out afterwards, was slightly wounded in the hind foot.

Meanwhile a scene of the wildest excitement supervenes. The *piqueur* is playing 'La Vue,' 'Le Sanglier' and 'La Sortie,' one after the other, prestissimo ; hounds are away full cry over a wild gorsy, heath-grown, bank-fenced country ; men are climbing into their vehicles, or running, as the case may be, and, in a word, the chase is up. Now one begins to see why, without plenty of music, hounds would be almost useless here. Follow them you cannot ; see them you cannot ; and, if you could not hear them, where would you be ? As it is, you must be far from them, indeed, to be out of hearing. Besides their 'cry,' a chance shot or two, or a peasant gesticulating wildly, shows you in which direction to steer, for has not word gone forth into every hamlet that the wild boar will be hunted to-day, and is not every man's hand against him, poor Ishmaelite, and every eye on the *qui vive* ? So to the accompaniment of such music as one seldom hears, and of occasional gun-salutes, which he hardly feels conscious of being honoured by, the boar runs on along the right bank of the river Aven to where it is joined by the foaming torrents of the Stir-goz, or Old River, a good five miles as the crow flies. He has not stood to bay as yet ; when he does he will leave his mark. Wait a bit and you will see. Still following the river he reaches the craggy woods of Luzuen. Hark ! they are baying at him now. You can hear it plainly enough. Quick ! there is some chance of getting up to him. Shirley, the *piqueur*, and M. de Carnôet, are out of their carts and running top speed to the place, the latter unloosening his *couteau de chasse*. He hates the sight of a gun in chase. Ah, the baying has stopped, hounds are running on, and they are too late. Too late, indeed, except to find two hounds badly ripped up, howling piteously.



BROUGHT THEIR QUARRY TO BAY





These are handed over to a peasant, who conveys them on a cart to his farm, promising to do the best he can for them. Neither of them went hunting again. This is the worst part of boar-hunting. 'What, old Rambler, is he dead? Never mind, pick up the pieces, he was mortal; go ahead.' It sounds heartless, and no doubt it is, but all the same it is the only thing to do, and every one does it to-day, making the best of his way towards Rosporden, in which direction hounds are pointing. Somewhere hereabouts the quarry must have met an unusually large party of his enemies, for he was evidently headed, and it takes a good deal to turn a wild boar. Near where he crossed the main road from Concarneau to Pont-Aven, an English lady drove up to M. de Carnöet and asked him excitedly where the hounds were. 'Hounds, madam,' was the chilling reply, 'I did not know you owned a pack of hounds!' It is not etiquette to go out with any one's hounds without an invitation, and, besides this, de Carnöet used to assert that ladies were very well in their place, but that their place was certainly not in the hunting-field.

Meanwhile hounds are running hard towards Concarneau, and, crossing the road from there to Pont-Aven, again brought their quarry to bay on the rocky coast of the Bay of Biscay. A wilder scene could hardly be imagined than the grisly boar, champing his tusks, foaming at the mouth, with every bristle erect, his small red eyes fairly aflame, with his back to a mighty rock; the grim hounds baying round him, and ever and anon rushing in to the attack. In the background the weird Brittany coast, with its chaos of towering rock and crag, and beyond all the wide Atlantic. Once more, however, the boar continued his course before any one could get near enough to come to terms with him, leaving two more victims of the encounter disabled on the sand, while he headed for the distant pine forests of St. George. Already he had covered a good thirty miles of ground, and there seemed no reason why he should not, like Tennyson's brook, go on for ever. One thing in favour of his pursuers was the fact that they were extremely unlikely to change. The chances of putting up another boar were too remote to have to be reckoned with, while there was no fear of hounds leaving the strong scent of one for anything else. So the chase sped on through the pine woods, where the quarry must have made another stand, for only two couples of hounds came out on his line heading for Pont-Aven, and these were soon hopelessly at fault. The boar must have got a very long

lead to have run them out of scent. It was now getting dark, every one seemed to have had enough of it, so M. de Carnōet sounded the 'Fin de la chasse,' and the gendarmes were on the point of seeing that every one's gun was unloaded, when Shirley, who was smoking his pipe on the hillside above a large patch of grass, noticed the remaining hounds feathering on a line. More with the object of doing something than with any idea of finding the boar, he walked through the gorse, when suddenly up jumped the tired beast almost at his feet and dashed wildly down the hill. A volley, which would have done no discredit to the finish of a pitched battle, was poured into him, and he rolled over like a log, pierced by a dozen balls, while the 'Mort' rang out triumphantly over the fall of, perhaps, the last of his race in Lower Brittany.





## PAGES FROM A COUNTRY DIARY

*October 10.*—In company with, I suppose, about three-fourths of my fellow-creatures, I labour under the thankless burden of being a trustee of other people's money, and were I only the actual possessor of those comfortable sums in Consols and railway debentures which stand in my name, Quarter Day would be robbed of most of its present terrors. But ungrateful as the office of trustee usually is, in my case the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb by the fact that Jack, who is my co-trustee of Millicent's marriage settlement, is the fortunate possessor of a grouse moor and a salmon river. Consequently whenever occasion arises for an interchange of views respecting our stewardship, I never fail to point out that a personal interview, where the matter can be settled in five minutes, is vastly preferable to a tedious and profitless correspondence, and being always ready—whatever Belinda may say to the contrary—to sacrifice myself to the convenience of others, cheerfully undertake a long journey to the north of England. I thus not only savour the rare pleasure of a good action—in itself, we are taught, sufficient recompense—but also reap the advantage of some excellent sport at Jack's expense, thereby confuting the cynical dictum that unselfishness goes unrewarded in this world.

Thus it came about that having some trifling matters of

business to discuss, I travelled uncomplainingly down to Jack's last week. Not, indeed, that a railway journey has ever any great terrors for me : given a fast train, a compartment to oneself, a well-filled luncheon-basket, and plenty of amusing literature, I thoroughly enjoy speeding through a new country at the rate of fifty miles an hour. One fact, however, never fails to impress me when travelling north, and that is the extraordinary change in the atmosphere when one approaches the confines of Yorkshire. No matter how oppressive the heat, how glowing the sunshine, one has left behind in the south, as one gets near Retford or Doncaster the air grows perceptibly cooler, the vegetation becomes less luxuriant, a dull grey pall covers the sky, and a sort of chill seems to come over the face of Nature, which usually produces a slight depression of spirits on a sun-worshipper like myself. I suppose it is due to their climatic surroundings that we must ascribe the 'dourness' and hardheadedness of northerners, but dearly as I should like to possess some of this latter excellent attribute, I confess it would be dearly bought by existence in a climate where the thermometer rarely rises above 60°.

I had a pleasant time at Jack's, who is the owner of one of those luxuriant bachelor residences more often imagined than actually met with. An old Border tower has been converted into an exceedingly comfortable modern residence, without detracting from its external appearance, which is in admirable keeping with its surroundings ; an excellent cook, and cellar to correspond, add to its internal attractions and a delightful grey stone walled garden, where old-fashioned perennial flowers grow side by side with fruit and vegetables, slopes sunnily down to the rushing river, which, although I do not think he ever saw it, and certainly never fished it, has been as perfectly and as beautifully described by Charles Kingsley as though he had been born on its banks. 'It was such a stream as you see in dear old Bewick . . . ; a full hundred yards wide, sliding on from broad pool to broad shallow, and broad shallow to broad pool, over great fields of shingle, under oak and ash coverts, past low cliffs of sandstone, past green meadows and fair parks, and a great house of gray stone, and brown moors above, and here and there against the sky the smoking chimney of a colliery.' Thank goodness ! there are no collieries within many miles of Jack's fishing, but otherwise the description is perfect ; a piece of word-painting such as it is given to few to imitate, and to none to equal.

From no point of view is autumn salmon fishing to be compared to the same sport in spring or early summer. However game, or heavy, an autumn fish may be, it seems to lack the fighting qualities of a spring fish; its rusty appearance contrasts poorly with the 'purple shot through with a silver ray' of its vernal compeer; and however beautiful the autumn tints of the country, however bracing the crisp October air, they cannot compare with the soft delicate green, and the gentle southerly breezes of spring. None the less there is an undefinable charm in being by the riverside on a calm autumn day, when all Nature seems to be sinking resignedly to rest in the embrace of the dying year, which I tasted to the full last week, and especially so the first morning I went a-fishing. It was a perfect October day; the meadows lay soaked and glistening with dew; each bush and briar were covered with gossamer lace-work, and a thin white mist of morning was being fast sucked up by the warm autumn sun, as I reached the pool I intended to try first. At its head was a gut of great water-worn boulders, through which the brown-hued river came tumbling and spouting, and then spread itself out with little shimmering dancing waves, and oily runs, until its force was spent, and it slid into a long sullen stretch of deep black water, all covered with streaks and lumps of amber foam, which drifted aimlessly into hidden currents and backwashes, and were again sucked up into the hurly-burly at the head of the pool. At my feet a beach of gradually shelving shingle, but on the opposite side of the river a steep cliff of grey limestone, from whose crevices hung gnarled oaks and ashes and rowans all glorious in scarlet and gold. Save for the delectable noise of 'laughing water' hardly a sound to be heard: now and then a sheep bleated faintly on the distant moorlands, or the crow of a pheasant came from the larch plantations, and once or twice a salmon heaved itself out of the water with a resounding splash; but I am not ashamed to confess I stood for some time by the river-side thinking of many things, perhaps of the 'books in the running brooks,' and forgot all about my fishing.

I had some moderately good sport, getting three grilse and two fish in three short days, all killed by fair wading and casting, and gaffed and landed unaided. The biggest fish was 18 lbs., and I killed it by a rather uncommon bit of good luck. Early in the day I noticed it constantly plunging and rolling behind a particular rock, and with some difficulty, for it was a long cast, managed to get a Butcher over it. It

fastened at once, and actually made my reel revolve, but I suppose I was nervous, and struck too hard, for the fly came away immediately, and cursing myself for a heavy-handed bungler, I naturally thought I had seen the last of that salmon. However, late in the afternoon, coming back to the pool I found the fish still plunging behind the same rock, and tried in vain to tempt it with a Jock Scott. As, however, it still continued to show itself at intervals, I rested it for a few minutes, and changing my fly for the Butcher I had used in the morning, cast once more over the fish, which came at once, and, well-hooked this time, was eventually killed : a piece of rare good fortune. The question has since arisen in my mind as to whether the incident points to shortness of memory on the part of the salmon or not ? It certainly remembered the particular fly which had attracted it in the morning, but on the other hand, it had equally forgotten the smart which the attractive insect must have caused. I suppose it was a case of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*.

I also dropped in for a couple of days' grouse driving ; both rather typical of that most fickle form of shooting. The first was one of those days on which none but a fool or an Englishman would be abroad for his pleasure, which we certainly took sadly enough. A marrow-piercing gale blew from the north-east, a soaking rain began to fall as we entered our butts for the first drive, and continued without intermission all day ; such grouse as came forward were blown over us in huge packs, and could not be induced to face the wind for a return drive ; the wet and the cold penetrated the most impervious of mackintoshes and the thickest of boots ; Mark Tapley himself could not have even simulated enjoyment under the circumstances. We bore it until lunch-time, when after a futile attempt to eat lukewarm Irish stew and sodden sandwiches under the lee of a stone wall, we unanimously agreed to give over shooting for the day, and fled home before the gale to dry clothes and a warm fire.

The keepers and drivers alone appeared unmoved by the weather ; I suppose from the familiarity which breeds contempt. Many of them, I was told, would have to walk ten or twelve miles through the drenching storm before they reached home ; yet the great long-legged, red-whiskered fellows—most of them, I was delighted to notice, disdained mackintoshes and wore the old-fashioned shepherd's plaids—started as cheerfully off across the mist-wrapped fells as though it were a fine summer's evening. Indeed the proletariat of the North of England and

Scotland always appear to me impervious to rain ; when I had got in that afternoon and was changing my wet things, I saw from my bedroom window Jack's gardener contentedly grubbing up potatoes *in his shirt-sleeves*, and I thought with bitterness of Thomas at home, who flies to the shelter of the potting-house before the gentlest of April showers.

The gale blew itself out during the night, and the next day was as fine and cheerful as the previous one had been dull and gloomy. The sun shone warmly from out a bright blue sky ; a gentle breeze replaced the roaring hurricane, the air was clear and bracing, and no finer day for grouse-driving could be desired. The birds, too, though heavily packed, drove remarkably straight, and the shooting being moderately good, we got forty-three brace, an excellent bag for October, or indeed, with the exception of a few specially favoured localities, for a Northumbrian moor at any season of the year. It is curious why these Border moors should carry such comparatively small stocks of grouse, for, judging by their appearance, exactly the opposite should be the case. They lie no higher than the Yorkshire moors ; they mostly slope to the south ; they are well watered and are amply covered with excellent heather, and yet a thousand acres of bare-looking fell in Yorkshire will yield a bag four or five times as heavy as the same extent of capital-looking grouse-ground in Northumberland.

In one particular, however, the Border moors can claim superiority, and that is in the quantity of blackgame to be found on them. I was perfectly astonished at the size of a great pack of black cocks—not a grey hen among them—which came over us in the first drive, and fondly hoped they would be brought back in the succeeding one. But no : they came forward on to a ridge of heather, within two hundred yards of the butts, and settled there—‘clapped doon’ my loader expressed it—running to and fro with their heads up and eyeing the guns with evident disapproval, until the drivers came on them, when they promptly rose, and heedless of much shouting and waving of flags, flew straight back, and I suppose clean off the moor, for although we picked up an odd bird or two during the day, we never saw the big pack again. The flight of a driven black cock is very deceptive to the eye. It appears to lumber heavily along, and yet I noticed once when a black cock and some grouse were flushed at the same moment, the former soon left the others behind.

At one drive I had for immediate neighbours two sportsmen

who admirably illustrated the old and new styles of shooting. On my right was Mr. F——, an elderly squire ; on my left his son, an ornament to Her Majesty's mounted forces ; and their methods of shooting were as different as their attire, which is saying a good deal. When old Mr. F—— noticed birds coming to him, he crouched low in his butt until they were about a hundred yards off, when he raised his gun to his shoulder and covered the grouse he intended to take as though aiming with a rifle. I noticed that he kept his left hand just in front of his trigger guard, and, though this is conjecture on my part, have no doubt he closed his left eye. He never fired unless he felt sure of hitting, reserving his fire until the birds were close upon him, and then almost invariably killed one with his first barrel, *and when he had time*, often got another with his second. He only used one gun, a hammer one, and indeed two would have been of very little use to him.

Now contrast his *modus operandi* with that of the bold dragoon on my left, who, as soon as a bird or birds came within fifty yards of him, flung up his gun with his left hand pushed nearly up to its muzzle, and apparently without aiming put in four barrels of two hammerless ejectors almost as fast as I could clap my hands. He certainly threw no *chances* away—the less said about *cartridges* the better—for nothing seemed too far off nor too difficult for him to attempt ; yet I do not think that at the end of the day he could claim a much heavier score than his aged sire, whose methods he irreverently described as 'pokeing.' Still I am rather of dear old Colonel Hawker's opinion, who would sooner see a man miss in good style than kill in bad.

October 14.—I have to-day received an excellent illustration of the fact that those who judge others are liable to be judged themselves. On my return home from the North I received an urgent appeal from my friend, the secretary of our hunt, to try and assuage the wrath of my neighbour Mr. Tiplady, who is again at variance with fox-hunting, and *impiger, irritabilis, iracundus*, has warned the Master not to cross his farm on penalty, I understand, of recourse to such extreme measures as loaded firearms. It appears that last week hounds ran across Tiplady's farm, and a gap was accidentally made in his boundary fence, through which his ram strayed on to a neighbour's land. Here it fell in with another gentleman sheep, which it rashly challenged to mortal combat, with the unfortunate result that it was killed at the very first onslaught. Its enraged owner at once sent in



a claim for about treble its value, and moreover declined to allow the hunt to cross his farm again, nor could my most diplomatic endeavours induce him to abate jot or tittle of his terms. In vain did I point out the benefits conferred on agriculture by fox-hunting: in vain did I appeal to his generosity, pointing out that no one would grudge a ram after such a 'werry fine run'; in vain did I discant on the glories of our noblest sport; Mr. Tiplady would have none of my honied arguments. For according to him not only was this particular ram of purest blood and most stainless pedigree, but it was, moreover, a very Bayard among sheep, like unto none other of its species in gentleness and amiability; he therefore claimed that its mere market value was insufficient solatium to his wounded feelings, and that moral and intellectual damages were due to him as well. 'Ar want nowt but whet's reet,' he kept repeating in his earsplitting Northern dialect, 'but ar'll not hev mar fences broke and mar toop killed not for neebody.' I finally had to return home discomfited, cursing Tiplady for a curmudgeon; and at dinner that evening gave Belinda—who of course seemed inclined to take the fellow's part—a rather high-flown lecture on the churlishness of those who will not cheerfully undergo a little inconvenience for the sake of fox-hunting.

But mark the finger of fate! This morning I was sitting in the smoking-room waiting for the luncheon bell to ring, when I was astonished to see the whole of my establishment streaming past the window, headed by the scullery-maid, who, her apron over her head, scoured the plain like a very Camilla, and whipped in by Thomas, hobbling along, rake in hand. At first, like the old lady in 'Pickwick,' I thought the kitchen chimney must be on fire, but at that moment

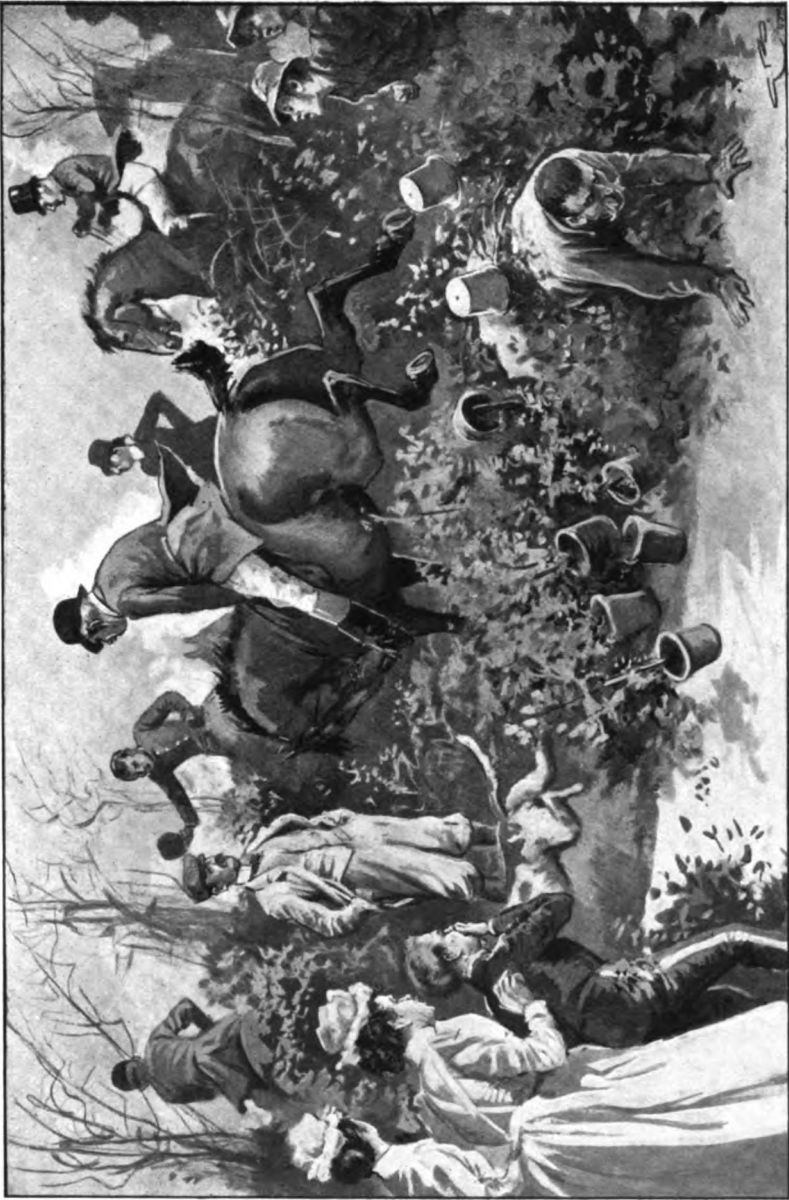
*Clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum,*

explained the cause of such unwonted excitement, and, snatching up a hat, I too sallied forth to see the fun. Now, as a rule, when hounds turn up unexpectedly in one's neighbourhood, one does not participate to any great extent in the pleasures of the chase; one catches a stray blast of the horn, a few notes from the pack, and one gets a glimpse of distant horsemen disappearing over hedges or through gates. But to-day, to the intense joy of my domestics, the fox, a sorely beaten cub, came straight towards them, and heedless of feminine shrieks and masculine yells, crawled, scarce a hundred yards ahead of the hounds, into the kitchen garden, and

lay down in a bed of winter brocoli. Then, powerless to prevent them, I foresaw the inevitable consequences. Next moment the pack swarmed into the garden, and for two minutes the wretched fox was hunted round and round my domain, seeking first the shelter of my spring vegetables and then of my bedded out plants. The field came galloping down the newly-gravelled drive; the unemployed of the village turned out in their shirt-sleeves and joined in the chase over the flower-beds; a very small boy, on a Shetland pony, galloped *ventre à terre* over the croquet lawn, and an excited stranger, on a pulling horse, added insult to injury by first nearly riding me down on my own carriage drive, and then asking what the devil I meant by being there? Finally, however, Termagant got the cub by the back in the middle of Belinda's new chrysanthemums, and Joe, the huntsman, with profuse apologies, blew his hounds out of the garden and transacted the last obsequies of the chase in the paddock behind the stables; our Master, always the pink of politeness, presented the mask to Belinda, and I dispensed such hasty hospitality as lay in my power to his followers, who presently departed smoking my cigars, leaving me to listen to Thomas's complaints over the ruin of his garden—*his* garden forsooth—and to reflect on the churlishness of those who will not cheerfully put up with a little inconvenience for the sake of fox-hunting.

*October 20.*—Few things are more distressing to us country folk than the astonishing change which has come over the agricultural labouring classes in the last twenty or thirty years; their dislike to their hereditary vocation, and disinclination to live on the land. Nowadays they must all needs earn their livelihood in a town, or (young Hodge's highest aspiration) wear a seedy black coat and a made-up tie, and toil in some stifling office or shop, for probably no better wage than he would have earned as a waggoner or a shepherd. No one admits more readily than myself the evils which formerly were, and in some districts still are, mainly responsible for this state of affairs; evils for which, alas! the upper classes were far too accountable. Insanitary dwellings, insufficient wages and consequent insufficient food, a monotonous and dreary existence, to which intoxication on the vilest of liquors offered but too often the only palliative, were a combination not calculated to raise the agricultural population, either morally or physically.

But in all the above unhappy shortcomings, the lot of the agricultural labourer has been enormously improved of late



ASKING WHAT I MEANT BY BEING THERE?



years, and it was confidently asserted that the introduction of School Boards and consequent superior education would prove the panacea for all his further ills. Well, Hodge has been educated for a quarter of a century, and what has been the result of his superior education? It can be summed up in one word—discontent. By this I do not mean the discontent of Socialism and Anarchism of continental countries, nor, thank God, do I ever think that will ever come in England, but general dissatisfaction with his lot and things in general. As Mr. Rudyard Kipling said of another member of society, he ‘knows too much and does too little.’ No doubt the English peasant *was* badly treated two generations ago, but so was Chummy the sweep, and Chips the carpenter, and Geordie the pitman, and I am afraid a great many other deserving people as well, including those who wield that weapon poetically reputed mightier than the sword. But all these gentlemen have participated in the blessings of superior education, and yet none of them have responded to the spur of learning in the way that Hodge has done; firstly, perhaps, because they live a little more in touch with the outer world, and, secondly, because the latter’s education is totally beyond and outside either his requirements or his vocation. Only last week out shooting, Joe, the son of the ploughman at the Moor Farm, was carrying my cartridge-bag for me. I asked him what special work he was engaged in at school. ‘Oi be dra-a-in’ a map o’ H’orsetrier,’ he replied with diffidence. A map of Austria! for a country lad of fourteen, who has not yet learnt to guide a plough, nor even fork muck out of a cart.

I should dearly like to see some proportion of the School Board rate in agricultural districts applied to instilling the rudiments of their hereditary handicrafts into such labourers’ sons as have mastered the three R’s. By this, I do not mean the endowment of institutions where young gentlemen in breeches and gaiters dabble in agricultural chemistry, but sound technical instruction in the elements of ploughing, draining, hedging and ditching, and so forth; arts which their forefathers were content to practise, but which the present generation of countrymen have not only forgotten, but evince the greatest disinclination to learn.

It will probably be urged that it is undesirable, if not impossible, to make distinctions between classes in the matter of State-aided education, and that it is unfair to deny to any man the possible benefits derived from scholarship; but to this

I would reply that, in the present overcrowded state of every profession, not one man in a thousand, be he shepherd or solicitor, can ever hope to attain to more than mediocrity. If it be in him to rise in the world, rise he will, education or no education, ample proof of which statement may be found among our modern aristocracy ; but here, perhaps, I am trenching on delicate ground. Of one fact, however, I am convinced by experience, and that is that, out of the many agricultural labourers I have known in my life, the worst educated have usually been, not only the best craftsmen in their particular vocation, but also the steadiest and most respectable men.

*October 28.*—I fancy that were most of us, when consulting our medical adviser, to be told that we might eat anything we liked, we should accept this as a proof of the excellent state of our health, and not unwillingly follow the prescription to the letter, but I find such is not the case in agricultural circles. Coming out of church this morning, I stopped to speak to young Swainson—what would Sunday in the country be without its ‘crack in the kirkyard,’ so beloved by the Scotch serving-girl?—and to ask after his uncle, old Mr. Swainson, of the Moor Farm, who has long been ailing.

‘Thank you, sir,’ he replied, assuming that ultra-dolorous expression invariably deemed decorous by his class when referring to illness, ‘my uncle is very bad, and I am afraid the end cannot be far off now, for when the doctor was up yesterday he told him he might eat anything he fancied, and you know what a bad sign it is *when they tell you that.*’



WHERE THE HOUNDS FIRST MARKED. TAKEN JUST AS THE OTTER WAS VIEWED  
GOING DOWN STREAM

## A DAY WITH 'THE KING'S OTTER HOUNDS'

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

BY W. BROWNE

It was a tempting offer made me by Captain Hastings, the acting master of The King's Otter Hounds ; indeed, what could a poor mortal wish for better, after being boxed up in barracks in Dublin ? 'The King's' pack, now owned by Captain Shepherd of The King's Regiment, who is unfortunately hunting the Boers with a machine gun instead of otters this season, was originally started by Major (then Captain) Campbell of The King's Regiment when the battalion now serving in South Africa was quartered in Dublin.

The meet being at Humphrystown Bridge on the King's River, truly an appropriate river for the pack to hunt, a jolting journey of an hour and a half had to be done to bring us to Blessington, Co. Wicklow, where the hounds have had their winter quarters in the old Kildare Harriers' kennels.

An early move for bed was made by every one, and, speaking for myself, it seemed only a minute or so from the time that my head touched the pillow until an ear-piercing 'toot' made it evident that Captain Hastings was afoot; and any idea of putting in another forty winks before breakfast had to be abandoned, Humphrystown Bridge being a good four Irish miles away.

Most of the party from Blessington walked; I, however, was lucky enough to get a lift on a car, amidst rude jeers such as



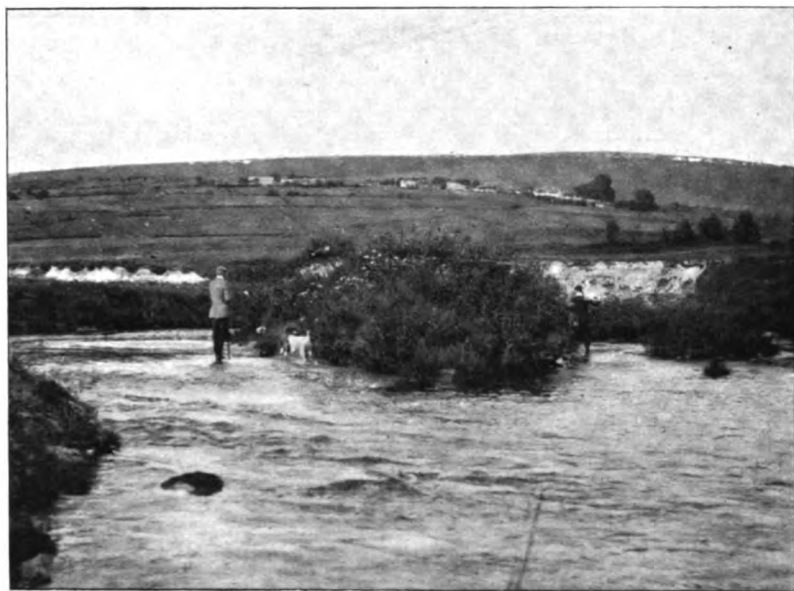
THE HOUNDS LEAVING THE FIRST MARK AND SPEAKING TO THE SCENT ON THE WATER

'Up came Johnnie with his camera'; but as I was on the car and the others were on their feet, I could quite well put up with any of their chaff.

Punctually at 6.30 the pack was turned over to Captain Hastings by the whips, Mr. Harford and Private Jones of The King's Regiment. On moving off to the river bank, the hounds picked up the drag almost immediately, Bellman speaking for all he was worth: the line was carried at a fairly hot pace for a quarter of a mile or so to a very likely holding place. The hounds did not mark, however, and soon carried the line up stream. Some doubts were expressed whether we were not



hunting a heel drag, but this was satisfactorily settled by the otter being padded on a clean patch of sand going up stream.



TWO TYPICAL HOLDING PLACES ON THE LOWER PART OF THE KING'S RIVER

The scent now seemed very cold and inclined to be patchy, but the hounds stuck to the line well and worked carefully up

the stream. A peculiar sharp burst was taken by some of the hounds from the bank up a nearly dry ditch towards a clump of furze in a rocky piece of ground some distance from the stream. It did not appear like riot, as old, steady entered hounds went off in full cry as well as some of the later additions to the pack; and after events seem to point to this having been the line of a young otter making to a holt, leaving its mother, our otter that we eventually killed, to go on up stream by herself. The hounds were again put back



THE SECOND MARK

to the river, and carried the line on from holding place to holding place. The holding on the river, as will be seen by the photographs, is very strong, being formed by small islands every hundred yards or so, every inch of which had to be gone over carefully, for fear of passing over the otter. After the line had been followed for a good four hours, the hounds at last marked on one of the numerous islands already mentioned.

They were then drawn off, the field lining the shallows above and below the island, while the little warrior Guess was put in to bolt the otter.

This terrier last year was so badly bitten by an otter when

hunting on the Liffey that one eye had to be removed: in spite of this he is going strong again this year, and is one of the best terriers belonging to the pack.

After the terrier had been in a minute or so, Mr. Owen, an old hand at otter-hunting, viewed the peculiar bulge on the surface made by an otter swimming just under the water, and we knew that the creature was bolted. The hounds immediately took up the hunt, and in a very short time marked on the right bank, where the whip, Private Jones, again put in the terrier



THE KILL. THE TERRIER, GUESS, STANDING ON THE STONE IN THE FOREGROUND

Guess, who unfortunately did his work so quickly that the otter bolted right among the hounds before the master had time to draw them off. A kill naturally followed, which, although rather a slaughter, had an excellent effect on this year's unentered hounds, several of the newcomers joining in and getting well nipped.

The otter, a fine bitch, weighing about 20 lbs., was then divided, Captain Moore, R.A., receiving the mask as a birthday present to commemorate his first kill, and the pole going to Captain Norris, The King's Regiment; the pads were secured by various members of the field, one falling to the share of the writer.

After a short halt the hounds began work again in a large pool, where Major Campbell killed his first otter ten years ago. Guess's services were once more called for; but, unfortunately, the otter making good its escape owing to the water being so



THE MASTER AND OTTER

heavy and no scent lying on the surface, the master wisely decided to take the hounds home.

After a good steady tramp of about ten miles back to Blessington, where we all did justice to a late luncheon, a return journey on the steam-tram brought us back to Dublin ; and so ended as pleasant a day as could be wished for with 'The King's Otter Hounds.'



## SPORTSMEN IN PURPLE

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE

WHEN, in the course of 1897, the Kaiser William published his game-book, the record extending over a quarter of a century, many people were surprised to find that his bag was as bulky as it proved to be. Included in the 33,967 head of game that had at that time fallen to his share were 2 European bison, 16,188 hares, 7 elks, 3 bears, 1 whale, and 20 foxes! About the middle of November of the same year the Emperor made his highest shooting record at a pheasant battue on Prince Lichnowsky's estate at Kuchelna, in Upper Silesia. Out of 4244 pheasants that fell during the day, 1224 were killed by the Kaiser. According to a calculation made by a gamekeeper on the spot, the Kaiser killed five pheasants every minute during the day's shooting. His former record, made at Rudow, reached the respectable total of 768 hares—a very remarkable performance in itself.

As an example of his enthusiasm for sport, it is related that during his shooting excursion to Bellye three years ago the Emperor wounded a splendid stag of eighteen points, which, taking to the water in a lake surrounded by reeds, made a second shot from the bank impossible. A way out of the difficulty was suggested by the presence of an oak, which his Majesty ordered a keeper to scale. The trunk, however, offering no facilities for climbing, the undefeated monarch bent his Imperial back, twisted the man, who was not a German subject, on his shoulders, whence he was able to grasp a bough; he then handed up his Imperial magazine-rifle, the regulation weapon of the German infantry, by the way, having a calibre of seven millimetres, and the stag forthwith received its *coup de grâce*.

Apropos of the weapon used by the Kaiser on his shooting excursions, it was not, we believe, until the middle of December 1898 that the Emperor used the one-foot-long magazine-rifle that he has since manipulated. This weapon—one hardly knows whether to describe it as a 'rifle,' 'carbine,' or 'pistol'—fires ten shots without requiring to be refilled, its bore is .300, and cordite is the motive power. That the Kaiser killed forty out of forty-five hares which passed his stand on the first day he used it argues well for its accuracy. This noteworthy feat, by the way, is said to have taken less than an hour to accomplish.

Just about a year ago the Crown Prince of Germany, at a circular hare-drive, shot forty out of a total of 520 hares, the average being twenty-six per gun ; but it was early in January 1898 that he had his first day's pheasant shooting with his father over the Potsdam preserves. Before the shooting began, a gendarme demanded to see the shooting certificate of his Imperial Highness. This was done at the instance of the Emperor, in order to show his son that every one must submit to the laws of the country, and also to give his subjects a good example, complaints having been made that the landed proprietors and their sons had treated the gendarmes rudely when similar demands were made to them. His Majesty is a great stickler with regard to the game laws, and his first action, on arriving some little time ago at Count Esterhazy's estate in Hungary, was to intimate to his host that he had no hunting licence, adding, 'and I know from experience that this is required in Hungary.' The Count replied, 'If the German Emperor wants to hunt here no licence is required.' The Emperor, however, shook his head in dissent, and said, 'The law ordains that there must be no hunting without a licence, and the law is binding on me as well.' In the end the Tax Commissioner came into possession of an autograph counterfoil setting forth that William II., of the 'civic rank and profession' of German Emperor, had paid the statutory charge of 22 gulden (about £2 4s. 5d.) for the aforementioned licence.

The season of 1898 was hardly so satisfactory from the Imperial point of view, the journey to Palestine interfering with a number of Court functions at which the royal bag might have been considerably augmented ; still in the course of the year the Kaiser added 897 head of game to his total of the previous season's work, the principal items being 92 wild boar, 265 pheasants, 4 rabbits, 3 roebucks, 458 hares, 13 wood-grouse, 48 red

deer, and 8 fallow deer. There was also included a forty-four-tine stag shot in the forest of Nassava, which, if it does not equal the famous sixty-six tiner killed by Frederick I. in September 1696, whose antlers are reproduced in wood-carving in the Hohenzollern Museum in Berlin, is getting on that way.

The 1899 figures have not at the moment of writing been issued, but the Emperor began the season well by bagging twenty-seven fine stags, not to mention other game, when sojourning at Hubertusstock for a few days.

The Tsar, who is said to be an excellent shot, even when he is riding a bicycle, has become a keen sportsman recently, and an invitation to the 'shoots' at Tsarkoe Seloe, Krasnoe Seloe, and Gatschino is eagerly sought after; but the parties are very select, and chiefly confined to his immediate suite and the Grand Dukes.

That the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was also a good shot is obvious from the fact that his bag at one battue at Hinterniss a couple of years ago consisted of twenty-eight male and one female chamois and a six-tined stag.

In poor King Humbert the love of hunting was very pronounced, and he invariably availed himself of every opportunity afforded him to enjoy a day's wild-boar hunting at Castel Porziano or a chamois hunt in the Alps. During October 1897, when engaged in the latter pursuit—the King shot nine out of the thirty-seven chamois that comprised the first day's bag—the party was overtaken by a snowstorm which rendered the passes and paths impassable, the beaters having to throw themselves to the ground at the risk of being frozen to death to avoid being blown away. When the Royal party at length gained the shelter of the Castle Sant' Anna the King refused to enter, though covered with snow and soaked through, until he had seen the last of the beaters arrive. Said he, 'I do not at all care for the loss of sport, but am only too thankful no one has been lost.' The next day the snow lay deep, the telegraph-wires were broken and the road obstructed by a land slide.

In the autumn of 1898 the King, when chamois hunting in the Gerso Valley at Ameris, near Cuneo, towards the Maritime Alps, saw before him a chamois wearing round its neck and horns something red which waved in the breeze. The King promptly brought down his quarry and hastened to discover the nature of the insignia, which turned out to be a crimson scarf, the property of one of the keepers, who had caught the animal alive and had endeavoured to tether it to a young tree;

the beast escaped and joined its herd only to be picked out by the unerring aim of the monarch, who in the course of the campaign broke all previous records by shooting unaided fifty-one head out of a bag of seventy chamois in one day. The previous record—*i.e.* a total of forty-four chamois—was held by King Humbert's father, King Victor Emmanuel. It is, by the way, a good thing to be a beater on these royal shoots. Last year, for instance, when King Humbert hunted at Valsavaranche in the Alps, every youth in the valley enlisted as a beater and received eight shillings per day on ordinary occasions and twice that sum when game was plentiful. The treatment meted out to the Italian beaters by their sovereign was somewhat different from that received by the gamekeepers of Dolhain, in Belgium, in 1896, when Prince Philip, Comte de Flandre, held a shooting-party at that place, which is near the German frontier; for, unfortunately, he got his carriages, horses, gamekeepers, &c., from Eupen, across the border, with the result that the Belgian keepers saluted the royal train on its arrival with shrill whistles, hissing, and derisive cries of 'Eupen.'

To the Comte de Flandre and his party the palm must certainly be given for the most variegated though royal bag. In 1898, when shooting in the forest of Hertogenwald in company with his son Prince Albert, son-in-law Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, and seven others, the bag at the close of the battue comprised one stag, one roebuck, three hares, one fox, one blackcock, one owl and one magpie!

The present King and Queen of Italy, who used the thickly-wooded and uninhabited island of Monte Cristo, situated between Corsica and Tuscany, for a hunting resort, and in the case of the Queen as a yachting base, have inherited their respective parents' love of sport, and this inheritance on one occasion, during their trip last year to the Northern regions of Scandinavia, brought her Majesty, who is, of course, the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, face to face with a white bear, whereas she was only prepared to confront seal. Luckily one of the attendants brought down the animal with a timely bullet ere it could embrace the lady, proving by a most forcible argument that, although there may be occasions when a cat may look at a monarch, a bear may not gaze upon a Queen at short range with impunity. The King reduced the number of reindeer at large in this neighbourhood by no fewer than fifty head during his sojourn on the shores of the Eisfiord.

The Count of Turin, the nephew of King Humbert, last



year enjoyed some sport in the Far East, the thought of which must have caused that sporting monarch a pang of envy. In Ceylon, during January, the Count and party bagged in one season a brace of elephants, five buffaloes and a dozen crocodiles; during a sojourn at Darjeeling two bears, a couple of leopards and a tiger contributed to the already bulky receptacle; and a six-weeks shoot, under the auspices of the Maharajah of Cooch-Behar, further augmented it to the extent of twenty-five buffaloes, seven rhinoceroses, a black leopard and other small game. In Assam the Royal sportsmen killed three rhinoceroses, seven buffaloes, a bison and two stags. An amusing story is told about Prince Henry of Prussia's tour in the East. At Jahore it was announced that the Prince had shot a tiger at a shooting-party got up in his honour, but, strangely enough, the animal was never found. There were two tigers in the jungle, and when a disturbance in the same betokened their presence, Prince Henry levelled his deadly tube and fired, but nothing happening, two of his suite followed suit, still without any apparent result. His host, with admirable tact, thereupon assured the royal hunters that undoubtedly the first shot had taken effect, when, instead of letting well alone, the followers continued their search with the greatest vigilance, but, alas! although no dead tiger was discovered, a moribund pig was.

This story recalls the fact that, when shooting in the mountainous district of Moldavia two years ago, Prince Ferdinand of Roumania had the good fortune to bag one of two bears which passed within the range of his rifle. The victim was a magnificent specimen of his race, and congratulations on his success poured in on all sides upon the Prince, who noted, however, that a smile flickered over the countenances of certain members of the suite. The Prince, on looking for the cause thereof, found it, on examination, in the still bleeding nose of the dead beast, who had evidently but recently worn an iron ring upon that organ; further inquiry elicited the information that the Prefect of the district, desirous that the Prince should not be disappointed in his quest, had the same morning purchased two dancing-bears of venerable age and great attainments from a gipsy, and that they had been sacrificed to provide a Prince's holiday!

The forest of Compiègne has, with the exception of the great park, been parcelled out into districts, and let to the highest bidders for hunting or shooting, but at the Chasses Impériales held there in 1865 Napoleon III. made the best

bag, killing of hares, rabbits, pheasants and partridges one hundred and seventy-five. The Emperor was undoubtedly a good shot, but his kill would not have appeared to such advantage had not Court etiquette stepped in, for the shooting-party being international, every unclaimed bird and wounded straggler was by international courtesy counted to the Imperial bag. At the 'hunts' of the German Court the quarry, whether it be stag, deer or boar, is counted to the bag of the individual nearest whose stand it falls, whether he aimed at it or not; the result of this rule is that every shot is directed at the head or neck, and not the shoulder, in the hope that the beast will drop, without a struggle, opposite the man aiming at it.

This system explains the story related in respect to a shooting feat accomplished by the Emperor's august grandfather, who, on one occasion, was informed, when the game was spread out and counted at the 'grosse Strecke' or 'grand lay-out,' that he had shot twenty-eight head. The noble sportsman, turning to some bystanders with a smile, remarked, 'There are more things between heaven and earth than men in their philosophy dream of. I have killed twenty-eight head of game and only fired off fifteen cartridges.' President Faure, although he gave quite as good if not better sport to his guests, did not share the aforementioned *droit de seigneur*; nevertheless, he and his guests between midday and 4.30 in one day in October 1897 accounted for 1200 pheasants, 40 hares, 40 partridges, 150 rabbits and 5 roebucks—not at all a bad bag. The number of foxes was not stated.





## SOME 'VARSITY REMINISCENCES

BY T. E. WELLS

It is probable that most men who have enjoyed a University career could, if they took the trouble to do so, place before sympathetic readers many incidents of interest which have happened during that period. Some, of course, are destined to lead less eventful lives than others. There are various classes of undergraduates.

There is the man whose desire is to pass as rapidly as possible through the University on a most moderate pittance, eked out with difficulty from the slender purse of his doting parents. He recognises the sacrifice which those at home are making on his account, and his one object is that his University career may be a credit to himself and to them. This man may not 'socially' be deemed a 'good sort,' but nevertheless he *is* one.

Then there is the man who enters the University under similar conditions, but lacks the backbone of the other. The home sacrifices are forgotten in the whirl of amusements, the annual income of £200 is utterly inadequate, debts are incurred, the schools are neglected, and when the degree is at length obtained, the gentleman realises that, though he has had a 'good time' of it, bad times are now to come, debts are hanging like millstones about his neck, and he is made acquainted with the fact that three or four of the most valuable years of his life have been wasted.

There is the rich man who enjoys himself, but sticks to work, and blossoms later on into a useful member of the community as a country squire, Chairman of the county bench, or M.P.; and there is the other rich man who squanders his money on

cards and racing, misses his Schools, gets relegated from College to a Hall, and finally leaves the festive scene without a degree, much poorer, perhaps a pauper, with nothing but failure to look back on and no future to look forward to. This man is a **real** 'bad egg.' Then we have the bookworm, whose whole career is one mass of study, a scholarship gained, University prizes and essays won, a fellowship later, and possibly a settling down for good and all as a College Don, or perhaps the Bar adopted as his profession, with prospects, in due course, of Silk and the Bench. There is the athlete, the æsthete, the horsy man, the slummer, the smug—but why enumerate more? I have met **all** these classes and others too, and so has every one whose privilege it has been to pass through either of the Universities.

I went up to Oxford in the eighties with the idea of taking an ordinary pass degree with all reasonable speed, of having my share of pleasure, of forming some good and lasting friendships, and, above all, of getting my 'Blue' for some form or other of athletics.

There is a saying that 'it is better to be born lucky than rich,' and I believe there is a good deal in it. Luck certainly attended me, and I look back on those jolly three years with infinite pleasure.

My College was a very beautiful one, situated not far from Magdalen Bridge, and, owing to the request for rooms in College, my first year was spent out, in charming rooms in the High Street.

I have the pleasantest recollections of my landlady, a dear old soul who looked after me like a mother, and never shall I forget her lecture, about a week after my coming into residence, upon finding me with a 'bad head on' one morning, caused by nothing worse than smoking a hookah in bed the night before. This kindly woman has long since joined the majority, but she has handed down to posterity recipes for grilling soles and kidneys in the most seductive manner possible.

My first term was marked by a very sad event. Two Freshmen, E. and H., with whom I had struck up a great friendship, were prominent in getting up an expedition to skate at Blenheim during a spell of exceedingly hard weather. The night before the day fixed for our trip E. came in to have a cigar and chat with me. He was a most genial man, of grand physique, and a fine Rugby union player. We drove over to Blenheim, about twelve of us, on one of Jimmy Higgs's coaches, with the immortal 'Jimmy' himself tooling us along.

The ice on the lake was good all over, but it was supposed to be better, if anything, on the deeper side of the lake.

E. and H. and several others went for the better ice, the remainder, and amongst them myself, stuck to the shallow side. We had been hard at it for about an hour, when a rumour came round that E. and H. were immersed, having gone too near the edge, where a space in the ice had been purposely broken to admit of the wild duck getting to the water. Well I remember the rush round for boats and ropes, which came just in time to save H., but poor E. was drowned. He succeeded in getting within eight yards of the bank when he suddenly threw up his hands and was never seen again till the body was recovered about half an hour later. H., on rising to the surface, with great presence of mind, rested his elbow on a ledge of ice and remained quietly in this perilous position for twenty minutes till ropes were got to him.

This sad event cast a thorough gloom over the whole College for some time, and especially affected us Freshmen, with whom E. was so deservedly popular.

One of my greatest friends from start to finish was B. I made his acquaintance during a stroll round the cloisters while waiting to go in for the next paper for our matriculation examination. B. eventually became one of the most popular men at the 'Varsity; he was one of the best-natured, wittiest, and at the same time slackest men it is possible to imagine. Later on he and I and two others shared some delightful rooms in the High Street, and it is my privilege on and off even now to meet them all and talk over the good old days. B. is now the Vicar of an important town in the West of England, and has recently obtained leave from his bishop to go to the front as a chaplain, and is at the present moment, I believe, at Bloemfontein.<sup>1</sup>

In those days there was a well-known tobacconist's shop which many of us used to frequent, the chief attraction being, I think, not so much the goods, which were of the usual undergraduates' stamp and prices, as the 'shop manager.' This man, S., was possessed of a store of really amusing anecdotes and also posed as a great authority on Turf topics. His tips, however, were hardly likely to prove lucrative if taken, as the following story will illustrate. I used to delight in 'drawing'

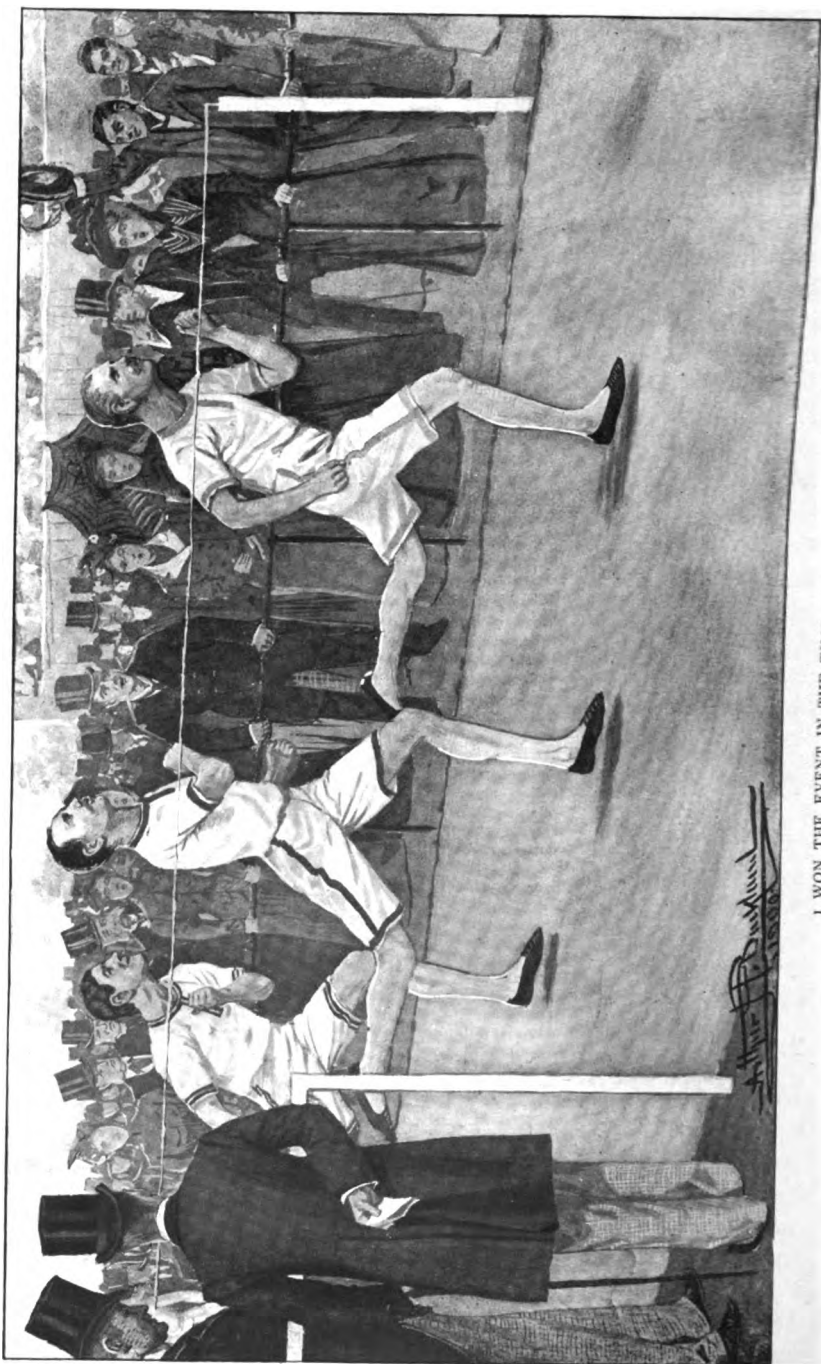
<sup>1</sup> Just before committing these reminiscences to the post, I have received a most interesting letter from B., from 'Headquarters, Elandsfontein,' dated July 7, 1900, containing a full account of his experiences on the way up from Bloemfontein to Pretoria with General Smith-Dorrien.

him out, and one day pitched upon the *Sportsman*, which was on the shop counter, and drew attention to a race for which three horses only were entered. We will call them Diamond Jubilee, Disguise, and La Roche. 'S.,' I said, 'I have a great fancy for Diamond Jubilee for this race.' 'Well,' he said, 'Sir, I think that's the winner.' 'S.,' I said, 'how about Disguise?' 'Well, Sir,' said he, 'that's the only one I *do* fear.' 'S.,' I said, 'after all, we must not forget La Roche, she is a goodish mare.' 'Well, Sir,' said he, 'I tell you what, the one as beats her *will* win.' I left the shop feeling that I could not truthfully confess that S. had given me any great help towards finding the winner.

I entered for the sprint races at the Freshmen's sports during my first term, and ran second in the 100 yards (beaten a foot), and second in the quarter mile (beaten two yards). My hopes of obtaining my 'Blue' at the coming 'Varsity sports were rather low at this time, inasmuch as I felt fairly sure that my victorious opponent in the Freshmen's sports would hold me safe again, while I felt equally sure that there was a senior man good enough to keep me out of the second place in both races. I expressed this opinion to a great friend, who was, bar none, the finest judge of such matters in England. To my astonishment, he replied, 'Why the deuce don't you go in for long-distance races, and run the mile?' To a man regarded by others and regarding himself as a sprinter pure and simple, this advice was somewhat surprising. I adopted it, however, with the result that I ran third for the 'Varsity mile in the following term and second for the Inter-'Varsity mile at Lillie Bridge, being beaten for first place by the man who in the same year won the amateur championship.

We celebrated our Annual Inter-'Varsity Sports Dinner that year at Willis's Rooms, King Street, with the present Master of the Rolls, one of the most genial Old Blues and best after dinner speakers imaginable, in the chair, and I remember with what a feeling of shyness I attended that dinner, a feeling which was not diminished by a remark inadvertently made during the evening by a guest who was sitting opposite to me. He congratulated me on my running second in the mile at my first attempt, and added, 'I was so glad you beat those wretched Cambridge chaps.' I thanked him, adding that I thought that perhaps I had had a bit of luck. My next-door neighbour, who was one of the Cambridge strings for the mile, whispered, 'I don't see why that man should go out of his way to be so complimentary to us Cambridge men!'





I WON THE EVENT IN THE TIME OF TWO MINUTES



The following year I won the mile for Oxford, and not the least pleasant part of my victory was a presentation on my return to the Pavilion by a tiny child, the daughter of some very dear friends, of a beautiful bouquet of flowers which she had brought for me in anticipation of my success.

In the summer of that year we had the usual College drag at the Derby and I was one of the party. The coach was, as is usual, besieged with tipsters. I was weak enough to listen to one of them and invest a sovereign on some horse he named. As it happened, I won £5 over the transaction, but it proved to be the most expensive affair, as the man insisted on my requisitioning his future services for the Ascot meeting, and I was foolish enough to assent. We had a College drag at that meeting also, and the arrangement was that I should meet this worthy gentleman at the entrance to the Grand Stand. He was to be dressed in a pepper-and-salt suit, with a red pocket-handkerchief in evidence, in order that I might not fail to recognise him. How well I remember arriving on the first day of the meeting and finding this gentleman attired exactly as he had indicated! His tips were exceedingly bad, and, although my investment did not exceed a sovereign on each race, I found myself considerably poorer at the finish. I had the greatest difficulty in concealing my address from him and in getting rid of him during the remainder of the meeting.

In the October term of that year I entered for several strangers' races, and, by way of change, tried my hand at 'sprints' again, and succeeded in winning a quarter-mile handicap with a start of 11 yards. About a fortnight afterwards I again entered for another strangers' race, also a quarter-mile handicap, and found, to my surprise, that this time I had been placed by the handicappers at scratch. I competed, however, and again won, the time being 51 seconds. Shortly after this the great W. G. George intimated his intention of competing in a half-mile level race at Oxford, and, although I was at that time far too nervous to think of opposing him of my own free will, I was unable to withstand the great pressure put upon me by numerous friends, and was finally persuaded to compete. A well-known runner who had once met George and beaten him (and in those days there were very few who could claim that distinction) instructed me most carefully as to the tactics to be adopted by me in the race. These I carried out to the letter, with the result that I won the event in the time of 2 minutes.

I was possibly fortunate in finding George a 'bit off' on

the day in question, as he had frequently covered the distance in time considerably under 2 minutes, but he was evidently impressed with the result of the race, and subsequently informed me that, in the event of an English team being sent that year to America, he should not think of competing in the half-mile against me. This particular victory is one upon which I now look back with very great pleasure, although in the next year I managed to improve upon the time by winning the 'Varsity half-mile in 1 minute 57 $\frac{2}{5}$  seconds.

In the following year I attained the acme of my ambition, and was elected President of the Oxford University Athletic Club. Also again I won the mile for my University at Lillie Bridge. On returning to the pavilion after the race, amidst a shower of congratulations from numerous friends, I felt a tap on the shoulder, and, on turning round, found myself, to my utter dismay, face to face with my dreadful Ascot tipster. 'I have come,' said he, 'on purpose to see you win this mile to-day; I have backed you and won my money, and, in return, I want to tell you the winner of the Liverpool Cup.' I replied that I was pleased that he had had a good day over my race, and, borrowing half-a-sovereign from a friend, I handed it to him, expressing at the same time a regret that I could spare no more time just then to talk to him. Thank goodness, I have never since come across him. The poor fellow is, no doubt, still eking out an existence by plucking other pigeons as foolish and as innocent as I was.

I think that I ought not to omit mentioning an amusing incident which happened in the summer term of this particular year.

A sale of pictures at public auction was advertised to be held in St. Aldgate's, and many undergraduates attended it. The auctioneer was one of the best I have ever met, and deserved to make a fortune. He always said just the right thing at the right time, and the pictures sold like wildfire. One oil painting of enormous dimensions was put up and started at about 5s. It went by stages to £4, and then hung fire. The auctioneer made some witty remark which gave the lot another 'leg up.' I took the bait, stepped in and said 'Guineas,' the hammer fell immediately, the auctioneer looked up, pointed towards me and said, 'Lot 45, four guineas, to the nobleman in the front seat.'

Later in the afternoon the picture was carried by three miscreants to my rooms in College. They relieved me of two shillings each for their trouble and consumed a whole bottle of

my sherry. That evening, on retiring for the night, I found some considerate friends had placed the painting in my bed!

I was fully convinced that I had made a great bargain in purchasing this picture, and confided the opinion to one or two friends. About a week afterwards I received a letter, purporting to come from a well-known firm of picture dealers in the Haymarket, to the effect that, understanding that I had recently become the purchaser of a valuable painting by the celebrated painter G., and having on their books a customer who was desirous of collecting works of that great artist, they were anxious to know if I would part with the picture, and, if so, upon what terms. I was agreeably surprised, and answered by return of post that, in the circumstances, I was prepared to accept twenty-five guineas for the picture, and, in reply, was informed that their customer would probably pay this sum, but would first wish to inspect the painting, which they hoped I would be willing to send up to them at their expense and risk. I agreed, and shortly afterwards the picture was carefully packed and removed. After about three days had elapsed I received a further communication to the effect that the picture had arrived and had been duly inspected, and was found to be a 'miserable oleograph,' and, in the circumstances, they must call upon me to repay all costs in connection with its packing and transit.

The picture was returned to me next day, and my chagrin may readily be imagined at the turn events had taken.

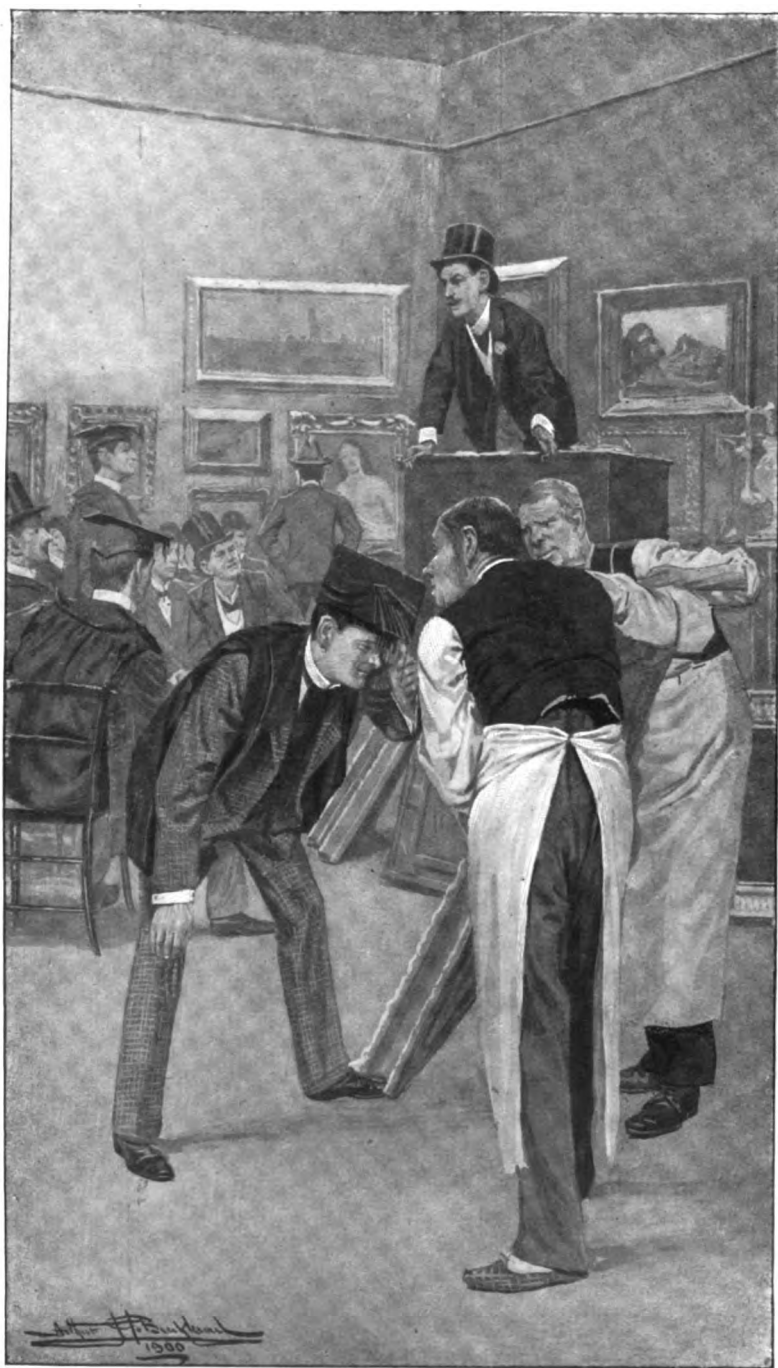
I confided the facts to one of my friends, and the cat then came out of the bag. It appeared that the whole proceedings had been carefully arranged by himself and three others. The services of a mutual friend in London had been requisitioned to post letters to me purporting to come from the London picture dealer; my letters in reply had been intercepted and never posted; the Oxford shopkeeper who had been instructed by me to pack and remove the picture had also been let into the secret, and the picture, instead of going to London when packed, had simply been stored away in a warehouse in his shop. I may add that, when the true facts were disclosed, I really thoroughly enjoyed the harmless joke myself, and my friends who had perpetrated the joke allowed me to bear none of the expenses of the transaction. I subsequently sold the picture for £4, and it is now hanging in the dining-room in the house of a friend living in Warwickshire.

During my last year at College I was elected president of a

social wine-club, and the annual club dinner was held in my own diggings in the High Street, the rooms being large and conveniently situated for the meeting. I obtained leave from the Senior Proctor for the gathering to be held there upon the condition that I held myself personally responsible for the good behaviour of all present. As some of the guests departed, several who were still upstairs, in the exuberance of their spirits, buzzed empty champagne bottles out of the window, with the result that I was summoned on the following morning before the Proctor. A present well-known canon was then the Senior Proctor, and I shall never forget the kindness with which he dealt with me. He said that he felt sure that I had not myself been the delinquent, but since, as I was aware, I had promised to be responsible, he felt it necessary to inflict a fine—what did I think about the matter? I replied that I thoroughly appreciated both his position and my own, and the smaller the fine was the more grateful I should feel. He said, 'What do you say to a sovereign?' and I replied, 'I think, sir, that the amount is a most reasonable one.' I paid this sum, which was subsequently refunded to me out of the club's funds, and the members were good enough to say that they thought that I had managed to get off very cheaply.

The parents of one of my earliest and best friends at College were kind enough that August to invite me to their moor in Scotland, and being always a keen shot, though quite an inexperienced one in those days, I was exceedingly glad to accept the invitation, and how well can I recollect in what a state of excitement I started off on the evening of the 10th of the month! When travelling up in the sleeping-car, I remember seeing a fellow-passenger who occupied the top sleeping-berth on the opposite side to mine, while climbing up the ladder to put himself to rest for the night, part company, to all appearances, with his head—or, at any rate, the top of it. I jumped out of my berth and had the pleasure of handing him his 'wig,' which had become detached.

My first day on the moor was rather an amusing one. We were shooting over dogs and my host and I had arranged to go out together, but a former owner of the moor, an elderly gentleman of some considerable importance, turned up unexpectedly, with the result that, instead of two only, we were a party of three guns, with myself shooting in the middle. My host gave me the hint at the start to leave most of the birds to this important visitor, inasmuch as he was desirous, he said,



THE AUCTIONEER WAS ONE OF THE BEST I HAVE EVER MET



that the latter should get plenty of shooting. I had hardly readily acquiesced in this wish than the important visitor called me aside and hinted that he hoped I would leave most of the birds to my host to shoot, since he was particularly anxious that the latter should be favourably impressed with his first day's sport on the moor. You may imagine that, as an inexperienced hand, placed in the middle, with the above-mentioned instructions upon me, I felt somewhat embarrassed, so I got out of the difficulty by promptly letting off at every bird within range, and subsequently pleading inexperience as the excuse for my behaviour.

I believe my host, who is one of the kindest and most unselfish of men I know, thoroughly appreciated the position, and was really agreeably amused. I cannot, however, truthfully add that I think the important visitor was possessed of similar feelings.

During my last year at Oxford three friends shared a small house with me in the High Street; we were all in for pass 'Greats' together, and used to read steadily every morning from 10.30 to 1 o'clock in one of the rooms set apart for the purpose. The general opinion amongst us was that we should all get through. Curiously enough, my good luck again attended me, and I alone obtained the 'Testamur,' the other three having to be content with passing at their next attempt.

It was customary in those days to donate the official who handed to one the much-desired Testamur the minimum sum of one shilling. It was extraordinary, however, to find the influence which this portly and well-groomed gentleman was thought to possess by the uninitiated. I have known many increase the donation to a sum considerably over a shilling, and I fully believe that it was the idea with some that he had a great deal to do with the issue of the Testamur. I once heard a nervous undergraduate say to this gentleman, 'Do you think I shall be all right, Mr. —, and that there will be a Testamur for me to-day?' To which Mr. —, with an air of great gravity, replied, 'I trust so—I shall do what I can for you.'

Now that I have taken up the pen I find a difficulty in knowing when to stop, so many incidents crowd themselves upon me, but space and time preclude me at the present from further pursuing these reminiscences.

As I write I can fancy myself back once more upon the festive scene. I can fancy I hear the steward calling out the names of the competitors for the Inter-'Varsity mile; that

dreadful feeling of nervousness which one used to experience as we filed out through that vast concourse of spectators at Lillie Bridge comes over me again ; the whole scene is revived, the taking one's place at the start, the ping of the pistol, the freedom from all nervousness when once one was 'off,' the first lap done, the second nearly over, then that awful feeling of collapse, still on and on, the commencement of the third and final lap, the second wind obtained, the straight entered, one more final effort and the tape at last breasted.

How well one recollects poor old Bob Rogers, the ground-man at Lillie Bridge, and his final cheery words of advice before the race ! 'Bob,' I said, just before I started for the mile in the second year in which I won it, 'I shall get beaten to-day.' 'Beaten, you can't be,' he said ; 'all I want to know is what time you're going to do ?' I won by some fifty yards, and running the last lap lazily, 'let down' the time, which I fear sadly disappointed him.

Then there was Nat Perry, well known to every athlete. His business was to rub me down and put the final polish on. 'Nat,' I used to say, 'it's five shillings if I lose and ten shillings if I win.' 'You may as well give me the ten shillings now then,' said he, and, curiously enough, both years that I was under his charge his words came true. Bob has long since passed away, but poor Nat Perry died only comparatively recently, and I have had many a chat with him of late years about the old days.

What pleasant little dinners we used to have at Vincent's ; what delightful shoots at Bagley Wood with my kind host B. ; what festive evenings to celebrate the occasion of the College boat having gone top of the river ; what sporting annual pigeon shoots at Garsington, where a good-natured farmer in bad times found it profitable to lend a suitable field for the occasion, and to supply birds at twenty-four shillings a dozen ! Far more of the birds were missed than killed and flew straight back to their owner's dovecot to be let out at the same price in a subsequent year.

It is not the good fortune of every undergraduate to be endowed by nature with the physique and other qualities necessary to the attainment of a 'Blue,' but I have no hesitation in saying that it is well worth trying for if there is any reasonable chance of success. For a man who is not born with the proverbial silver spoon, it is one of the very soundest



investments, and, in conclusion, I would mention the following fact in support of my statement.

A College friend of mine, a well-known Old Blue, having taken his degree, and subsequently entered into the legal profession, became a candidate for a public post. His credentials mentioned incidentally the part which he had taken in the athletic world. He obtained the post in question, and one of the gentlemen in whose gift it was said, in congratulating him, 'My experience, Mr. —, is that you athletes, *ceteris paribus*, can get anything in reason that you want.' I believe there is some truth in this.





## COLD GLORIES

BY LADY WESTMACOTT

I LIKE making my friend the General tell me stories of his sport in India in the sixties and seventies. Of course he says nothing nowadays is to be compared to what it was then—I never met any old gentleman who did not say this; indeed, I catch myself doing the same thing sometimes, now that I am at that nice indefinite age, ‘not as young as I used to be.’

Sitting in an armchair in front of the fire the other night, watching the General doze over his paper, I could not help wondering if he did not sometimes feel sad to think that all those days of adventure were well over; and I felt a longing to rouse him from his doze, and to lead him ‘from the level of to-day up to the summit of so long ago’; so I poked the fire instead to call his attention, and said:

‘If we were in India now, we should just be going into camp for the cold weather. I should not at all mind having a few days’ pig-sticking again.’

‘You have never seen anything worth the name of pig-sticking,’ said the General, throwing down his paper.

‘Perhaps not,’ I answered modestly.

‘No, I would like to be back again in camp in the Panch Mahal District, as it used to be when I knew it first. With four guns in ’67, both together and separately, we killed twenty-two tigers, seventeen panthers, and thirty-eight bears in one season. That was something like sport! Why, I remember an uncle of mine writing to me one mail to send him a tiger-skin for his drawing-room. There happened to be a tiger marked down that very day, which I got, and sent home to him at once. It was pure chance the tiger being marked down on that particular day, but my uncle took it as a matter of

course, and seemed to think it quite natural that I should walk out of my house and get a tiger-skin as soon as asked for it. I thought he would think me rather a fine chap, but he did nothing of the kind.'

The General seemed fairly started now.

'Do you think that panthers give more sport than tigers, as a rule?' I asked.

'Oh, no doubt about it. A tiger has not the courage of a panther; the latter will go on charging whilst it has a breath left. I should have had a bad time with a tiger once if he had not been a coward. As it was, it was nothing.'

'What happened?' I asked.

'Well, a tiger had been marked down in some rocks, and I calculated that, once the beat began, he was bound to come down a deep gorge near at hand, so I took up my position with a native who was carrying my second gun on a very narrow ledge commanding the gorge. The beat began, and I soon knew from the two signal-shots that the tiger was on the move. I had my eyes fixed on the gorge, when suddenly I saw the tiger on the ledge within a few yards of me; so near, that if I had fired and not dropped him like a stone, in his spring he must have been on me. For some unaccountable reason, before I had time almost to think, he had turned and was out of sight, apparently as disgusted to find me on the ledge as I had been to see him.'

'And you never got him?'

'Oh yes I did! Next day he was marked down in another clump of rocks about four miles off, and I got him as he was beaten out of them. I remember shooting a flying squirrel, too, that day, with a scatter-gun. I have only seen three in my life. They have a wonderful flight, and can fly a distance of fifty yards from tree to tree.'

'Did you ever shoot a man-eating tiger in those parts?' I asked, knowing perfectly well the answer.

'No, but I remember a panther that gave me a lot of trouble before I could get him. He had gone into the verandahs of native huts more than once and taken babies out of their mothers' arms. I had several times had a try for him, but had never even glimpsed him. He at last did something that I should not have believed had I not seen the traces myself.' He paused.

'What was that?'

'He seized a well-grown calf one night, dragged it across

the ground, jumped a twelve-foot paling with it, and then dragged it a considerable distance again into the jungle! I saw the marks on the ground to where he had dragged the calf, then where he sprang, and where the marks continued on the other side. I got him eventually though, the beggar!

‘I had rather a curious interruption to my shooting in this district about that time. I had halted in a village with some of my “sowars” to have a talk with the headmen of several of the surrounding villages who had come there to meet me. We sat round in a circle talking and smoking, and just as I was thinking of making a start, one of them said to me quite casually, “Oh, Sahib, they are swinging a witch to-day in such and such a village,” mentioning a place about six miles across the frontier, and not in my district at all. Hardly knowing what to expect, I mounted my horse and galloped off to it, followed by my “sowars.” There a curious sight met my eyes. The whole village had turned out in a body and was watching the witch, who was stark naked, and suspended by her ankles by a rope to a tree with her head tied in a bag of crushed chilis. I had her cut down at once, and found that she was a very old lady, and that already her mouth and eyes were so blistered by the chilis that she could not open either one or the other. I had her face well smeared with grease, and I poured some butter-milk down her throat. After a time she was able to talk, and I explained to her that her best plan was to get up behind on one of the sowars’ saddles, and that I would take her into British territory, as I could not stop in her village any longer, and that after I had left they would only hang her up there again. But she would not hear of it. “They say I am a witch,” she said; “I am a witch. You think that you came here to-day of your own accord,” and she laughed discordantly. “Why, I made you come here!” Then, calling to the headman of the village by name, as her eyes were still too swollen to allow of her yet seeing any one, she continued: “You think I killed your daughter? Yes, I did kill your daughter, and I will kill your wife, and I will kill you, and you, and you, and you!” she screamed, mentioning most of the families by name, but they did not wait for her to finish the list; they fled in all directions in the greatest panic. There was nothing for me to do but to return to my own domain, but in writing to apologise to my friend, in whose district this had occurred, for my interference, I asked him to gratify my curiosity as to her ultimate fate. He replied that she was holding her own well, and that

he thought that the villagers were more terrified of her than ever now, and were not likely to attempt to swing her again.'

'Did you get any alligator-shooting in those parts?' I asked.

'I generally had a shot at one when I came across it. I saw rather a quaint thing once. I and two men had been out shooting, and had killed two tigers that morning. We were lying in the shade of some rocks in the middle of the day, resting on the banks of the Saburmati River. We had seen an old "mugger" presenting his two eyes on the surface for some time, and at last one of us fired at him and hit him in the nape of the neck, and he turned over belly upwards on the surface of the water and sank. The Bhils who were with us dived into the water immediately to retrieve him, and came up with a sambhur, carrying a fine head of eight points, from the bottom of the pool, which the alligator must have drowned that morning.'

'Yes, that was quaint,' I allowed. 'I suppose you got bison in the Panch Mahal jungle, too?'

'No, I never saw the "pug" of one even. I have never had any bison-shooting somehow. I heard of a man I knew going to sit over water for bison about three in the afternoon, but he saw no sign of them as evening came on, and they might be expected to come to drink. Anxious to get home before dark he started off just before sunset, and had not gone a quarter of a mile when he came on a fine bull bison, apparently unconscious of his approaching, grazing his way towards the water. He let drive and hit him low; the bison stood quite still for a second, only lifting his head to sniff, and then came down on him for all he was worth. Luckily there was a fairly thick tree, and the man dodged behind it, but actually had the waistband and the top of his breeches ripped off! The bison charged him three times before he was eventually dropped.'

'You have been mauled by a panther, General, haven't you? Do tell me about that.'

'I have been mauled three times,' he replied, 'but I do not know that there is so much to tell. The first time was in the Mandive country. I had heard of a panther there for a long time whilst I was doing survey work. At last I heard that it was actually marked down about twenty miles away. There were two of us surveying about there at the time, so we sent our tents on to sleep the night, and rode over to the place in the

course of the day. Next morning the natives brought us in exact "khubber" of the panther's whereabouts, and so we set out to try and get him. We were both novices at the game, and the beats were not good. We could not persuade the beast to come out. At last he broke more than 100 yards off, and got hit by one of us through the thigh. The natives in the trees waved the direction he had taken, and gave us the line to some bushes in which he was lying. It was apparently a narrow strip of jungle about twenty-five feet broad, stretching some way. Of course the rule is not to separate, but if we had both gone up to him on one side he might have broken on the opposite side into thick jungle, or into open country in another direction; so, dividing the beaters, and keeping them clubbed behind us, we arranged to approach him separately from either side. Out he came at me—a grand open charge—at about twenty-five yards, and I knocked him over ten yards from my feet, giving him both barrels. I turned to get my second gun, and saw the native who was carrying it, and who ought to have been close behind me, disappearing into the blue with it, and to my horror the panther was on his legs again! Instinctively I put up my empty muzzle-loader at him, and he sprang at my throat, but was caught by the rifle on his chest; the force of his spring threw my body a bit round, which was lucky for me, as he got my neck in his mouth, just missing my jugular by a few inches. He knocked me down and lay upon me. I tried to struggle for my pistol, which I always carried in my belt, but as soon as I moved he bit me through the shoulder and cheek. He then picked me up, and dragging me about thirty yards, deposited me in some bushes. The native had appeared by this time, and took a pot-shot from about 200 yards off at us both as we lay on the ground, luckily missing us.

'By this time my friend, not having seen what had happened, only hearing shots, called out to me. The panther, hearing his voice, left me and went for him. He fired and broke the panther's shoulder and lower jaw, but that did not stop the brute: it must have sprung on to his shoulder and off again, for on examination afterwards he had the marks of five claws between his shoulder-blades. The panther left him and charged the man carrying his second gun behind him, who fired and missed, and the creature then proceeded to worry the latter. I had got round by this time to find all three of them mixed on the ground together. My friend, anxious to help the native, had stabbed at the panther with his knife, and the blade



HE STABBED AT THE PANTHER WITH HIS KNIFE





slipping, had pinned the unfortunate shikarri to the ground, the knife being buried to the hilt in the poor wretch's arm. I tried to kick the panther in the ribs, when he turned on me and we both rolled over together. I got up quicker than he did, however, and shot him, this time effectually, with my revolver. We were then three miles from the shikarri's home. We found his femoral artery was open, so putting on a tourniquet made with a puggaree, a stone and a stick, we got him into a blanket and had him carried back as fast as we could. Telling his wife to be sure and not remove the tourniquet, we rode into Surat for a doctor, twenty-four miles off. I had nineteen wounds on me, and after eight or ten miles I could hardly ride another yard, and begged for a bullock-cart. My friend, very wisely though, insisted on my riding, and eventually we got in and managed to send a doctor off to the shikarri. The doctor, however, found that the tourniquet had been removed, and the poor man had bled to death about sunset.'

'What was the best bag of small game you ever made, General?' I questioned, having often looked over his game-books.

'Two hundred and fifty-six brace of quail, nine buck, and some pea-fowl, hares and partridges. We were six guns, and we had breakfast between twelve and one o'clock, and did not shoot after.'

I felt the General's figures were getting beyond me, so I said nothing.

'I used to get some very good fishing in a river to the west of the Panch Mahals. I would send a fellow three days previously to feed the different runs with soaked grain. This collects the big fish in one place. I used to fish the pools with an inch to inch and a half spoon, and generally could count on getting three or four big fish. In this water they run up to twenty-five pounds, marsar do, and give you good sport; they literally jostle each other in the water.'

It was quite pleasant at last to hear the General say something to which I could find a parallel in my mind. There was a river, not far from Poonah, that I have seen several times. It was a favourite place for picnics. There was a temple on the bank, and the old priest used to feed the fish with a sort of ground-nut. The water, for quite a long distance, surged with the fish, and they were in such masses at the bank that they were often raised quite out of the water in their struggles for the nuts.

I tried to lead the General's thoughts back to big game.

'I saw a wounded panther once catch sight of a native who was scooting up a tree,' he went on. 'The panther followed, and the native, in his terror, finding the beast still coming after him, went out along a branch. The panther went too, till they both got to the extreme end, when the branch dropped them both off and the panther worried the man on the ground. This happened in the muzzle-loading days, and we could not load in time to give any assistance till they were on the ground. Though the man was fairly mauled, this time, I am glad to say, he recovered.

'Once we had a panther marked down in a hill called Powagher. There were three guns, and after the beat had begun the beast came out through us, and, as far as I remember, was not touched. He went down from the hill to the lower levels, passing along the banks of a ravine, and after he had got completely out of sight we heard the most awful roaring, which went on for some minutes. So great was the noise that we thought that the panther must have met a tiger and that they must be fighting. We got together at once and went down in the direction in which we heard the noise, which by that time had ceased completely. We found a fresh-killed hyena. The panther must have come down in a very bad temper, met a hyena, and had a fight and killed him.

'Another time we beat for a panther in a hill called Reenchai, and he came out to one of us, who hit him very hard but too far back. He went on and was marked by the natives in the tree, into a cave, badly hit and only just able to crawl into it. By the time we got there, there was an awful row going on inside, and the dust was coming out of the opening of the cave in volumes. A tremendous fight was going on, and presently out came a hyena, rather the worse for the scrimmage. We had not the heart to shoot him.

'I remember another case of a panther being beaten out of some rocks quite late in the evening. He also was wounded far back, the shot almost paralysing his hind quarters. He dragged himself to a cave in the face of some rocks about 200 yards off. We went to the place at once, and tried to get him out, but did not succeed. As it was growing late we spread some sand in front of the entrance, and left him for the night. Next morning we found "pugs" leading both out and in, across the sand. We got some fireworks and threw them into the cave, and out came a panther, which we shot as he appeared. But

we found that he had no previous wound on him. As there were a lot of flies coming out of the cave, we took it for granted that our yesterday's panther must be dead, and the Bhils went in and pulled out his dead body. He must have died shortly after going in, as the body was rapidly decomposing. The curious fact is, that the live panther should have gone out, and then *returned* to the cave where the dead panther lay. Animals generally shun dead animals, particularly their own dead.

'If you fire at a bear and there is another one with him, and they do not see where the shot comes from, they always round on each other. I saw a couple coming down a hill one day, and fired at one: he at once turned on his companion, and they had a tremendous fight that brought them tumbling down to where I was concealed, and I got them both. One of them had a young one clinging on its back which I had not been able to see before.

'I heard of two men who were out shooting at Broach. One of them went out in the very early morning to sit on the rocks over a cave, in the hope of getting a tiger, that had been out during the night, on his way back to his lair. Sure enough he saw the tiger coming along slowly through the bushes, and apparently he (the tiger) must have disturbed a sounder of pig, as the man could see the pig flying in all directions. But, to his surprise, the old boar of the sounder did not follow his family in their flight, but charged straight at the tiger, and drew first blood. The tiger turned, the man lay well hidden and watched the fight, which lasted, as far as he could judge, for about ten minutes. At the end of the fight the tiger was so badly ripped that he died where he lay, and the pig staggered back into the bushes. A search was made for him later, but nothing was to be seen of him, so perhaps his wounds had not been so mortal.'

'I like sitting up in the early morning like that,' I said. 'I used to wait on my horse before sunrise, in Rajputana, in the hope of cutting off the sounders of pig between the fields and the hills. Cold work it was too, in the winter mornings in the starlight, watching the stars fade out one by one, with really not enough light to see the sounders coming along at all! I remember being out one morning with a very hard man after pig, and we turned a boar, who gave us a fine gallop across country for more than two miles. Every dip in the ground looked like a deep nullah, and every stone assumed enormous proportions, in the uncertain light. The sun was rising, when my companion broke his spear in the pig, and turned to his

second horseman for a fresh spear. I was spurring on by myself, hoping to get a dig at the pig, when two Rajputs, part of the following of the Rajah over whose territory we were riding, and who always accompanied us, came quickly past me. They were mounted on two queer-looking old country-breds, one with a wall eye, that looked as if they could hardly go out of a walk. The bridles were tied together with bits of string, and the head stalls and stirrup leathers were covered with tufts of worsted. The saddles were decorated with many colours, and the Rajput's clothing was floating in the wind, altogether presenting such a ramshackle appearance that I could not help smiling. I was just wondering what they were up to, when one of them suddenly galloped to a level with the boar, and drawing a sword that had hitherto been hidden from my view in the folds of his drapery, he stooped over as far as he could on the off side, and with a single stroke cut the boar clean in half! They then both pulled up quite unconcernedly, as if nothing out of the common had been done. Angry as we were at having our boar killed for us, we could not but admire the magnificent swordsmanship that the Rajput had shown, with home-made swords too, as they assured us afterwards. Swallowing our disappointment, we congratulated the Rajput on his feat. "Oh, Sahibs," he replied, "we wanted your honours to get some sport, otherwise we would have done that in the first fifty yards! We are only poor men," they ended up with their quaint oriental modesty, which I must add is tempered with a fine leaven of pride with this particular race. I eyed those queer-looking old country-breds as they shuffled and ambled alongside our "blood" horses all the way home, feeling rather rueful.'

I felt more rueful still when I looked up and found that the General was fast asleep, and had probably not listened to a word of my adventures. I sat and watched the embers of the fire as they died out in the grate, and the sadness of 'cold glories, served up with stale fame for sauce,' came home to me. Every dog has his day, and it is time for sleep now.

'Good-night, General. Happy dreams!' but something that sounded suspiciously like a snore was the only answer.



## HORSES THAT I HAVE KNOWN

BY RICHARD A. BLAGDEN

To a very large class of people a horse is merely an animal, as the boy expressed it, 'with a leg at each corner,' and the subject interests them no farther. They merely look upon the beast as a convenient means of locomotion on a par with, if not inferior to, a bicycle; and it is a sad but solid fact that a good many people who ought to know better actually treat the creature in much the same way as they use the machine.

To this class of person the mere heading of this article will be sufficient to deter them from reading one single word of it. They are mostly people who have never really had the chance of studying this most fascinating of all brute beasts, and for that reason have never taken the smallest interest in them.

I have come across, on the other hand, one curious instance of a man who is blest with the finest of hands on a horse, has lots of horses in his stable, takes pleasure in riding and driving them, treats them well, but does not know one of his horses from another when he sees them. If he wants to ride or drive he just orders a horse or horses, goes out for his ride or drive, and dismisses them when done with. He does not even know how many he has got.

On one occasion he took a girl for a ride in the morning, and after lunch she asked him to take her round the stables. When there, she remarked, looking at one of the nags, 'Isn't that the mare I rode this morning?' He stared blankly, and

was obliged to ask one of the grooms before he could answer. A man like that does not deserve to have a horse at all ; at any rate he has missed one of the greatest pleasures in this life, and that is, the sympathy and friendship of one of the noblest beasts in creation. To know the animal which you bestride, to establish an understanding with him, adds, to my mind, immeasurably to the mere sense of pleasurable satisfaction which any man must feel in riding ; and when accident arises or danger threatens, a mutual understanding and confidence between horse and rider will often be the means of saving a man's life. I have been under a big mare in the bottom of a ditch, when the smallest movement on her part would have killed me instantly, but I talked to her while I was wriggling myself out, and she never stirred until I was free.

For my part, I have always made a special study of every horse that I have owned, and they are not a few. Their characteristics are as various as their number, no two being alike, and few, indeed, are those which have not their good points, though some of the good lies deep down and takes time to discover.

Let me pick out a few of my old friends, for I can remember every detail of their appearance, and every trait in their characters.

*Bobby* was a little bay horse that had been ill-treated in his youth, and had acquired an undeserved bad character. He had been buffeted about in some mounted infantry manoeuvres, and being only four years old, had been rendered highly nervous. He had been bought by a local doctor, whose experience of horses was limited, as quiet in harness. The doctor had him put into his carriage and led round to the door in a curb bit, bearing rein, &c., just as he was accustomed to drive his last old wooden gee. Up jumped the doctor, clawed hold of the reins, and because the poor brute backed in pain, slashed him with the whip. The state of that carriage, and the lawn, and drive and garden generally, five minutes afterwards, were difficult to describe in words. I got the cob at my own price a few hours later.

I soon found out the secret of driving him : he *would* have his head free at starting, and given that, he would walk away as quietly as a lamb. Two days after I bought him the doctor was horrified and amazed to see my wife quietly tooling this furious beast down the street in a high dog-cart, with an india-rubber bit, and only a tiny groom up behind. The doctor

afterwards tried to reason with me on my foolhardiness in allowing it.

Bobby became the friend of the family as soon as he realised that we did not intend to hurt him. My wife drove him constantly, and rode him about the country lanes quite alone. He would go either leader or wheeler in my tandem—and as a hunter he was brilliant. He only once gave me a fall, and that was when he tried to jump a gate which I was in the act of opening; but he fell on the right side, and neither of us was hurt. I kept him till his fore-legs rendered him not quite safe on the road as a hack, sold him to a good home, and never had occasion to use whip or spur upon him. He got so confident with me that I could crack my hunting-whip, leaving the reins on his neck, without his ever breaking out of a walk. So much for kind treatment.

*Fanciful.*—This mare I bought for her looks alone, without taking her out of the stable. I had heard about her, and knew that she was sound, but that was about all. Her antics, as she was led round to the door for the first time for me to mount, caused my wife to make me promise to wire as soon as I had arrived at my destination some sixteen miles away, where I was to sleep. Certainly, for the first ten minutes I had all my work cut out to remain in the place where the rider usually sits. But the mare was only fresh. At the end of the journey I vowed that I had never sat upon so charming a hack.

I hunted her next day, and soon found out her peculiarities. Arrived at the meet, she began to shiver and shake till the rowels absolutely rattled in my spurs. Into the first fence she went headlong, but somehow saved the fall; two hundred yards farther on she stopped, and I thought she would have dropped dead. I was off in a moment, slackened her girths, and soon she seemed all right. I got on again, and followed the tailing field at a gentle pace. By degrees she woke up and began to gallop. In half-an-hour she was leading the field, and at the end of an hour and a half's grand gallop she was as fit as a fiddle, and I took her home.

Now, what was wrong with the mare? It was always the same—sheer nervousness. For the first two fences of any day I could reckon with tolerable certainty upon two falls, or as near falls as made but little difference. After that she was a very fair fencer, and absolutely delightful to ride for the rest of the day.

She also carried my wife as hack in perfect style, and was

kind enough to pull a light gig occasionally, though I had my own reasons for not feeling absolutely easy in my mind while a certain wicked swish of that mare's tail was just in front of the dashboard. I found another home for her after a while, for too many falls are like 'hope deferred,' and tend to make the heart a bit sick—at any rate, when they always occur in the beginning of the day, before a large assembly.

*Laura.*—A very sporting-looking jet-black mare was one of my earliest ventures. She was six years old, sound, unblemished, and handsome, about 15.1 on short legs, and with a fine shoulder. She had only one failing, if such it could be called, and it took me six months to discover it. When I did find it out it laid me on the shelf for two months, and then I had to ride for a month on a side-saddle before I could once again sit in a proper manner. Also, for quite two years after the accident I was condemned for my sins to wear an awful set of straps.

I found the mare out in this way—or, rather, she found me out, for I was doing a foolish thing. I had been in my office for days without getting out. The mare had been clipped, was dead fresh, and wanted exercise. We were both in the vein for a lark, and went out for a ride. The ground was soft, and a tempting fence or two was skimmed over to our mutual satisfaction. Then we found ourselves in a meadow with no gate, but an exit guarded by four stiff rails. In the pride of our youth we would not stop to shift the top one; we had jumped many as high with hounds, even after a long gallop. She went at them rather too fast, balked, and chested them. Cr-r-r-ash! I was on her neck—a horrible tearing wrench to my thigh—a struggle—I was back in the saddle again—a bound—we were over. But I felt so faint that I dismounted and sat upon the wet ground. Pulling myself together, although I felt I was bleeding internally, I managed to mount again, and in great pain rode to a cottage hard by to ask for help. The woman shut the door in my face! I reached the hard road and was taken home in a cart, but shall always have occasion to remember that wrench, which has left its effects indelibly.

I was afterwards told that this mare's only fault was that she would not jump timber in cold blood. She never *refused* a fence at any time—her nature was too generous—but if ridden at timber without hounds she would fall over it rather than jump it, although she would jump anything else freely. She had hurt more than one man in this way before I bought her.

An amusing incident happened while I was laid up. A



friend of mine in town, wanting a hunter, came down to buy the mare, and I gave him a day's hunting to try her. He returned to my bedside covered with mud and very cross. Quoth he, 'I don't think much of the manners of your noble lords in these parts. I had a bad fall, and Lord W. came and swore at me while I was actually lying on the ground.'

I heard all sides of the story later, and it was in this wise. The man had no hands, and could not control his spurs, so that after a while the mare became maddened with undeserved punishment, and took control of the situation. Lord W., a thorough sportsman, was quietly riding at the only practicable place in a fence, when along came my mare, about forty miles an hour, and cannoned him. His lordship pulled up, and the mare turned a somersault over the fence. Then my lord, peering over the fence, expressed himself to the fallen man briefly and to the point: 'I hope to heaven you've broke your neck!' Doubtless this relieved his feelings, but it spoilt the sale of my mare.

A month later when, convalescent, I appeared at the meet on a side-saddle, I met Lord W., who, after condolences, said: 'Who was that d——d tailor who was riding your mare the other day? I hope he was not a friend of yours, because I'm afraid I was rather rude to him. He very nearly killed me and my horse too. If ever you see him again, tell him I am sorry if I spoke too sharply.'

I sold Laura to our local M.F.H., who put her in his personal stud, and rode her as his favourite for several seasons afterwards. Later on she dropped dead under the huntsman one morning out cub-hunting.

*Lazy Dick.*—In a swap with a friend I picked up a remarkably well-topped horse of a rich dark-brown colour, and, as I was the one to draw money on the deal, I felt satisfied at first.

He was perfectly sound and quiet, but he was the slowest brute I ever had the misfortune to drive. I had seen him in harness before I bought him, but put his pace down to the manner of his handling, for my friend was no great whip. I thought I would soon wake the beggar up—but alas for vanity! Try as I would, I could get no more than six or seven miles an hour out of him. An ordinary whip was useless, and a ground ash evoked no more than a flopping canter which stopped when the stick left off.

I wondered how I should ever get rid of him without losing money. His good looks, however, gave me hope. For a month

or two he did nearly all my work, at his own pace, be it said ; and when Goodwood came round he went wheeler in the tandem all four days, fourteen miles each way, so that he earned his keep. The first day on the course I was within an ace of selling him to the dealer who had sold him to my friend, but failed to recognise him, for double what he had cost me. He only saw the horse standing still ! Early the following week I drove him over to the farm of a sporting hotel-keeper, who was at once taken by his looks. Our friend opened the ball by offering to sell me an uncouth-looking grey pony that was turned out in an adjacent paddock. Without examining the pony, I said I would buy his pony if he would buy my horse. All he wanted was something really quiet, and though he would give no guarantee for his pony except that he was four years old and sound, I gladly accepted a cheque for as much as my horse had cost me, to exchange. I thought that a four-year-old pony, sound, could not be dear when he cost me nothing !

Although the laugh is against myself, I must recount how 'Lazy Dick' obtained his name. I bought him as 'Surrey.'

Some months after the purchase a friend of mine had the misfortune to miss a train in our neighbourhood, and, as she had a big houseful of people just then, she had to hire a carriage to be driven home some twelve miles in time for dinner. After repeated entreaties to the driver to 'hurry up,' she asked him, 'Can't this horse go any faster ?' 'No, mum, he never do.' 'Where did your master pick up such a brute ?' 'He bought him off Mr. B., mum, and we calls him "Lazy Dick."' As I was at that time more noted for my connection with horses and hunting than for my prowess as a lawyer, the joke went the round of the country side, my christian-name being Richard.

*Berkshire.*—My new pony arrived looking like a woolly bear, shy, and awkward as a cow, but amenable to kindness. A pair of clippers and a dose or so of physic disclosed in about a week's time a nice plump pony about thirteen hands, of a pretty dapple-grey colour. Another month showed a smart-looking animal, quiet to ride and drive. At the end of three months I had a pony that would go leader or wheeler in tandem, carry me or my wife, would jump hurdles or anything in reason, and was a good boy's hunter. Then came a man who offered me a price for him which was too good to resist, so we had to look out for another. My interest in my horses always

slackened off as soon as I found that there was nothing more to teach them.

Nothing remarkable, you will say, in this pony ; but the odd part of it was that his previous owner only parted with him because he had run away with him in harness and jumped a fence, to the serious detriment of the man and his wife, who was with him at the time. And then, funnily enough, he ran away with the man who bought him from me, although he had never shown the slightest symptom of a desire to do so all the time I had him.

*Daisy*.—Imagine the most perfectly shaped piece of horse-flesh that you could ever see. She was about 13.3, with a diminutive head, beautifully set upon a longish neck, which tapered upwards from real good shoulders, and a fine crest withal ; well ribbed up, with grand quarters, legs as fine as a deer's, though not lacking in bone, and the best of feet. An old dealer once looking at her in the street, a stranger to me, said, 'Young sir, when you go to buy a hunter, carry that picture in your mind !'

In harness, when standing, she looked the incarnation of all the vices. She would snap about with her teeth at everything or nothing, and one hind leg was for ever lashing out behind as though she would kick everything to atoms ; but she never did kick. A man came down from town to buy her. My wife was sitting in the cart outside the station alone. The man looked at the mare's antics for one minute and departed back to town in a hurry.

In spite of all this show, she would stand for an hour with the reins on her back without attempting to move until told to go on. She would go any pace and any distance uphill or down, and though we drove her only in a soft rubber snaffle she never required to be touched with the reins—it was quite enough to sit there and speak to her. My wife drove her daily alone, and even took the children in the cart with her.

To ride, Daisy was the hottest thing I ever sat on. She did not kick or buck, or rear, or do anything in particular, and yet it took all I knew to ride her, for she never settled down to any one pace for more than three strides together when once she was out of a walk, but I loved to ride her all the same. The annoying part of it was that she would trot along under my groom, a feather-weight, as quietly as possible, and I flattered myself that I could ride a bit in those days.

She fetched a good sum afterwards at Tattersall's, in spite of the fact that she was long past mark of mouth.

Now, although I hate to admit anything bad of a horse as a rule, I must honestly say that they are by no means all deserving of the attributes 'generous' and 'noble' which are so commonly applied to them. Many of them have the most diabolical tempers.

I know the stock answer to this, and am quite prepared. It is a common theory that they are only vicious and bad-tempered if they are ill-treated. Very well—then please account for the following instance :

*Crosspatch.*—A friend of mine bought a two-year-old Irish mare out of a drove at a fair, unbroken. He broke her in himself, and a gentler, quieter man with horses or children I never saw. His one old groom made a sort of idol of her ; and she was the wickedest beast I ever saw in a stable. They say that horses love the hand that feeds them—so they ought—but time after time has that mare kicked the very sieve out of the hand of her best friend as he was coming alongside to give her her corn, and hairbreadth 'scapes he had almost daily for years. She broke his collar-bone at last, having just finished taking some food out of his hands !

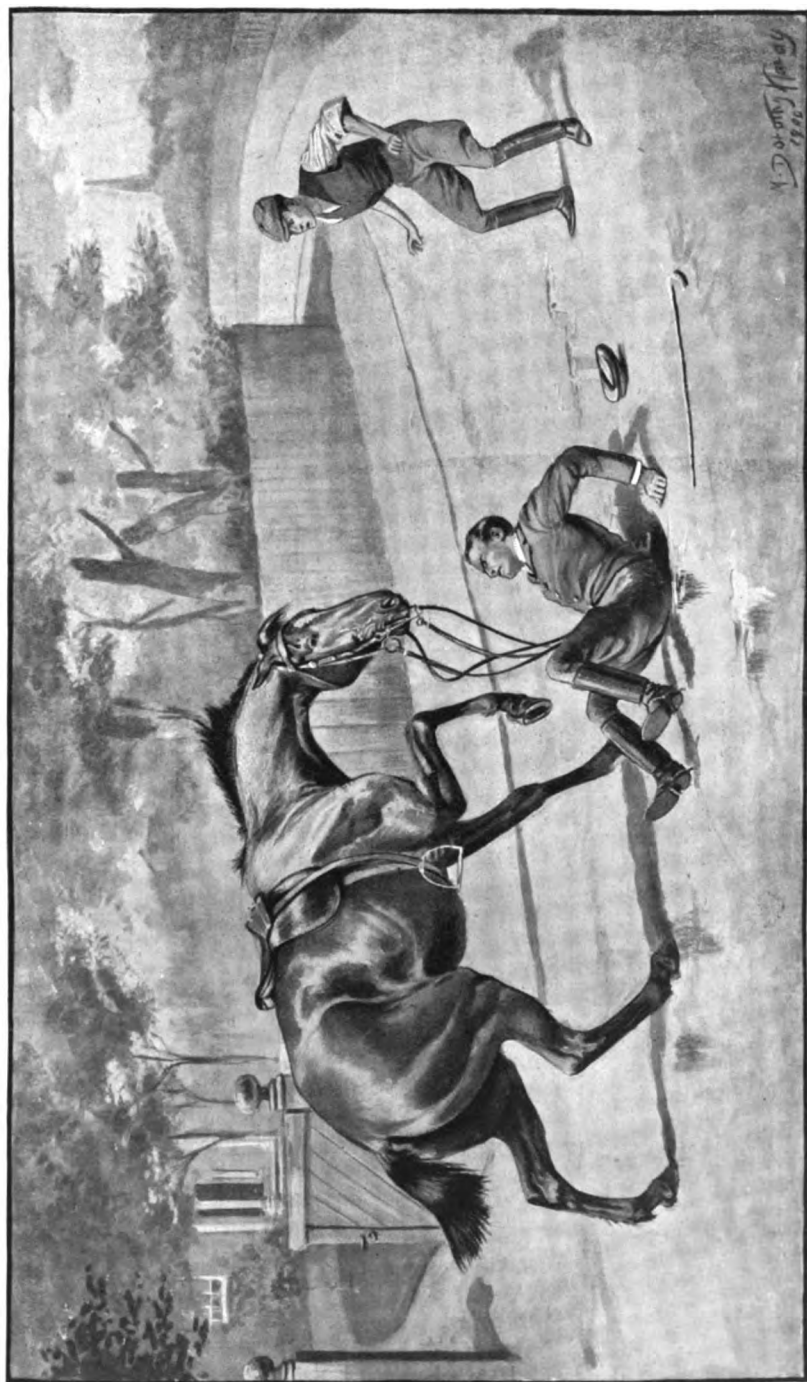
To approach her in her stall was, for a stranger, like leading a forlorn hope, while to go into a loose-box with her was absolutely suicidal. She had a leg at each corner, and she knew it, but you never knew which leg was coming next, or where it would strike you.

And out of the stable ? Well, when she got to know her rider she was generally peaceable, although she could buck like blazes.

My friend rode her hard for some six seasons, and never had a fall with her. Then she had a foal, and after that she was for sale. I tried to buy her, but the price beat me, and soon I heard that she had gone to London. Shortly afterwards I received a wire from town, 'You can have the mare at your own price if you will come and take her away !'

I sent a trusty man with a small cheque to fetch her. He told me that her new owner had put her in a loose-box on the day of her arrival and could not take her out of it.

It was in October when she came, with a long coat on, and a figure that was positively indecent. Next day I helped to saddle her and had her brought round. She kept the street pretty clear of traffic as she was led along ; and, mind you, she had not had a saddle on for about a year.



DELIBERATING WHETHER SHE SHOULD PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY WITH A STROKE OF HER FORE-FOOT



As I threw my leg over, she bit and struck at the groom who was holding her, and he let go before I was fairly on or could get my off stirrup. And then she started bucking. For all I could see she had no head or neck. I had to presume that these were somewhere in front or underneath me, and how long the bout lasted I can't say ; but, finding my legs getting tired of gripping, I rammed the spurs into her in the hope of getting her to go somewhere !

Next moment I was seated in a puddle in the hard road, with the buckle end of the reins in my hand, while she was deliberating whether she should put me out of my misery with a stroke of her fore-foot. However, she spared me that.

Next time I mounted without the aid of my shivering groom, and getting her away into a deep-ploughed field, we had it out ; and though I rode her all that season she never seriously bucked again, although she was always ready for a 'display' on the smallest provocation. A safer conveyance over a country man never rode. She could neither fall nor refuse ; and although, bar one, I never rode a horse at bigger or blinder fences she never gave me a fall.

It was on this mare that I once got away with a first-class pack of hounds and never saw another living soul for one solid hour. I think that was *the* hour of my life. I sold her to a good home, to a sportsman well known in and around Guildford, who told me later that with (as he described it) 'only three legs and a swinger,' she had pounded the whole field with the Surrey Staghounds by jumping on and off the railway over the gates at a level crossing.

*Broncho.*—Talking of 'bad 'uns,' at the price of £1 per leg —*i.e.* £4—I picked up a dun-coloured beast about 14.1, with a very long body on short legs, and huge ears. He was perfectly sound, and only five years old. He had the reputation of having thrown every man in the Inniskillings, then quartered at Brighton, including even the redoubtable Captain Yardley. I do not state this latter as a fact—it was the tale which I heard at the time. They said he bucked most terribly.

I mounted him at first with the pleasing certainty of a fall, and in a very few minutes he showed his colours by refusing to go in any direction except that which he fancied. But though he tried every device to accomplish his end by rearing, plunging, jumping sideways, &c. &c., the one thing he would not do was to buck.

I had an uncommon pair of spurs and a flail of whalebone,

all of which he tasted thoroughly and seemed to enjoy, for all the good resulting from their application. But what got over him was the addition of my groom on foot with a hunting-crop : that settled him, and induced him to go my way. Once out of the town he would generally go all right, except for an occasional set-to for five or ten minutes at a time. So usually my groom used to walk down the street after me for a certain distance, and the cob got to know that it was so !

I liked him very well as a hack, for his long pasterns gave him an elastic motion that was as easy as any thoroughbred, and I rode him constantly. He never seemed really to try to get me off, so that in that I was agreeably disappointed. However, as he showed no signs of growing into anything useful, I sold him to a man who promptly put him in harness. He turned out a capital trapper, and gave no trouble at all.

*Cock Robin.*—In the course of many deals one must expect to get landed occasionally with a 'hot lot.' I used to have a theory that what other people could ride I could also do with, but I qualified that opinion as time went on.

A young 'blood' had recently come to grief, and his horses were sold by auction locally. Seeing a thoroughbred apparently going begging at £5, I began to nod, having ascertained that he was sound in wind, limb, and eyesight, and for £9 he was mine. He stood about sixteen hands, and was goodly to look at.

The day after I got him home I rode him out, and he went like an angel. A few days afterwards I rode him on to the sands for a canter, it being low tide. He did not like crossing the beach, but I got him over that, and then for more than an hour did I sit on his back and never gained a hundred yards. He must have spent half that time on his hind legs, for he reared continuously. After that I was tired out and went home.

Next day my groom took him out to the same place. This fellow was as fine a rider as I ever saw. After a short skirmish down came the whalebone : once—twice—and before the third could fall, away went Cock Robin. It was a good seven miles to Worthing, and he flashed under the pier there, and a good mile beyond, before he could be pulled up. Every time the rider tried to stop him he bounded in the air 'fit to jump a church,' as the man described it.

The day after that, as I was going to town, my man suggested that the horse might make a trapper ! I said that I should be sorry to try, but that he might if he liked, and could get any one who held his life cheap to go with him.







‘Well,’ said I, on my return, ‘have you driven him?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ (He was a man of few words.) ‘How did he go?’ ‘Oh, he went, sir.’ It seemed that, failing to find a companion, my man had, single-handed, harnessed this brute to the gig and driven him a round of about two miles. It took him some three hours to accomplish this journey, for the horse never walked, nor trotted, nor galloped, but *jumped* every yard of the distance, with long and painful intervals between each leap.

I swapped him to a dealer for £2 and the ugliest cob that I ever set eyes on; but, *nimum ne crede colori*, that cob gave me some of the best performances I have ever ridden over a country; and, unsuspected, turned out a capital trapper to boot.

*Cyclops*.—I forget how I ever came to own such a brute as this. He was a flea-bitten grey, with only one eye, and as rank a jibber as ever planted his obstinate toes in the ground—and didn’t he rear!

One summer day I cantered him over to A——, some four miles away (he was a capital galloping hack when he did choose to go), and as I rode out of the inn there at which I had put up, there was a coach just ready to start, and the passengers had taken their seats. Just as I passed, my brute suddenly reared, and, flinging himself sideways, landed right under the nose of the off-wheeler, jamming himself and me up against the pole and splinter-bars, and pushing the whole show partly on to the pavement. The language that flowed from the driver is not to be recorded here; but it took about six strong men, some even pulling at his tail, to extricate us from the tangle. He then made for a plate-glass window, against which he leaned sullenly, till I could declare I felt the glass bend under the pressure of my knee; but, failing to break that, he finally landed over his knees and hocks in a huge heap of mortar which was piled in the market-place for some building operations that were in progress, and before he could get all his legs out of that I had time to give him such a hiding that he was glad to get away at any price.

The ways of jibbers are peculiar, but there is one great similarity about them. I have ridden many, and I find that, like the Boers, they never give one a fair chance. If a horse is a rogue at all, he is usually extremely artful, and will choose a place for his operations where you can’t get at him. He will never stop and jib out in the open country, in a field, or on the downs, but will bide his opportunity till he gets you in a

crowded street with lots of traffic, on a nice slippery road or pavement, and will bolt into a front garden, up a blind narrow alley where you can't swing your whip, or even into an open door if he gets the chance, and this latter is a most dangerous trick. Moreover, if you attempt to show a jibber with a view to selling him to your dearest foe, for instance, although he may have gone quietly for months he seems to know instinctively that you want him to behave well, and will do something horrible at once, out of pure 'cussedness.'

I was once riding a particularly fine horse, when a rich man made me a big offer for him. I rode the horse up and down once or twice for his inspection, the price was agreed, and the deal was practically concluded, when along came an officious friend of the buyer, and asked to see the horse move once more. I am sure the animal had never jibbed in his life before, but this particular time he refused to budge, and I lost the deal.

They are funny beasts, and there is no end of human nature in them. To understand them is the work of a lifetime, and then you have a lot to learn. To be master of them requires infinite patience, nerve, and perseverance. Lacking patience, you spoil their tempers; lacking perseverance, you never find out their good qualities; and if you lack nerve they find you out before you have been on them for five minutes, and there is an end of all comfort, for the horse at once takes a liberty; and, having succeeded once, he is your master for ever and a day.

To be a good horseman is not by any means necessarily to be a horsey man, nor need the subject engross all your thoughts and conversation. As an illustration of this last sentiment I need only quote the greatest hero of the day, Lord Roberts, who is acknowledged to be as fine a horseman as the world can produce.



## MORE CONTINENTAL SPORTSMEN

BY DANIELE B. VARÉ

A TYPE of sportsman who, in certain traits of character, closely resembles the German, but in others is infinitely more interesting, is the chamois hunter of the Alps. Whatever his nationality—and he may be Tyrolese, Swiss, Italian or French—there are few sportsmen in Europe who are worthier of our admiration than these rough mountaineers. Gaining his hard-earned daily bread in long solitary excursions high up on the mountain side among the eternal snows, and passing his lonely life in the shadows of the mighty crags, where the eagles build their nests, in the clear cold atmosphere far above the clouds, or, as Stevenson would say, in the reign of the great Silence, though he be only some poor ignorant guide or poacher by profession, it would seem almost that some of the peaceful grandeur belonging to the great heights among which he has made his home had entered into his soul, giving him a quiet, simple dignity such as we dwellers in crowded, noisy towns can only wonder at and envy.

I said that these men lead somewhat solitary lives, and this fact often renders them silent and morose. A few of them dwell in the little Swiss or Tyrolese villages, which have not yet been transformed into fashionable health-resorts for *malades imagin-*

*aires* ; and others, who possess, perhaps, an acre or two of rocky ground on which they pasture a cow, or by herculean efforts manage to grow some wheat, live in little wooden cottages high up among the clouds, mere specks when seen from the valley against the red dolomite rock or the deep green of the pine-trees. The loneliness of such an abode during the long Alpine winter can better be imagined than described. Surrounded on all sides and blockaded week after week by the ever-growing mounds of drifting snow, the intense silence of the mountain peaks only broken now and then by the howling of the wind round the shaky walls, and the distant roar of a falling avalanche, with a dog, perhaps, a blazing fire and his pipe for company, this hermit sportsman waits wearily for the long months to pass till the snow begins to melt under the first bright sunshine that heralds the spring.

Sometimes, however, the spring is long in coming, and the carefully husbanded stores give out ; then hunger and privation drive the tired watcher out into the blinding storm, through which he tries to make his way down to the nearest village. Perhaps the fates are kind, and our friend arrives safe and well ; but often the strength of the storm overwhelms him, and only a half-starved faithful doggy reaches the tiny cluster of log huts down by the frozen torrent, and, whining and scratching at the village doors, begs that they will come forth and save his master, who is dying far away on the mountain side.

Have any of my readers ever driven over the Alps in a diligence or a carriage ? Have they ever by any chance visited one of the old monasteries on the St. Bernard or on the Simplon ? I remember once arriving at the last-named hospice one day late in the autumn, after a long drive up from Brigue, where the railway ends. I climbed down from the *impériale* of the diligence and strolled up the steps of the hospice and into the large roughly-built kitchen, which I knew of old, and where I hoped to get a glass of red wine before starting off again for Domodossola and the Lago Maggiore. The kitchen, to my surprise, was full of people.

A tall bearded mountaineer in a rough green coat stood in the middle of the room, a gun under one arm, and holding his soft peaked hat, ornamented with edelweiss and eagles' feathers, in his hand, while he respectfully bargained with an old clean-shaven monk, who was standing in the shadow of the great fireplace, for the price of a fine pair of newly-shot chamois which lay on the floor at his feet with their legs tied together in

a bunch, showing that they had been carried to the hospice on a pole. Two other monks were bending over the dead chamois, and a great shaggy St. Bernard dog was sniffing inquisitively at the bare knees of a young peasant who was leaning against the wall, dressed in the short jacket and breeches of the Swiss mountaineers, and holding an alpenstock in his hand. The scene reminded me of nothing so much as Landseer's famous picture of 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time.'

The bargaining, such as it was, did not take long, for I had hardly entered when the monks, with the help of the peasant-boy, picked up the two chamois and carried them off, presumably to the larder, and I was left alone with the happy sportsman whose kill I had just admired. He was a fine, well-made man, of Swiss nationality, as he told me, and a guide by profession; he had but recently obtained a licence to shoot chamois, and, as the season for Alpine climbing at Zermatt was over for the year, he had come to try his luck on the mountains to the west of the Simplon Pass, with excellent results.

'It must be a dangerous amusement!' I remarked inquiringly.

'Yes, monsieur,' he answered with a smile, 'but we get used to that on the Matterhorn! It is tedious work, though, sometimes,' he added musingly. 'I have hunted for eight days without ever sighting a chamois, and these last two nights I have slept on the mountain side. It was this morning, soon after dawn, that I got those two. My nephew Franz, who has eyes like the eagles, told me yesterday evening that he had seen them coming up the side of the valley, and this morning, just as the snowfields began to turn red in the first rays of the sun, we saw them again, not two hundred yards off, on the opposite side of the valley, down by the torrent. These were the two you saw, on a little grass plateau near some pine-trees, and three or four others farther off. It was lucky we had not moved about or made any noise during the night; we had not even lit a fire, and the wind blew from them, so they could not scent us. I did not dare to shoot at once, for the light was still bad, so we waited almost an hour, as quiet as mice, and then I fired and brought down one. He rolled into the water and was nearly carried away. The other cleared the torrent at one leap and came bounding up in his terror almost towards us; I shot him when he was hardly thirty yards off!'

As we stood talking the monks re-entered, and with them an Englishman, who had walked up from Berisal to see the pictures of St. Bernard, the founder of the Order, and of

Napoleon, who as First Consul had given the money to **build** the monastery on the Simplon. One of the monks volunteered to show him the hospice, and another, the old clean-shaven friar who had previously done the bargaining for the **chamois**, opened a large pinewood cupboard and brought out some glasses and a bottle of wine, which he set down on the **kitchen** table for me and the Swiss to partake of.

‘Would monsieur like some grapes?’ he asked. ‘They were brought up yesterday from the Lago, and are fresh and ripe. No? And you, Bernard? Help yourself in the cupboard then. Monsieur has been talking to our sporting friend, I see! A fine figure of a man, our good Bernard, monsieur, with his eagle feathers in his green hat and his gun that comes all the way from Munich in Bavière—truly a “mighty hunter before the Lord!” There are many such in these parts, monsieur, both Swiss and Italians; and in the summer and autumn they come regularly enough to the hospice and bring game to sell, and drink our red wine and tell us of all the marvellous adventures they have had up there among the mountain peaks. They will talk for hours, monsieur, of the wonderful shots they have made, but they never mention the number of times they miss, eh, Bernard? And then some day, late in the spring, monsieur, when the snow begins to melt and the avalanches go crashing over the Devil’s Pass, one every five minutes, in the evening perhaps at supper-time, when the poor friars are enjoying their soup or warming their hands at the fire, a woman with her hair and shoulders all white with snow, or a child breathless with running, will dash into the room and gasp out that Luigi the guide, or Franz or Giacomo, shall we say, has not been seen for three days; and Tonio, the diligence guard, passing through the village, has told Signor Paoli at the inn of a voice that he has heard calling faintly for help in the ravine near the Italian frontier. And then the poor old monks have to gird up their *soutanes*, light the lanterns, and let loose the dogs, and go out into the night, though their voices sound faint and their torches burn dimly in the storm of snow that whirls round them in great circles and drives in their faces. The dogs know their work well, monsieur, and the friars, though they be old and frail and mere children in strength and courage beside Bernard here—eh, Bernard?—they know every rock and bush on the mountain side, and could cross the valley blindfold without a stumble. And so it is that, after an hour’s search, we hear the deep bark of old



Sempione, and on reaching him we find the lost man, half buried in the drifting snow, with a leg broken in a fall perhaps, and half dead with hunger and cold. We give him brandy from the miniature barrel that old Sempione carries on his collar, and chafe his numbed limbs and bring him up to the hospice, where he is nursed back to life ; but sometimes, alas ! we arrive too late, and all we can do is to carry his body sadly home on a rough stretcher of pine-wood and next day chant a "de Profundis" in the chapel for the salvation of his soul.'

As the friar finished speaking, I heard the bells of the diligence-horses and the voice of the guard calling for me to come out and take my place for the start, so putting some francs in the poor-box that hung on the wall and taking leave of the old friar, the Swiss, and the St. Bernard dog, I strolled out to the road in front of the hospice, where the diligence was waiting.

The fresh mountain air felt chilly after the warm kitchen, though the sun still shone brightly on the snowfields above. A light breeze from the valley brought with it the scent of pine-trees, and the smooth white road, made by Napoleon's sappers, stretched in a long curving line among the grey rocks and the heather towards Italy and the south. The only sounds that broke the silence of that great solitude were the jingling of the harness-bells and the sullen roar of the torrent that leaped and fell over the huge boulders far below.





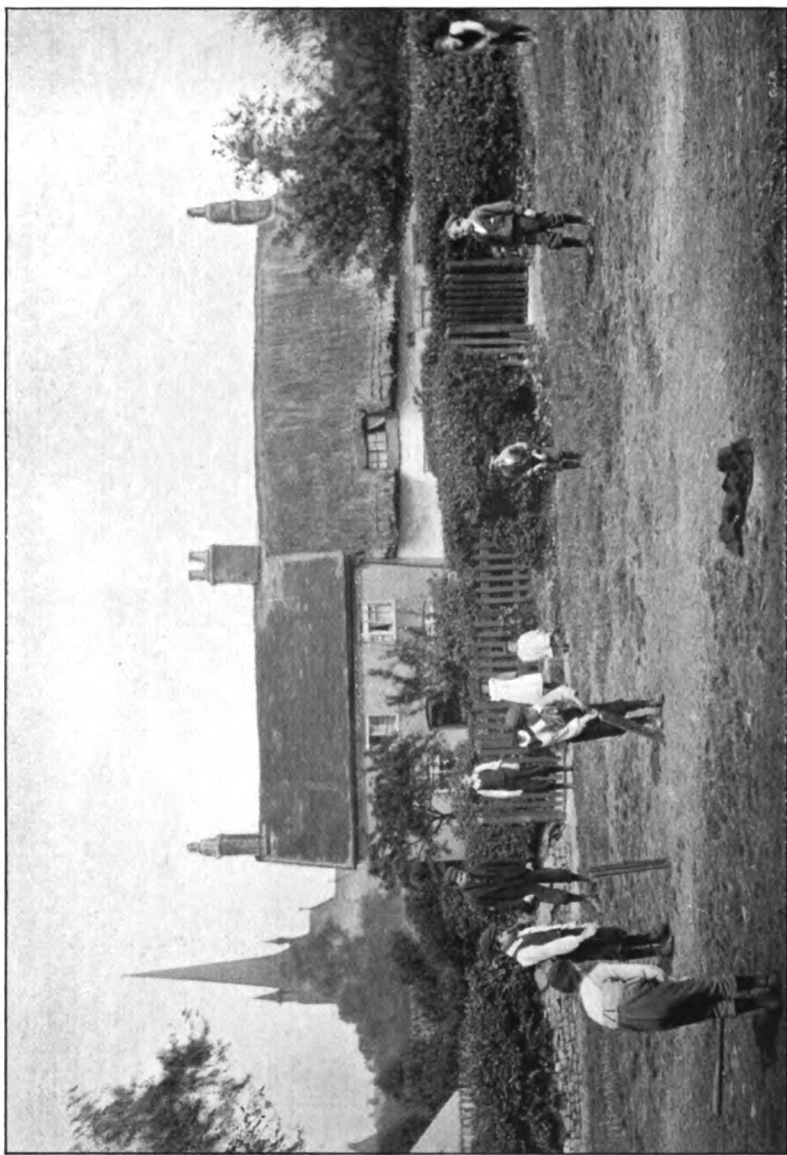
## A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

We shall be unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and we reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. The proprietors reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

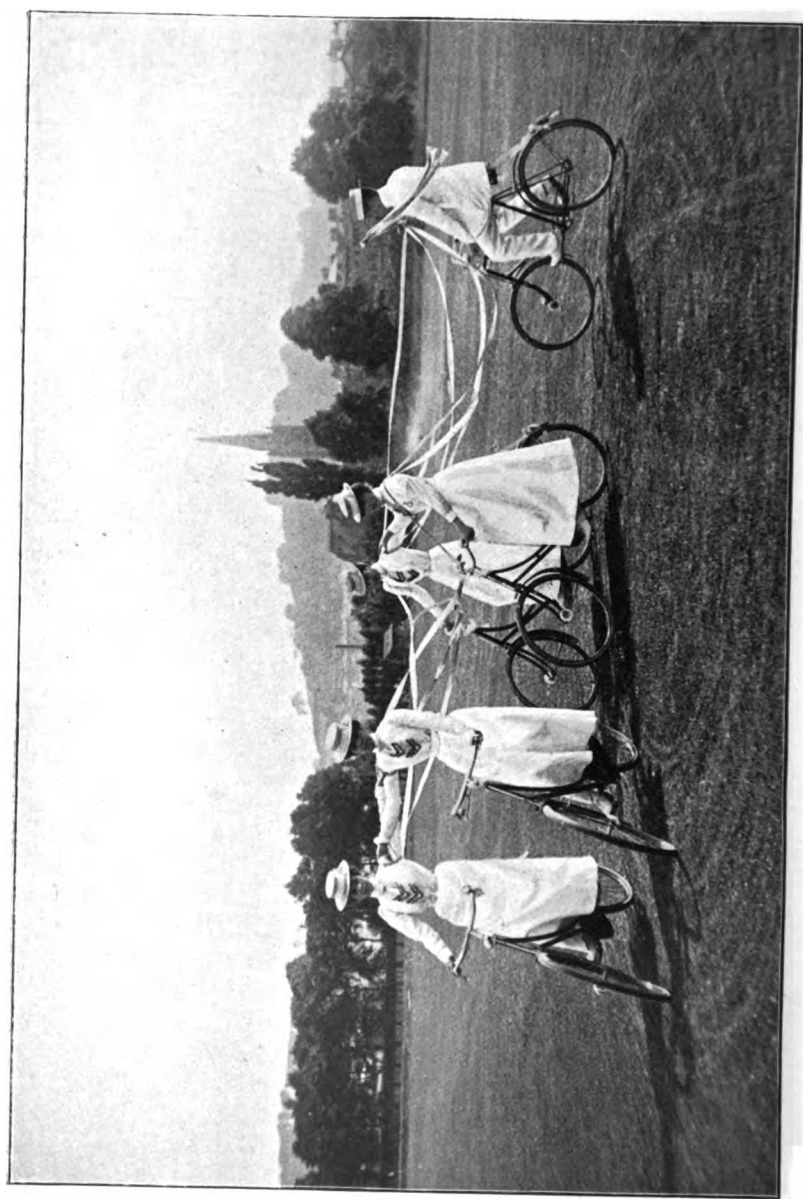
## THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITION

The First Prize in the September competition has been divided among the following competitors: Miss Cecily Adams, Wolstanton, Staffordshire; Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. H. Buckhurst Lacey, Hampstead; and Mr. A. E. Johnson, Temple Chambers, London. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



VILLAGE CRICKET

*Photograph taken by Miss Cecily Adams, Holstanton, Staffs*



CYCLE FOUR-IN-HAND TEAM DESCRIBING A CIRCLE. PRIZE WINNERS AT BATH CARNIVAL AND CYCLING GYMKANA, JUNE 1900  
*Photograph taken by Mr. Graydon Bird, Bath*



'A PUNCTURE'

*Photograph taken by Mr. H. Buckhurst Lacey, Hampstead*



PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT FISHING IN THE LIFFEY

*Photograph taken by Mrs. Auberon Stourton, Paxton Hill, St. Neots*



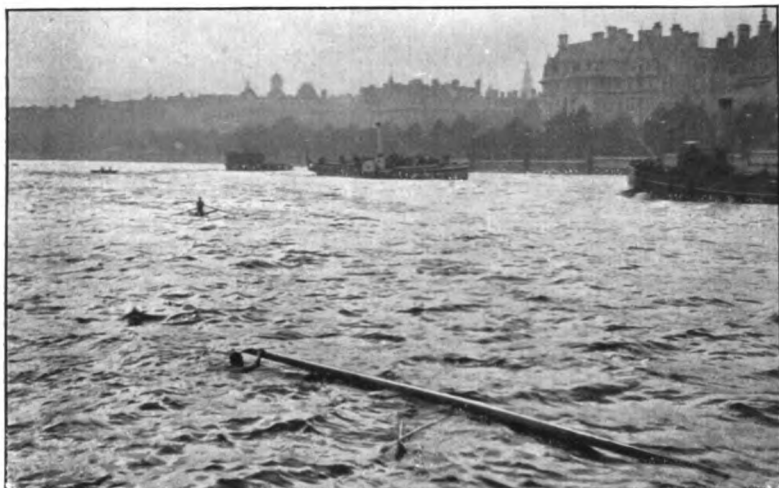
THE RACE FOR 'DOGETT'S COAT AND BADGE,' 1900  
 RICHARD HENRY TURK, OF KINGSTON, APPROACHING THE TATE GALLERY  
*Photograph taken by Mr. A. E. Johnson, Temple Chambers, F.C.*



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT  
*Photograph taken by Miss S. D. Pilkington, Sandside, Thurso*



RYPER SHOOTING IN NORWAY. WAITING FOR THE BIRDS TO RISE  
*Photograph taken by Miss M. Ticehurst, St. Leonards-on-Sea*



THE RACE FOR 'DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE,' 1900  
 PERCY CHARLES WHEELER, OF RICHMOND, SWAMPED AT BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE  
*Photograph taken by Mr. A. E. Johnson, Temple Chambers, E.C.*



PARIS INTER-COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL  
*Photograph taken by Mr. L. G. André, Paris*



DUCK SHOOTING CAMP ON THE MURRAY RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES  
*Photograph taken by Mr. A. J. Dense, Celbridge, Ireland*



**DARTMOOR HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES, 1899**

Captain Daniell was all but off, his horse 'Rats' having stumbled over the bank.  
Despite this narrow snave he won the race in fine style

*Photograph taken by Mr. E. D. Fawcett, Torquay*



**AN ARCHERY MEETING IN HERTFORDSHIRE, JULY 1900**

*Photograph taken by Miss A. M. Wigram, Aston, Stevenage*





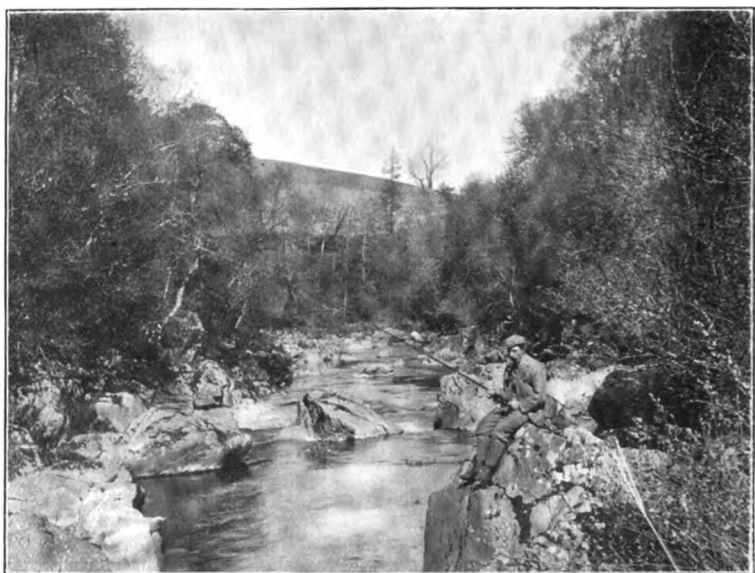
**HUNTING AT BLACKMOOR, HANTS, 1898**

*Photograph taken by Mr. J. A. Simson, Bombay*



**THE GAMEKEEPER**

*Photograph taken by Mr. H. Vaughan Walker, Middlesbrough*



TROUT FISHING ON THE UPPER REACHES OF THE DEVERON, ABERDEENSHIRE  
*Photograph taken by Mr. Alex. Duff, Aberdeen*



PARTRIDGE DRIVING IN KENT  
*Photograph taken by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln*



## NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

A VERY remarkable thing is the extraordinary manner in which absolutely baseless stories—fables without an atom of foundation—often become generally current. At Newmarket the other day two people at different times gave me an elaborate and detailed account of the manner in which the American forward seat came to be adopted. According to this legend, Sloan went to one of the Southern States to ride several horses sent down from a leading Northern stable—animals that were confidently expected to sweep the board. No sort of sweeping was done. In those days Sloan sat upright in his saddle in the English fashion. The Southern jockeys—black boys for the most part—sat on their horses' withers as the American jockeys do now ; and the result of the meeting was that they carried all before them, Sloan failing to win a single race. Naturally struck by what he saw, he went home, so the story ran, diligently practised the new seat, and returned to the meeting next year, where he was received with a certain amount of derision, the Southern jockeys confidently anticipating that matters would fall out as they had the year before. Sloan, however, rode in their style, beat them at their own game, and on this occasion the sweeping duly came off. This struck me as rather an interesting anecdote ; but I took the precaution of asking Sloan what amount of truth there was in it, and he told me there was absolutely none whatever. He hit on the idea accidentally, he said, when larking about on a training ground one morning. It was quite by chance that he happened to get forward over his horse's withers, but he

found the animal went so much more smoothly and easily when ridden thus that he set himself to practising the style, with the results we so constantly see. It would be interesting to know how the fable of the expeditions to the Southern States and the black jockeys arose.

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A correspondent writes to tell me that at a shooting lunch the other day a discussion arose as to the proportionate number of the principal kinds of game killed annually in the British Isles, and those who were present seem to have come to a general agreement. He thinks it would be interesting to elicit other opinions, and it will not surprise me to find considerable disagreement with the conclusions reached by my correspondent and his friends, though, of course, sport varies much in different parts of the country, and the figures must be guess-work at best. The idea arrived at upon the occasion mentioned was that every year there were shot 'twice as many pheasants as grouse; twice as many partridges as pheasants and grouse together; ten times as many rabbits as all these three birds combined.' As regards the pheasants and grouse, this may possibly not be very far from the mark. To a considerable extent it is true that a landowner may, with fair luck and good keepers, shoot just about as many pheasants as he pleases. Pheasants are favourite objects of sport with many people for an obvious reason: they may be shot within easy reach of the front door and little exertion is required for the process. Moreover, it is unfortunately not to be denied that all men do not really care for what may be called 'sporting shots,' a not inconsiderable number are given to picking out easy birds, and no bird is so easy as a lumbering pheasant. The least ambitious may not like to massacre an unfortunate pheasant who blunders out of a covert half a dozen yards from the end of his gun; but though some men talk much about 'rocketers' after dinner, they are contented after lunch, and after breakfast, to let the birds rocket, to loose off at something that is nearer to them and is not going too fast. After a second glass of port, succeeding more than a second glass of champagne, these pheasants will often be described as having been much higher and infinitely more rapid in their movements than figures, if they could be accurately ascertained, would show to have been the case; for, indeed, there is a great deal of human nature about and vanity is not a small ingredient in it.

Partridges, in good years, are found almost everywhere. I know of a covey at the present moment that were bred in a comparatively small paddock, near Newmarket, within a stone's throw of the house and in a spot almost surrounded by roads and buildings. 'The painted partridge lies in every field,' as some poet remarked—though I am ashamed to say I do not know which poet it was, for I never came across the lines in print nor ever heard them except from the late Lord de L'Isle, who was given to quoting them as he walked over the pastures and ploughs of Penshurst. In spite of the ubiquity of the partridge, however, and of the fact that grouse are only found in certain districts, I should be inclined to doubt whether twice as many partridges as pheasants and grouse are now shot annually, nor do I suppose that the calculation with regard to rabbits is very accurate. On several large estates which I know a rabbit is rarely seen. The biggest bag at the making of which I ever assisted was near Newmarket, in a short day on which we left out three beats that were to have been included and would have added very largely to the total. The head of game killed by seven or eight guns—I forget at the moment which—was 1908, and there were not enough rabbits to make up the last figure. Elsewhere, of course, rabbits far out-total the birds, and it must be remembered that though there were so few rabbits on the estate to which I have referred, a large number must have been killed there previously. My correspondent says nothing about hares. I have taken part in the making of big bags upon estates where a hare was seldom seen ; out of the total just quoted of 1908 head, however, the hares numbered 358. I shall be glad to have the ideas of other correspondents on this subject.

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For some time past lovers of the turf have been hoping that, before the end of the season, some good young animal would come out to redeem the character of the two-year-olds, who have been beating each other all the season, thereby proclaiming themselves moderate animals. If, however, we find nothing good when the Middle Park Plate has been run, the inference is that nothing good is to be found. A certain amount of hope was centred in the unnamed son of Florizel II. and Red Enamel, who had been bought in at auction for 6200 guineas. He, however, was coughing, and consequently could not run. The general opinion with regard to the Middle Park Plate was that the race would be a repetition of the Champagne

Stakes at Doncaster with Veles left out—that is to say, that Orchid and Star Shoot would fight out the finish. They came near to doing so, but just failed by the narrowest margin to give 7 lb. to Floriform, a son of Florizel II. and Maid of Athol, who had missed three previous engagements and was running for the first time. He just beat Orchid, Star Shoot a head behind, and is consequently some 4 lb. or 5 lb. inferior to these two, whilst he has such questionable hocks that it seems doubtful whether he will stand much work. It is extremely lucky for owners of English two-year-olds that Eryx is not engaged in the Derby, for this French two-year-old appears to be a really good animal, and it is quite evident that the English two-year-olds are an extremely poor lot.

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At the time of writing, the Stewards of the Jockey Club are inquiring into certain matters which there can be no sort of doubt urgently demanded investigation. How near the truth they will get remains to be seen, for the business of proving the suspicions which have been aroused is an exceedingly difficult matter. Every one who has known much of racing is aware how often owners, trainers, and jockeys are believed to be practising iniquity when in truth they have had no other wish than to win races they are supposed to have been desirous of losing. But there is one question to be asked when an animal which has seemed to have an exceptionally good chance is beaten in his race, and that is, How did he go in the market? If his defeat has been foreshadowed, then ground for suspicion arises. Two or three times at Newmarket odds were laid on apparent 'good things,' the odds shortened, and those who had laid them mournfully remarked to each other, even before the horses had started to go to the post, 'This won't win!' In the cases of which I am thinking the animals were badly beaten, and the criticisms freely passed on trainers and jockeys were extended to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who were derisively christened the 'Three Blind Mice.' This sort of sarcasm is painful to those who respect constituted authority, and know full well that the Stewards are really anxious to perform their difficult duties to the best of their ability. Whilst cases are still under investigation it would, of course, be improper to mention details.

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The game of billiards as played rather more than a hundred years ago must have been a somewhat quaint pastime, judged

by relation to the existing rules. In an old *Sporting Magazine*, published at the end of the last century, I came the other day upon a copy of the rules then in force. At this time cues had apparently just been brought into general use, and were described by a commentator as 'the only fashionable instrument.' The cue is spoken of as 'the stick,' the other implement being a mace—the butt end of a cue, or something like it. The game chiefly in vogue was played with two white balls, though it is stated that 'hazards are played with as many balls as players, who never exceed six.' One rule was, 'He who holes both balls loses two.' Nowadays, on the contrary, he makes four. Again, 'he who strikes upon his adversary's ball and holes himself'—goes in off the white—'loses two.' The game appears to have been somewhat rough. 'He who retains the end of his adversary's stick when playing, or endeavours to baulk his stroke, loses one.' Again, 'he who throws the stick upon the table and hits either ball loses one.' Certainly an unduly easy let-off for foul play! One rather complicated rule is as follows: 'If the ball stands upon the edge of the hole, and after being challenged falls in, it reckons nothing, but must be placed where it was before.' One would suppose that, this having been done, the ball would again be challenged, would again fall in, nothing would be reckoned, and so on indefinitely? One more rule that seems to give scope for argument is this: 'He who stops either ball when running loses one, and being near the hole, loses two.' How near the hole, one would like to know?

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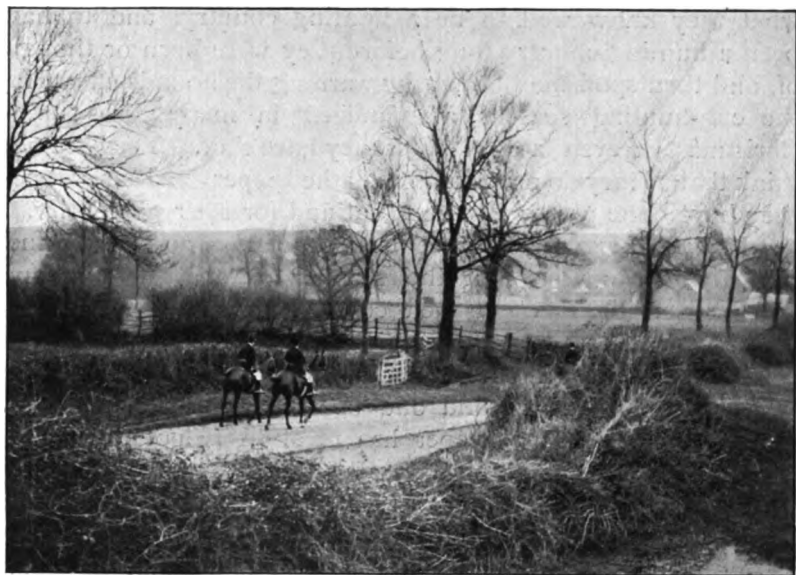
The game described was fifteen up, which suggests that those who played it could not have been 'flyers.' The writer, having discussed the two-ball game, goes on to speak of 'carambole' as 'a new-fangled game of French extraction,' played with three balls, one white, one with a spot on it, and the other red. Seeing how infinitely superior this game is to that now played in France on tables without pockets, it is strange that the French should have abandoned the methods of a century ago; nor do I understand why a game, of which hazards were the chief point, should have been called 'carambole.' Then, as now, the player scored three if he potted the red, and two if he put down the white, two for a losing hazard, the commentator remarking 'thus it frequently happens that seven are got by a single shot'—a useful sort of shot, too, as this game was only sixteen up. There was also a game called

‘Russian carambole,’ one detail of which was that the player, having made a losing hazard, could put his own ball where he chose. One would imagine that it could not take long to make sixteen if this were permitted.

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I much regret my inability to notice books at adequate length, for I should like to say something in detail about Captain Horace Hayes’ new volume on ‘Stable Management and Exercise.’ As it is, I can only recommend the book as the work of an exceptional competent authority, who thoroughly understands his subject and is able to make the results of his practical knowledge clear to readers. There is much in this volume which, so far as I know, has not been dwelt on by any previous writer on the horse. I chance to have had personal knowledge of Captain Hayes’ sound common sense. A good many years ago a favourite mare belonging to a very dear friend of mine hurt herself. The local veterinary surgeon was called in, prescribed potions and poultices, and the patient got rather worse than better. Another professor was brought down from London, who made some changes in the treatment without any good results. In those days I chanced to see Captain Hayes occasionally, and talked to him about the injured animal. He very kindly offered to go down with me to the country to see her, with the result that within a few weeks the horse was as sound and well as ever she had been. Another extremely pleasant book, which perhaps I need scarcely recommend to readers of this Magazine, is ‘Autumns in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun,’ by the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy, for several of the articles are re-published from these pages, and special value is given to them by eight photogravure illustrations from original drawings by Mr. Archibald Thorburn. I may also add a word about ‘Sport and Travel East and West,’ by Mr. F. C. Selous, the greater part of which is also re-published from this Magazine. These last two are issued by Messrs. Longman, Captain Hayes’ book by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.





# The Badminton Magazine

## ADVICE ON FOX-HUNTING

BY LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

### I. TO MASTERS OF HOUNDS

THE first thing to be done on taking a country is to get the land and covert owners on your side. Write to all of them asking leave to draw their coverts, and express a hope that they will extend the same kindness in the preservation of foxes to you as they have always done to your predecessors. Of course, in all but the most favoured countries, the great difficulty that you will have to contend with is the game preservers, not only with those gentlemen who preserve game largely in their own coverts, but more especially with the rich tailors, candlestick-makers, &c., who take shootings, in these latter days, from the impoverished county landlords. I contend that these gentry have no sort of right to come and take shootings in

what they know well to be a hunting country, and to have been a hunting country long before they were born or thought of, and then spoil the hunting by warning the hounds off during the cub-hunting season, and indeed in many cases up to Christmas, or even later, till after they have shot. They seem to think that, if they do not actually tell the keepers to destroy foxes, they have done plenty for the Hunt and for their popularity.

I have always noticed that these shooters, who keep hounds out of their coverts half the season, are most troublesome and insistent the moment their coverts are shot, pestering the Master with letters saying they are overrun with foxes, and that it is no use keeping them if they are never hunted. Probably, when you go, you will find one or two fine specimens from Leadenhall, which the keeper has most likely got down and turned out on the shooting-day. Headed back everywhere by 'stops,' each fox is seen five or six times over, and this, assisted by a copious hot luncheon, is quite enough for each 'gun' to say he has seen five or six foxes. I know that there *are* keepers who will preserve foxes, and are glad and proud to do so, who come up to you at the meet and tell you they *think*—no real fox-preserve is ever certain—that you will find. You do not see the regular velvetreen vulpicide at the meet. There are keepers I have never seen at all, often as I have drawn their coverts. Where they disappear to on a hunting-day is a mystery to me. No doubt foxes and pheasants can be simultaneously preserved, but it requires a surgical operation of the most radical nature to get the fact into the heads of most keepers. Still, I would advise as much compliance with the wishes of game preservers as is consistent with hunting the country fairly. But there is one thing I could never find it in my heart to do, which is, to stop the hounds *when running hard* for a game-preserve's covert. If you are Master of a pack which belongs to the country, I say you have no right to spoil the hounds belonging to the county gentlemen by disappointing them in this way. No ; by all means steer clear of the shooting-parties, and meet the shooter's wishes as much as you can, but by no means, and for no man, stop your hounds when running.

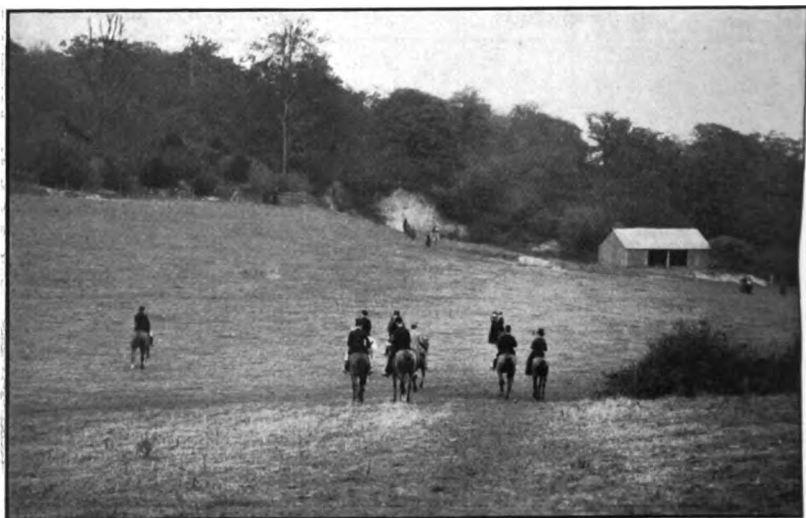
Now we come to the farmers, a class of men with whom I, personally, have never had any difficulty, nor will any one else if he will only treat them properly. When you give a hunt breakfast, do not have two rooms—one for your swell friends, the other for the farmers. Remember all people are equal out hunting, and a farmer who preserves a litter of cubs on his

farm does far more good to the sport than one of your swells, even if he rides 300-guinea horses over windmills in the ardour of the chase, as Mr. Jorrocks says. But wire! I hear some one say, What is to be done about that? I suppose the only plan is to trust nothing to committees, hunt secretaries, or people of that sort, who often have no knowledge of country life, and do more harm than good; but go round yourself in the autumn, call on the farmers, and ask them to remove it. Above all, never consent to the erection of danger-signals, notice boards, &c. I have always said, when this has been proposed, that I would a thousand times sooner break my



neck over wire, and have done with it, than see those horrid un-English-looking signals all over the country. Happily in my country we have neither wire nor wire signals, and I do really think I may flatter myself that this is not a little due to my determination never to recognise the latter. In some countries farmers appear to think that, if they only placard their farms, they may put up as much wire as they like and do no harm. This is probably the fault of some ass of a hunt secretary, who has said to the farmer, 'Well, if you will not take your wire down, flag it well.' Farmers like to be spoken to, and to have an interest taken in their proceedings. They are pretty good judges! I remember at a general election some years ago accompanying a Conservative candidate, hailing from a large town in the North, who was contesting a purely agricultural constituency. After a village meeting the candidate and I went,

with several large farmers, all strong Tories, to one of the farm-houses for supper. Afterwards the cigars and whisky-and-water went round, and the farmer and I began talking farming. To my horror, on glancing at the candidate, I saw that, instead of trying to pick up something about farming, he had taken a newspaper out of his pocket and had begun to read ! I thought, 'My friend, these men may vote for you, but they certainly will not *work* for you.' He was not elected. There is one thing, however, I wish the farmers would not do ; that is, erect in their fields stick-heaps over heaps of old tree-roots as a covert



for rabbits. Foxes soon take to use them, and runs that promise to be real good ones end in the most annoying way by the fox getting into one of these heaps. It is nearly impossible to bolt foxes from them, as the rabbits make holes underneath into which the foxes crawl.

I should never advise any one to take a country in which there is an old-established huntsman, a favourite with every one, and one whom it would be something like high treason on your part to dismiss. He will be master, not you. You will simply be a paying machine to settle all the bills and mount him, and he will constantly be grumbling about his horses, and perhaps will even give vent to his feelings in his speech at your puppy-show luncheon. Far the best plan is to start fresh with your own man, keeping perhaps one of the old

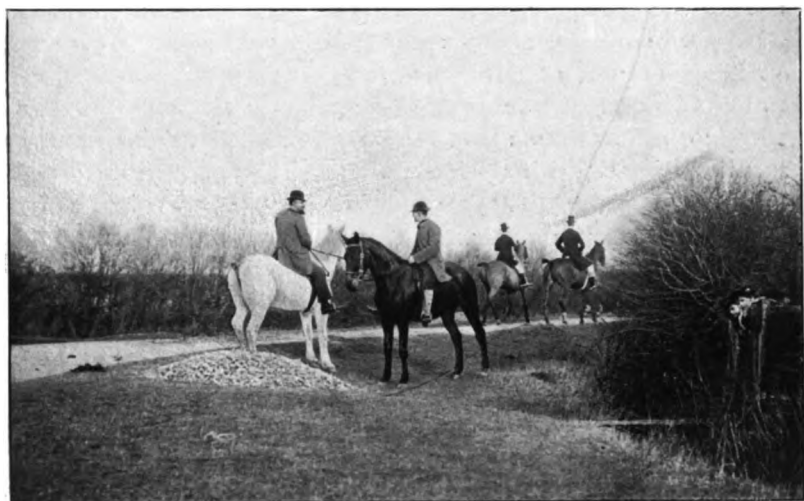
staff to show the rest the way about at first. Choose a man of fair experience, and above all do not listen to the accounts of hunt-servants' riding, and be led into taking on one of the boys who get huntsman's places in these modern days. The majority of hunting-men seem to think that, if a man or a boy will only jump big places, he must be a good huntsman, and boys get pitchforked into good places as huntsmen before they know how to whip-in or even to behave. When I began hunting, whippers-in did not look to be huntsmen before they were well past thirty. Nowadays it is no uncommon thing to find the huntsman the youngest of the three servants. I do not mean to say that a huntsman should not ride ; of course he should ride up to his hounds and see how far they have carried the scent, but every one can ride if he only gets a horse good enough ; the difficulty is to get a man who knows *when* to ride, and will do so *only* to get to his hounds, and *not* to win the approbation of an ignorant field. But always mount your men well, if only for economy's sake ; they will take care of good horses, but will not do so of bad ones.

Be careful how you breed your hounds. In forming a pack you will have to be dependent, in a great measure, on sires from other packs. But do not be tempted to run after a hound because he has won at Peterborough, or is very good-looking, or is even said to be very good in his work, if he comes of a strain that you do not like, or if his pedigree contains a lot of soft blood, or if his ancestors come from a kennel that you cannot trust. A chance-bred foxhound is like a chance-bred racehorse : he may be very good at his work, but he is worthless for breeding. Not being carefully bred himself, the faults of his progenitors are certain to be reproduced in his offspring. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about looks in these days, but, depend on it, the best *working* hounds in a pack are never the worst looking, though, of course, a real beauty, a Peterborough winner, *may* turn out useless in the field. This is a good lesson. Turn up his pedigree, and you will find where the mistake in his breeding has been made. Never breed from a hound in his first season. He may develop all manner of faults, and you cannot *breed* a fault out : you must *stamp* it out. Some people think that if you breed from a noisy bitch and a mute dog, or *vice versa*, you will have hit the just medium in tongue. Far from it. In all probability half the litter will turn out mute, the other half noisy. Of course neither hound ought to have been kept, much less bred from. Always draft a mute hound. There

is no fault so bad, and the better he is in his work the more harm he will do. Then there is straightness. Everybody in his heart of hearts likes his hounds straight. In my experience it is only those who cannot breed straight hounds who prefer crooked ones; some even go so far as to say that a straight hound cannot be good in his work! But I always notice that, when hound-breeders of this sort happen to breed a straight hound, they are as proud of him as a hen is of one chick. Of course you must have plenty of good walks to breed a good pack of hounds, so that you can mercilessly afford to draft mute, noisy, skirting or lame hounds; without getting your pack too short. A puppy show and a luncheon after it are good things; but do not have your huntsman's health proposed. You would not have your butler's or your stud-groom's health drunk, why then your huntsman's? If you, or your huntsman, or both of you, are new to the country, I should say certainly go cub-hunting yourself every morning, so as to learn the locality yourself, or show it to your huntsman, as the case may be. And let cub-hunting be cub-hunting; keep your hounds on the dark as much as possible, and never try to have a run across the open. No man can ride to the hounds, in the Midlands at any rate, while the leaf is on the hedges, consequently fences get pulled about, gaps are made, the farmers' stock, especially the grass bullocks, injured, and altogether much more damage done by a few horsemen than is done by many in regular hunting. In dry hard weather the hounds' feet get injured, and in any weather at all they run a risk of being spoilt. They check: no one is with them, off go some of the entry after a hare, taking most likely a few of the one- and two-seasoned hunters with them, and in about half an hour all the trouble you have taken in breaking during the summer and autumn is lost. Sport for the field cannot be said to begin till November 1, but it is in the two or three months prior to this that a pack of hounds is made or marred, and these months *must* be given up to the Master and Huntsman to make the pack. I am fairly astonished to see that some establishments have actually taken to advertising their cub-hunting fixtures. This is the height of folly. There is no greater nuisance than a parcel of men, women, and grooms, the two former most likely smoking, all of them out on fresh horses, and talking, in the rides of a covert. The Hunt servants cannot get about to do their work and the hounds get kicked. Never commit 'the fatal mistake' of not beginning cub-hunting as soon as the corn is cut;

and never take fright, and leave off, because the ground gets hard. To do this is ruination to your entry and to the one- and two-seasoned hunters, who will begin forty times wilder than the young ones. Breed your hounds with good legs and feet, and they will not take much harm, and if you do screw up a few old cub-hunting horses, what matter?

I now come to poultry and damage funds—ever-increasing items of expenditure, and most vexatious to boot. As a rule, it is best to pay as soon as you can, but damage to crops can only be assessed at harvest time. I remember one of my tenants, a heavy clay-land farmer, coming to me with tears in his eyes to



say that his wheat-field had been ridden over by hundreds of horses and well-nigh ruined, and asking what would I do? 'Wait till harvest,' I said, 'and I will come to look at it.' Happening to be out for a ride just before harvest I met my tenant and had a long talk with him. I was rather surprised that he said nothing about his damaged crops, so just as I was leaving I said, 'How about that wheat-field?' He smiled and said, 'It contains the best crop on my farm!' Surely enough, it was looking beautifully, and I defy any one to have said where the horses crossed it. It was only by going on one's hands and knees, and creeping about the field, that one could just see the old tracks. Poultry, however, is best paid for at the time the damage is done, and it is always easy to get some friend to ride over and find out if the claim is a genuine one or not. I think the Master

should manage all this ; he practically has to do so now, for **if the** hon. secretary does not pay the claimant what he thinks his **due**, the latter is very likely to write to the Master, and say, 'I **don't** care whose business it is to pay, but if my claim is not paid in full by some one I shall put up wire and kill the foxes.' Besides, the hon. secretary may have no knowledge of country life, **may** not be in touch with the Master, or may be unpopular with **the** farmers. I know an hon. sec. to a pack of hounds who **actually** beds his horses on moss litter and wonders why he does **not** get on with the farmers. I cannot help believing that in every



Hunt it would be better to have a secretary, paid either by the Hunt or by the Master, whose duty it should be to attend to all these claims, earth-stopping, &c. Surely young fellows could be found to whom a salary of, say, £200 a-year would be an object, who would work under the Master and look after these things. This sum would enable such a man to keep a couple of hunters at any rate, and I think it is an arrangement that would work well. There is nothing like having some one to find fault with if things go wrong. A serious loss to a farmer, such as hounds running through his ewes and causing them to slip their lambs, the death of a valuable cart colt, or bullock, if caused by hounds or hunter, is, I think, best paid for liberally and at once, and the simplest way to do this is by a collection from those who were out hunting that day. This could



be easily collected by a secretary such as I have tried to describe.

In breeding your hounds make up your mind what sort you like and stick to that sort. If you like Welsh hounds (of which I have little knowledge) breed Welsh hounds and have a Welsh pack ; but if you prefer English hounds, try and breed them as good-looking as possible. In the Midlands I am quite certain that the best sort to aim at are the best looking. I do not mean the largest-boned animals—they do not have to carry weight—nor do I insist on great spring of the ribs. There is a medium



in all things, and ribs and bone must be kept up to a certain extent, or your hounds will look shallow, and, as Mr. Bragg said, 'only fit to hunt a cat in a kitchen.' But I will never believe that a hound tires because he is light of bone ; my experience has been all the other way, against 'that useless appendage,' as Lord Henry Bentinck called bone. In my opinion, the thing that makes a hound stoop to the scent easily is a good neck and shoulders, so that the hound is running at his ease and within himself all the time. I would never sacrifice necks and shoulders to bone, straightness, or ribs. But I hear some one say 'Nose.' Well, I suppose there are hounds more tender-nosed than others, and if these are found out they should, of course, be bred from. But I am not quite sure that dash, intelligence, and perseverance do not insure what is called a

good nose. A hound may have ever such a sensitive organ of smell, but he is no use if he is shy, idle, or slack. Any hound will run hard on a real good-scenting day, but give me one who will try for you on a bad-scenting day; who will jump a gate when casting himself, and will jump it back again if he does not hit the line off; in short, one who is miserable if he is off the line, and does not go and contentedly lie down and lap in a pond. I have often been quite sorry for good hounds who have worked so hard to no purpose on a bad-scenting day. But these are the boys to keep and breed from; if one could get a whole pack of them, very few foxes would get away.

I think the best size for hounds is  $23\frac{1}{2}$  inches for dogs, and rather lower, but not much, for bitches. In a grass country no hound, however big, can jump a stake-and-bound fence with a ditch to him, to say nothing of bullfinches, and small hounds do get through these fences quicker and with less tailing than big ones. In a wall or bank country I do not suppose it matters so much, though I doubt whether big hounds are able to jump better than small ones. Foxes must be hustled to be killed. Mr. Jorrocks says, 'Full well he knows, to kill their fox they must have nose,' but also he knows 'that to kill their fox they must press him at some period or other of the chase.'

There is great difference in foxes. Some come to hand easily, but there are some that will beat any pack of hounds, unless at some time or other in the run they are hard pressed for half an hour at least; indeed, there are some foxes who seem, over grass, in dryish weather, to be able to keep going nearly all day. It is certainly not bone which enables hounds to catch foxes of this sort. They *must* have good necks and shoulders, and they *must* be in tip-top condition. That is how the foxes are killed, by care and careful conditioning in the kennel, and by being in good heart and confidence, with plenty of blood.

Lastly, unless you are genuinely fond of hounds and hound breeding, do not have anything to do with their Master-ship. The blanks in an M.F.H.'s career are many compared with the prizes. A good day and a kill in the open is a splendid thing. Every one is pleased; the ride home seems short, and the port tastes well in the evening; but continuous bad luck, bad scent, and every one taking a pleasure in telling you how well the neighbouring Hunts are doing is hard to bear. Still it

is a consolation when you get back among your hounds, which you have carefully bred yourself, to know for certain that the temporary loss of sport is not their fault, that they will do all they can for you, and that your turn must come again.

Buy your forage, and as many of your hunters as you can, from the farmers in the Hunt, and never use moss litter or any other stinking substitute for straw.





## TEDDY: A SHOOTING STORY

BY W. M. WILCOX

I HAVE never met anyone quite like Teddy. In no one else have I seen combined to such a remarkable degree those paradoxical attributes which have added an undying lustre to the fame of that historical personage, the heathen Chinese.

No one could gaze on the simple innocence of Teddy's guileless countenance for the first time without being irresistibly reminded of the descriptive epithets, 'childlike and bland'; on the other hand, those whom Fate decreed should become more or less acquainted with Master Teddy very quickly became aware that 'for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain,' this ingenuous youth was pre-eminently 'peculiar.' In short, the doubt engendered at the first blush as to whether he knew anything became merged, in a surprisingly short space of time, into the certainty that—to use a colloquialism—what he did *not* know was hardly worth knowing.

I am writing of things that I know, for during the last six months Master Teddy has been nominally my pupil. I use the adverb 'nominally' advisedly, since on many occasions throughout that period grave doubts have assailed me as to which of us two was really the instructor and which the recipient of instruction. However that may be, it is certain that I am now aware of many things of which I had been hitherto in complete and, perhaps, blissful ignorance. I will not hazard a conjecture as to whether my pupil could make the same modest admission.

As I said before, I have my doubts. I can only say that I have striven conscientiously to do my duty by him, and that in all matters pertaining to his work which came under our combined notice, I found him not only attentive, but astonishingly apt. This was the more surprising, seeing that he came to me with the reputation of being extremely backward and slow of learning.

Because of this reputation, and also because of the impossibility of finding out how much he did know, owing to a peculiar reticence which he observed in all things personal, I started him in all his subjects much further back than is usual with the ordinary lad of seventeen, hoping by this method to arrive soon at some approximate idea of the extent of his knowledge. After two or three days' work, I was more puzzled than ever. He gave me no trouble. He learnt his tasks with intelligence, but he approached them as if they were perfectly new to him, and the questions he from time to time asked with respect to them seemed to point to the fact that he was indeed going over entirely fresh ground. And yet they gave him no trouble to master. How could I reconcile this fact with his reputation for dulness? I was puzzled then—I am puzzled no longer. Viewed in the light of certain events, I am morally certain that my young gentleman set himself to play a deep game. This is what he probably said to himself: 'I intend to enjoy myself; I cannot do that if every day I am to be confronted with new and difficult tasks. I will affect a sublime ignorance and thus spend the hours set apart for instruction, in retraversing with comfort and ease old and well-trodden paths.'

That was his policy all through—a policy of reticence; and it was the incident that I am about to relate which first helped to open my eyes to the true character of my pupil.

It was a certain Monday during the first week in October that Teddy selected for making his initial appearance beneath the roof of my humble country vicarage. As he alighted from the cart, I remember being struck by the expression on his countenance. It wore a sad, chastened look which suggested homesickness, and I can recollect picturing to myself a wan, white face gazing aimlessly through the windows of a third-class carriage, while its owner vainly endeavoured to suppress the tears that would come at the thought of the home and the dear ones he was leaving behind him. I greeted him effusively, expressing a hope that he had had a pleasant journey. He replied courteously, thanked me for my warm welcome and

hastened to assure me that he had travelled most comfortably. But while the words were reassuring, the tones of his voice had such a melancholy ring, that I felt more certain than ever that my first impressions were right, and that he had spent a miserable time since leaving home that morning. If I had only known that he had travelled down from town in a Pullman car, that after protesting mildly that he was a novice at the game, he had taken a hand at 'Bridge' with three total strangers, which had resulted in the transference of a sum of rather over five pounds to his pocket, I might have modified my views with regard to the cause of his supposed sadness. But I did not discover this till several weeks afterwards, when one of our local magnates, who also happened to be one of the four, recognising Teddy with me at a 'meet,' put some pertinent questions to me, resulting in the above-mentioned deplorable disclosure.

Now it happened that I had an annual arrangement with a parsonic friend, whereby for the space of three calendar weeks at this time of year we exchanged livings. We both felt the need of change of air and scenery, but whereas I desired, in addition, comparative seclusion from the world, my friend wished for exactly the opposite, and the position of our respective benefices gave us each what we wanted.

The date we had fixed on for this mutual exchange fell four days after my pupil's arrival. It was impossible for many obvious reasons to avoid taking him with me. I therefore lost no time in acquainting him with my intentions. He made no remark indicative either of pleasure at the prospect or otherwise; on the contrary, he wore a resigned look which seemed to say: 'I am utterly indifferent; do with me what you will.'

When we were on the point of starting, I noticed among the luggage a remarkably fine gun-case and an equally resplendent cartridge-magazine; both were in yellow leather, and both had Master Teddy's initials conspicuously emblazoned on them.

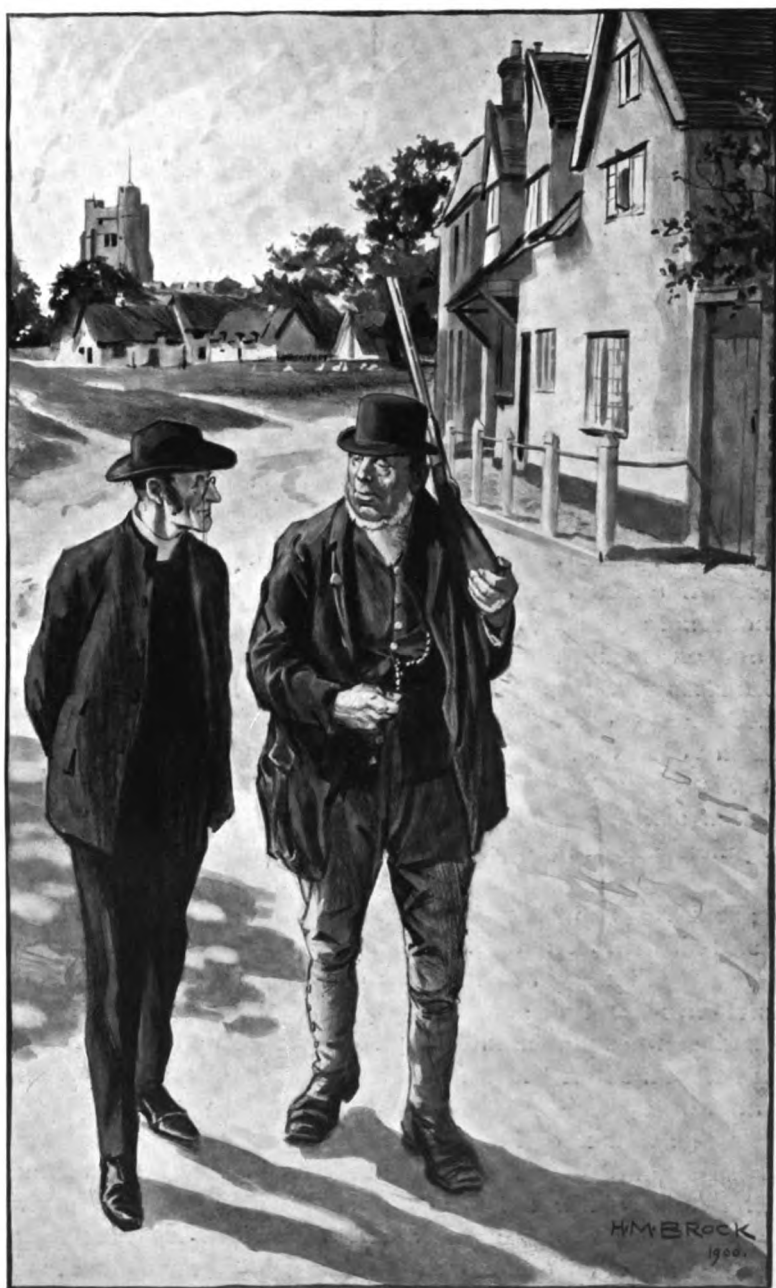
I turned to their owner.

'I'm afraid you won't find any opportunity for using that,' I said, pointing to the gun-case. 'The shooting where we are going belongs to Lord B., and is most strictly preserved.'

I thought I detected a slight fall in the barometer of his countenance, but I could not be sure.

He gazed at me mournfully for a few seconds.

'I think I'll take it,' was all he said at length.



I LOST NO TIME IN OPENING THE SUBJECT





We arrived at our destination late that evening, having done the last eight miles of our journey in a vehicle in which springs were conspicuous by their absence, and over a track it would be flattery to call a road.

The next morning, I determined to abjure work for that day, and in lieu of it to take my young friend out for a long ramble, for the purpose of showing him some of the glories of that beautiful country. I couldn't have chosen a better day ; the sun was shining from an absolutely flawless sky ; the trees had just begun to show the first tints of their autumn garb ; the green of the pastures and the yellow of the stubble blended harmoniously, while here and there dark patches, indicating the course of the plough, stood out in sombre relief.

It was idyllic, and yet my companion gazed on it all apparently unmoved. Only once did he show signs of anything approaching emotion, and that was when, on surmounting a high stone wall, we put up an enormous covey of partridges.

'By gum!' was all he permitted himself to say, as he watched the brown specks till they were out of sight. I cannot tell what the ejaculation meant, but if it demonstrated a passion for sport, he managed to conceal any further signs of it most effectually. Very few ardent sportsmen could have remained indifferent to the veritable *embarras de richesse* of game we were privileged to witness during that memorable walk. The covers were just thick with pheasants ; every field contained a covey of partridges ; we saw innumerable hares, while rabbits abounded everywhere. Judging from what came under our notice, the estate this year was fully keeping up its well-known reputation. I could not possibly say at the time what my friend Teddy thought of it all ; his face wore a fixed expression of unruffled calm ; had he been a scarecrow he could not have remained more immutable.

We reached the village again shortly before four o'clock. As we passed the inn, which was within a stone's-throw of the vicarage gates, I recognised a burly-looking individual, clad in brown velveteens, standing at the door.

'That's Lord B.'s head keeper,' I remarked, casually, to my companion.

Teddy said nothing. He usually said nothing ; but, as I discovered afterwards, he thought a good deal.

I missed Teddy when, after changing my boots, I sat down to tea. I thought nothing of it, however, but began my meal alone. In about half-an-hour's time he turned up, and with

a brief apology—Teddy was always most careful to observe the niceties of courtesy—attacked the muffins and things with vigour.

He never said a word as to where he had been or what he had been doing, but that was Teddy's way all over.

Two days later, after our morning's work was over, Master Teddy announced his intention of going out, casually remarking that, if I had no objection, he didn't think he would be in for lunch. I replied that he might do as he liked as long as he was back in time to prepare his work for the next day. With that he departed, and I turned to the morning's paper, rather relieved at the prospect of being able to enjoy some time to myself.

Late that afternoon, as I was strolling up and down in front of the house, smoking my after-tea pipe, and enjoying the mild autumnal air, I heard the sound of steps on the gravel and, looking up, descried my pupil advancing up the drive. He was clad in gaiters and a shooting-coat, and carried a double-barrelled gun over his shoulder.

'Hulloa!' I cried, 'where have you been?'

'Out,' he replied, with his accustomed brevity.

'So I perceive,' I remarked—'somewhat sharply, it must be confessed, for I was getting rather tired of his invariable reticence. Moreover I was struck with the ghastly thought that perhaps he had been poaching. 'So I perceive, but what's the meaning of this?' touching the gun.

'Oh, I happened to meet the keeper and he asked me.'

'To shoot?' I queried.

'Yes!' I breathed a sigh of relief; there was no harm done if he had gone at Horton's invitation. I could not be expected to know that Teddy had stood the keeper a pint of beer and then invited himself.

'Had a good day?' I rejoined with the affability born of relief.

'Not much,' he said, 'I was clean off it.'

With that he turned on his heel, entered the house and never reverted to the subject of shooting again that evening.

Some two or three days afterwards Teddy casually asked as he rose from the luncheon table:

'Oh! by the way, may I have a holiday to-morrow?'

I looked up, somewhat surprised at the request.

'Why?' I said.

'I want to shoot,' was the answer.

‘Got leave?’ I put in.

‘Yes,’ he asserted, ‘that’s all right.’

After that I could not withhold my permission. He had been doing his work conscientiously and well, and I felt a holiday would do neither of us any harm. All the same I had my misgivings. Not that I doubted Teddy’s word, but I knew not only that the estate was strictly preserved, but that Lord B. was most particular where his shootings were concerned. I determined, therefore, to set my mind at rest by making all possible inquiries.

As luck would have it, when I emerged from the vicarage gates bent on my afternoon stroll, I caught sight of the burly back of the head-keeper retreating down the village street. I quickened my pace and soon overtook him.

‘Good afternoon, Horton,’ I said affably.

‘Oh! good afternoon, sir,’ he replied, touching his hat.

He and I were old friends. I lost no time in opening the subject.

‘It’s very good of you,’ I began, ‘to let my young friend have a day’s shooting. But are you sure that Lord B. won’t mind?’

‘Oh! that’s all right, sir,’ he hastened to assure me; ‘is lordship won’t be shootin’ ’ere, not till November, and the young master, ’e can’t do no ’arm. ’E’s a nice, pleasant-spoken young gent, but between you and me, sir’—there was a twinkle in his eye—‘I do believe ’e’s the wust ’and at a gun, I ever seed. Why t’other afternoon when ’e was out with me, ’e ’ad a ’eap of the easiest shots—young pheasants gettin’ up out o’ the roots and suchlike—and ’e never ’it a thing. The only thing ’e ’it was a settin’ rabbit, an’ that ’e only wounded. No! ’e won’t do no ’arm, an’ it gives ’im a deal o’ pleasure to let ’is gun off.’

I must say this announcement surprised me somewhat. I should have thought, taking into consideration the magnificence of the gun-case and magazine, that my pupil was not the tyro that Horton’s description made him.

‘I’m sure I’m very much obliged to you,’ I said. ‘He tells me that you have given him leave to go out to-morrow.’

‘Yes, sir, I ’ave,’ replied the keeper. ‘I’m sorry I can’t go with ’im meself, but I ’ave to go to the ’ome farm to-morrer mornin’. ’Owever ’e’ll be all right!’ He touched his hat, and we parted.

I felt greatly reassured, which proves how much I knew of Teddy at that period.

As soon as breakfast was over next morning, my pupil sallied forth, armed to the teeth.

'He's determined to make the most of his day,' I thought as I watched him disappear down the drive, with his black retriever stalking solemnly at his heels.

I lit my pipe and sat down to tackle my arrears of correspondence.

Several times during the day, as the sound of a distant gun smote upon my ears, I found myself speculating idly as to the number of cartridges Master Teddy would expend and what his bag would be. Anyhow, judging from what I heard, if my pupil's enjoyment depended on the number of times he fired off his gun, I concluded he must indeed be spending a happy day.

At tea-time there was no sign of the sportsman, and as the shades of night fell I began to grow uneasy, imagining all sorts of horrors.

However, just as I was wondering whether I ought not to go out and look for him, I heard the front door open, and the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall told me that my immediate fears were over. To my surprise, instead of going straight to his room, as was his wont, I heard the steps approaching my study-door. There was a slight pause, then a knock.

'Come in!' I shouted.

The door opened, and Teddy came cautiously into the room.

Directly I saw him I detected that there was something up. His usually impassive features wore a look of animation I had never seen before. He carefully closed the door and came right up to where I was sitting.

'I say,' he began in a low voice, but with suppressed excitement, 'd'you think I could have the cart?'

'The cart?' I repeated, astonished at the request.

'Yes!'

I groaned at the impossibility of getting anything out of him, except under the most rigid cross-examination. His Spartan brevity, coupled with his reticence, was trying to the last degree.

'But what do you want it for?' I ejaculated crossly.

He looked at me stedfastly, even pityingly, for a few seconds. Then he said, in a kind of I-see-I-shall-have-to-tell-you voice,

'To bring the stuff home.'

'The stuff!' I echoed, still mystified.

'Well! the birds and things.'

'For Heaven's sake,' I burst out, exasperated beyond measure, 'tell me what you mean. What birds and—er—what things?'

'What I've shot, of course,' he said, getting nettled in turn. My anger turned to astonishment.

'Have you shot anything——?' I began.

It was the one thing needed. It touched Teddy on the raw, and at one fell swoop broke through his barrier of reserve.

'Have I shot anything?' he repeated in tones of scorn. 'When the whole country is simply stinkin' of game!' These were the exact words he used, and I was so stupified by his sudden change of manner that I let them pass without reproof.

'Look here,' he went on, unbuttoning his coat, for all the world as if he were going to fight me. 'I brought back as many of the lighter things as I could.' Here he produced from an inside pocket, which I afterwards learned was called a 'hare-pocket,' a number of what looked, in the uncertain light, like little brown balls of feathers. They were partridges, each with its head tucked under its wing in the most professional manner. He went on disgorging them from that capacious receptacle until I wondered if he were ever going to cease.

When eight and a half brace of the little brown bodies were lying on the carpet before me, he stopped.

I gazed at them astounded ; then I looked up.

'But the keeper told me——' I broke off abruptly as a faint glimmer of the truth began to appal me with its tale of diabolical cunning.

Teddy affected not to have heard.

'I couldn't bring the—er—others back,' he said apologetically. 'They're a bit heavier, you see, and I thought of the cart and——'

'But,' I interrupted, 'you can't have the cart. The man has gone home.'

'Oh, I'll see to that,' he replied cheerfully.

I hesitated a moment—a fatal mistake. He saw it in an instant, and, muttering something about putting the horse in, left the room before I could utter another protest.

When I fully realised—and it took me some moments to do it—what Teddy was about, it also occurred to me that it was out of the question to allow him to drive my friend's horse at this time of night alone. No, somebody must go with him. But who? The groom had long since departed, and even if he hadn't, I couldn't, for obvious reasons, send him on such an

errand. Such a step would mean that the story would be all over the village next day. There was nothing for it. I must go myself. I hastily resumed the boots I had just kicked off, and, seizing an overcoat, hurried out towards the stables. I found the horse in the shafts, the lamps lit, and Teddy busy over the harness. A glance showed me that he knew what he was about; all his movements were quiet and business-like; the thing couldn't have been better done by a professor.

'I am coming with you,' I announced, when at last the preparations were complete.

'Very well!' he said, after a short pause. 'Shall I drive?'

I told him he might, assuming wisely that he probably added the art of the whip to his other accomplishments. I was not mistaken: he could drive. I have never known my friend's horse go faster or more willingly, and he hardly touched him with the whip. The beast evidently knew that there was a master-hand behind him.

When we had gone a mile and a half or thereabouts, Teddy slowed down and began peering on either side of him carefully.

Presently he gave an unintelligible ejaculation and pulled up. 'Here we are,' he said as he handed the reins to me, preparatory to dismounting.

I discerned the dim outlines of a gate which my young friend opened. He led the horse through, then stopped and carefully blew out both lamps.

'What are you doing that for?' I asked.

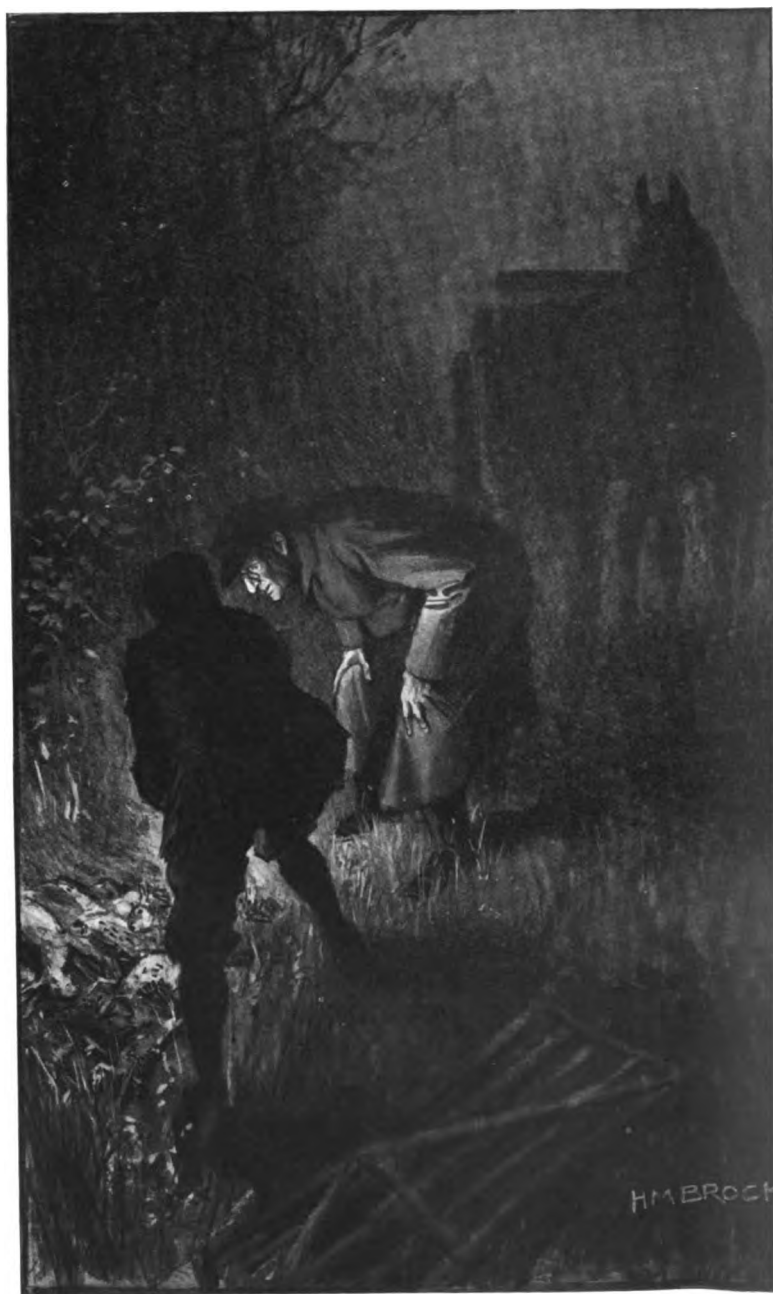
'They might take us for poachers,' he replied rather indefinitely.

'That is more than probable,' I remarked sarcastically, for this distinctly unpleasant contingency did not tend towards improving my temper.

The sarcasm was apparently lost on Teddy, for he began leading the horse at right angles to the road along a track, one side of which appeared to be bounded by a thick wood. When we reached the furthest corner, he halted, and, striking a match, proceeded to light a dark lantern which he produced from the bottom of the cart.

I got down while he was doing this, correctly surmising that we had at last reached the scene of his nefarious operations.

He gravely handed me the lantern, while he busied himself with removing what looked to me like a hurdle which was lying across a ditch. Then he took the lantern and, turning



**'LOOK THERE**





its rays downwards, remarked with the slightest suspicion of exultation, 'Look there!'

I peered into the ditch. At first I could distinguish nothing. Then as my eyes grew gradually accustomed to the faint light, I could not forbear an exclamation. I was gazing into a deep ditch, full up to the brim with the dead bodies of birds and beasts. There were cock pheasants and hen pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits, pigeons, all lying higgledy-piggledy, a heterogeneous and gory mass.

'You young villain!' I exclaimed at length.

He made a deprecatory gesture.

'I had leave,' he said in rather aggrieved tones.

'But you don't mean to say that you shot all those yourself?' I cried.

He nodded.

'How on earth did you manage it?' I went on. To this he vouchsafed no reply, but began the somewhat arduous task of transferring the game from the ditch to the cart.

It was obviously the only thing to be done; we could not leave them there. Therefore, though I thoroughly disapproved I stood by in silence till the work was accomplished. Then, still in silence, we led the horse back towards the gate.

All of a sudden Teddy gave vent to a fierce, though suppressed ejaculation. I couldn't be quite certain what he said—I hope and trust I am wrong—but the word that escaped his lips was most suspiciously like a very wicked swear word which I will not repeat. I looked up and to my dismay distinguished the figure of a man standing at the gate. I was fearfully annoyed. What a position for a respectable parson to be found in!

'Now then, what are you up to?' exclaimed the man in harsh, angry tones. It was Horton. I did not know whether to feel relief at hearing a well-known voice, or vexation at the impossibility of escaping recognition.

Teddy came to the rescue. 'It's all right, Horton,' he said.

'But it ain't, sir,' replied the keeper, more quietly. 'I can't 'ave yer disturbing my pheasants at this time o' night. What 'ave yer got in the cart?'

'Game!' was the laconic answer.

The keeper struck a match and investigated the contents of the cart. I never saw a man so amazed or so angry.

'When I gave yer leave, young sir,' he thundered, 'I didn't intend yer to arsk all yer friends and 'ave a battoo.'

'I knew that,' said Teddy calmly, 'and I didn't.'

'Oh, come now,' said the keeper with marked irony, 'yer ain't goin' to get me to believe that yer bagged all them to yer own gun.'

'That's the fact, and I can prove it,' said Teddy.

Here I broke in. 'I can bear witness to the fact that my pupil went out and came back alone. Had he invited anyone to shoot I must have known of it.' Much as I disapproved of Teddy's methods, I couldn't stand by in silence and hear him thus falsely accused.

There was a brief pause. Events had moved too quickly for Horton's slow mind to keep pace with them.

'Then t'other afternoon was all a kid,' he suddenly exclaimed furiously. 'I'll 'ave the law on yer, strike me if I don't.'

'In that case,' remarked Teddy, pleasantly, 'the magistrates will have the pleasure of reading a certain document in your handwriting which is in my possession.'

It was quite a long speech for Teddy, but it did for Horton. 'You young devil!' he muttered with a groan. He had quite forgotten the written permission which Teddy had extracted from him in case he came across any of the under keepers.

'Now look here, Horton,' Teddy began, advancing towards the discomfited keeper. I couldn't hear what else was said, but I feel pretty sure that Horton retired from that brief interview at least a sovereign richer. Anyhow I fully believe that no one in that neighbourhood has ever been told of Teddy's exploit. He has never shot there again, but Horton always alludes to him in tones of respectful admiration as 'the deep 'un.'

I may just mention in conclusion, that since this memorable episode, I have seen Teddy shoot on many occasions—at big shoots too, and I can safely say that, considering his age, I have never seen a finer shot. He is the talk of the county in which I live, and at the big battues always performs to a large gallery of admiring spectators.



## STRAY SPORT ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY CAPTAIN J. P. LAW

DIRECTLY my regiment received its orders to embark for South Africa on the outbreak of the war in October, 1899, I made up my mind that, by hook or crook, a rifle and a shot-gun should form part of my equipment. Unfortunately, in the hurry and rush of preparation, the rifle I had ordered from the gunmaker did not turn up, so I had to sail without it, and to fall back on a service carbine as a makeshift, which, though not altogether satisfactory, has had to serve; but the gun at length reached me, and it is chiefly concerning the sport and amusement it afforded me that I am now about to write.

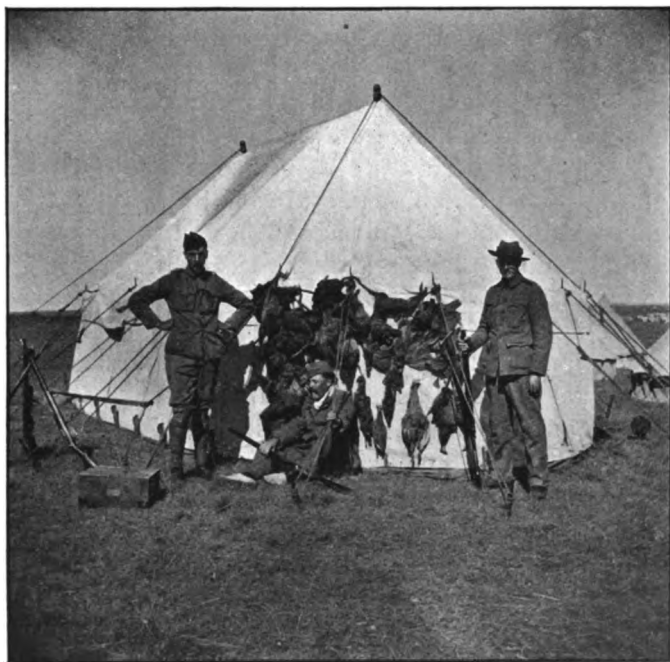
On arriving at Cape Town we were ordered on to Natal to join Sir Redvers Buller's force, and were pushed up to Mooi River immediately after landing. Here I had no time to indulge my sporting propensities, nor indeed had I the means of doing so, had the fates been propitious, as all one's superfluous baggage, including my gun, had to be left at the base, the officers' kits being rigidly cut down to 35lbs. The Boers kept us pretty busy, occupying the heights surrounding camp, and mounting a Long Tom, which they fired off (whenever they felt inclined) by day, 'sniping' the outposts by night. However, I saw a fair amount of game. There was a fairly thick patch of wood of wattle-trees, I believe, which lay in front of a part of our outpost line, and whenever we patrolled this, we invariably put up game of different kinds. Once during a reconnoissance I saw some guinea-fowl, hares, quail and a duiker buck, the latter a pretty graceful little antelope,

which travelled down the line at tremendous speed, quite close to us, not knowing what to make of the unwonted intrusion of so many armed men into its haunts. The Mooi River itself is a sluggish winding stream, which has, I believe, been stocked with trout, but with what results I am unable to say, though it ought to suit well, if it does not get very low and dried up in the dry season, as most of the South African rivers do.

The Mooi River district appears to be admirably adapted by Nature for game preservation. I do not know if pheasants would thrive if introduced, but should the experiment prove successful they would give grand sport rocketting from covert to covert across the valleys. The whole district lies at a high altitude, and I can see no reason why pheasants should not flourish exceedingly, as there is plenty of cover in the woods and food is abundant. Perhaps, now that the South African Republics have passed into our hands, more capital may be attracted to the Colony, and game may be introduced into Natal with as happy results as in New Zealand.

To continue my narrative : it was not until after the relief of Ladysmith, when the brigade was encamped by regiments under the ridges running from Hyde's Farm to Pepworth Hill (famous as one of the abodes of Long Tom during the siege), that I was able to get any shooting. In spite of the recent occupation by the Boers, the country round about was fairly well stocked. It was too hot, as a rule, to do much between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M., and, moreover, during the heat of the day all the game used to lie up in the thick scrub which covers the valleys and hillsides ; but a stroll with a gun from daybreak until the sun was well up, and again from 4 P.M. until dark, was seldom unrewarded by at least a sight of game of one kind or another. Redwing partridges—francolin, I believe, is the correct name for them—were very plentiful, coveys of from four or five up to sixteen and twenty birds being frequently met with. One hill in particular, christened 'Outpost Hill,' was a sure find. The ground along the base was rather unsavoury, having evidently been the site of a large Boer laager during the siege, but the francolin seemed to fancy it, and in the mornings and evenings could be heard calling all round. There were also a good many buck about, steenbuck and duiker, hares fairly numerous, a few packs of guinea-fowl, and plenty of dikkop. The latter is a large bird of the plover tribe, also known as the stone curlew, Norfolk plover or goggle-eyed plover. He has a most exasperating habit of running along in

front of you until he gets into thick shrub, and then flitting away with the flight of an exaggerated woodcock, keeping the bushes between himself and the muzzle of your gun until out of range, and then dropping suddenly. Out in the open, when you are lucky enough to flush him clear of his beloved thorn bushes, he gives a very easy shot, and any duffer can 'down' him. He is therefore not a very sporting bird, but he is excellent eating, and on active service, at any rate, he is never



SHOOTING PARTY WITH BAG OF GUINEA-FOWL

spared when chance throws him in one's way. To work the country properly a dog is a necessity. Over and over again I have heard francolin, and seen them too, calling and feeding among the strong kopjes, but on getting to the spot, carefully marked by some conspicuous rock or bush, have been absolutely unable to find them; and then, having given up the search as useless and gone away, have seen the covey spring up like a lot of jacks-in-the-box from some little bit of cover where one must have nearly trodden on them. Luckily for me, I found a pointer bitch running loose in our camp one day and at once 'commandeered' her. She had probably been the

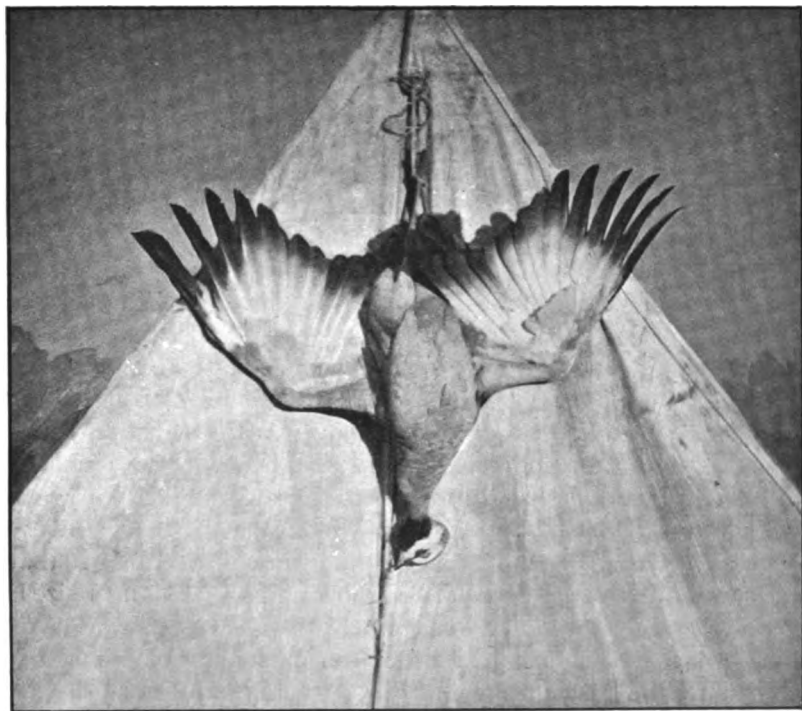
property of some farmer who had been hastily compelled to quit by the Boers, and had left her behind in his hurry. She was very thin and poor when I first got her, but, thanks to plentiful food and proper attention, has improved wonderfully in condition, and has lately become the mother of eight bonnie pups, the sire being a fine old liver and white dog, commandeered in the same way by a brother-officer on the line of march. I will quote a couple of extracts from my diary at this period, showing what sort of days one used to get. They are nothing grand, but, all the circumstances taken into consideration, they were very enjoyable and greatly relieved the tedious monotony of life in standing camp.

*'April 21.*—Out with C., of the Queen's. Worked along the right-hand side of the main valley leading towards Nicholson's Nek; thick thorny scrub and dongas difficult to cross. Saw four guinea-fowl cross an opening in the bush, and ran forward to try and head them off, but they got into a deep donga, where we could not flush them, and had to give it up. Further on found a very thick patch of bush, out of which at least twenty dikkop got up, scattering in twos and threes in all directions. Shot badly, but I got three, and C. four. Shortly after, C. had a snap-shot at a steenbuck, but without effect. Trying back along the top of the ridges, I flushed a small covey of francolin right under my feet, but missed both barrels, and, though we marked them down, could not find them again. C., however, picked up a hare, and a few minutes afterwards I 'downed' a solitary guinea-fowl. The sun being now well up, we returned to camp to breakfast.

*'April 26.*—Out early with G. I bagged a brace of hares and a dikkop, and G. also a dikkop. Heard francolin calling all about us, but, though we worked hard, could not flush them. Saw two other hares and some dikkop, but could not get shots owing to thick scrub. Returned to camp. At lunch, met Major W. with a brace of pointers, and he asked me to accompany him. Started at 1.30. Very hot. In spite of heat, dogs worked splendidly. We found a small covey of francolin under Outpost Hill, and bagged three. Lower down in the valley, up jumped a steenbuck about fifteen yards from me. I ought to have shot at once, but waited a second to let him cross an open patch, and so give me a broadside shot, and, unfortunately, he put a bush between us. In less than no time he had jumped into a donga and vanished before I realised what he was doing, so missed a grand opportunity. The Major, an old shikari,

was not in the least complimentary, but I was too mortified to resent his criticisms. He soon after 'let off' a hare going straight away, at which I inwardly chuckled, as it made us quits. We kept going all the afternoon until dusk, though the dogs tired a bit towards the end, bagging a brace more francolin and a brace of dikkop, losing two others hard hit.'

These two extracts give an idea what the sport was like.



BUSTARD SHOT JUNE 13

On leaving Ladysmith, we took part in General Buller's wide turning movement of the Biggarsberg, which resulted in the retirement of the Boers to Majuba and Laing's Nek. We then marched rapidly to Helpmakaar, where the enemy fought a rear-guard action. During the fight and the marches previous thereto, we saw a good deal of small game, guinea-fowl, francolin, hares, and korhaan (lesser bustard), but, of course, had no time for any shooting. From the Biggarsberg slopes we had some magnificent views of the surrounding country, and I noted the district down in my memory as a splendid one

for game. It is one well worth visiting in peace time for a shooting trip.

The march was continued at high pressure all the way to Newcastle, except for one day's halt at Dundee. The retreating Boers had fired the grass in all directions to screen their movements and delay our advance, and we saw no game of any sort. At Newcastle my regiment halted a week, and here we got some very fair sport along the slopes and valleys at the base of the Drakensberg. My own bag during our stay amounted to thirty-seven head, including korhaan, duck, rock pigeon, hares, and quail. This was the first opportunity I had of getting a specimen of the korhaan. I have since shot a good number, though not quite of the same variety as at Newcastle. There are numerous varieties, but their habits are all very familiar. They possess all the characteristics of the bustard tribe and are exceedingly difficult to shoot on foot. The colonists bag them by riding round them in ever decreasing circles, and shooting them from the saddle. These tactics seem to bewilder the birds, who squat in the grass and give easy shots as they rise; for though exceedingly strong on the wing when once set going, they take some time to get under weigh. The duck seemed to be almost all of one species, sooty-grey all over with a bright green speculum on the wing, big yellow bills, irides, red-brown legs and feet black. In shape and general appearance they are very similar to a mallard, but vary greatly in size, some being fully as large as a mallard, if not larger, while others are no bigger than the common teal. I cannot account for this variation in size in any way. I have so far only met with one other variety of duck, a large bird, the general colouring of the plumage very similar to the last, except that the back and wings are slightly marked with white, and the tail feathers are barred with white as well, the bill more slender and of greyish-blue colour, legs and feet orange, web black, the most noticeable feature being a bare hard knob on each shoulder of the wing. I suppose the bird uses this as a means of offence, like a spur-wing goose; having no spur it cannot be a very effective weapon, though it is hard to say for what other purpose it can have been provided by nature. From Newcastle we pushed on to Ingogo, facing Laing's Nek, and halted for another week. The winter had fairly set in, sharp frosts at night making it very cold sleeping without tents. There was plenty of game to be found if one knew where to go, and I met with very fair success. I quote another extract from my dairy.



'June 2.—Started out with G. and B. (Queen's) with guns and pointers, S. accompanying us without a gun. Worked over the top of a kopje overlooking a farm where some green crops were growing owing to artificial irrigation. B. took the left, I the middle, and G. the valley along a spruit on the right. Soon G. shot a quail and almost immediately after a steenbuck jumped up from some long grass on a small plateau half way down the kopje. I knocked him over with right barrel, but he picked himself up, so I rolled him over again with the left, which took him well forward and broke the near fore-leg. I am sorry to say that in spite of this he had to be finished with the knife. He was a fine fat buck with a representative head. Shouted to G. to come up and see the spoil. On his way he had to pass through some tall grass out of which a duiker buck made off. Owing to the grass he was unable to get a shot. The beast crossed over a spur; so while I was preparing my buck for carrying, the others went after the duiker, S. taking my gun. They met with no success and returned to where I was. As B. approached, up jumped another duiker, a beauty. B. hit him hard both barrels, but I fear rather far back, and he did not drop. The buck made off up hill within easy shot of me, looking very groggy, but having no gun I could only stare at him. He stopped on the top of the kopje and was, I think, going to lie up, but a Kaffir coming along started him off, and we soon lost sight of him. The dogs could make nothing of the scent among the stones, so had to give up the pursuit. Next we tried some old mealie-fields, where we got a brace of francolin and a quail. After this we tried another kopje, but drew blank. Then, making up hill through some long grass, the dogs found another steenbuck, which I dropped dead at about forty yards with a charge of buckshot. It proved on inspection to be a doe and hornless, for which I was very sorry, but I could not distinguish her in the long grass. On reaching the top, G. and S. went off to camp with the game, while B. and I turned back to try and find the buck wounded in the morning. We got a brace of francolin and lost another, hard hit. Could not find the wounded duiker, but on reaching the head of a valley the dogs pointed beautifully at a clump of high grass. We got on either side of it, when out rushed a duiker at a tremendous rate, straight past B., who let drive both barrels, but the creature carried on apparently none the worse, over the hill and out of sight. A great disappointment! As it was getting dark we had to return to camp. With luck we might have grassed five instead of two.'

I noticed that the francolin round Ingogo were always found in twos and threes, and not in large coveys, as in the Ladysmith district. Their notes, when alarmed, were somewhat different, and the markings on the breast were a bright chestnut and not grey ; so I think they are a different variety.

From Ingogo we took part in the flank movement over the Drakensberg, which caused the Boers to evacuate the Laing's Nek-Majuba position, fighting the actions at Botha's Pass and



SPRINGBUCK

Alleman's Nek *en route*. On the top of the Berg we saw several small herds of buck, springbuck and blesbuck, as we marched along, but had no time to go after them. A brother officer, marching with the rear-guard near Gansvlei Spruit, did manage to get a shot, and planted a solid .303 bullet through the ribs of one ; but these buck are so tough that they don't seem to mind a solid bullet in the least, unless it is planted in the head or heart, and this individual was no exception to the rule, as he made off apparently none the worse.

We did not halt for any length of time until we reached Charlestown, and here the only game that was plentiful were

quail. We could have bagged any quantity, but cartridges were scarce, and so we contented ourselves with shooting just enough to eat and no more. I am inclined to believe that I killed a specimen of the common snipe. It is regarded as a moot point whether the common snipe is found in South Africa, so it will be interesting if this proves to be correct, but I mean to try and obtain another specimen and get the question settled.

From Charlestown and Volksrust a column went north to Wakkerstroom. Unfortunately my regiment did not accompany it, as I hear they had fine sport. Snipe were very plentiful, and a great many were shot. From Charlestown we marched along to Standerton, and, up to the time of writing, have been quartered in the district ever since. The high veldt, as the country round about is termed, differs greatly from Natal, being flat and rolling and treeless for miles in every direction. Small game is not very plentiful, though there are plenty of hares and korhaan. The common variety is the blue or vaal korhaan, a grand bird, giving first-rate sport. I have seen one or two pauw, *i.e.*, great bustard, but I believe they migrate to the lower country or bush veldt during the cold weather, and I have not yet had an opportunity of obtaining a specimen. There are a good many herds of buck about, but they are very wild and hard to stalk, and, in addition, there are small commandos of Boers about too, so that it becomes dangerous to ride out far. On one occasion, when we were looking for korhaan, S. and I were surprised by some thirty or forty of them, and had to gallop pretty smartly to save our skins—not a pleasant thing when you are out for a quiet morning's sport. I have managed to get one springbuck so far, and live in hopes of getting more another day. This brings me down to the present time (September 3) and here, having trespassed sufficiently on your space, I will bring my narrative to a conclusion for the present.



## THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S HUNT AND ITS SUCCESSORS

BY KATHARINE DUNCOMBE

INTEREST must always attach to the early development of hunting, and it is not generally known that George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, was among the first M.F.H.'s. This Duke, the most prominent member of the celebrated cabinet afterwards known to history as the 'Cabal,' spent the intervals of his Court and official life at Helmsley Castle, a dismantled fortress, now in ruins, in the district of Ryedale, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where he owned a large estate. When, in the year 1670, he retired from public life it was to Helmsley that he withdrew, and devoted the rest of his days to the enjoyment of hunting, his favourite pastime.

The Duke of Buckingham hunted the fox and stag alternately. Of fox-hunting, a sport then in its infancy,<sup>1</sup> he appears to have been particularly fond. I have before me an old ballad entitled 'The Fox Chace,' or 'Huntsman's

<sup>1</sup> A former Lord Wilton, in his 'Sports and Pursuits of the English,' says that it was not till 1750 that hounds were entered *solely* to fox.—'Hunting,' Badminton Library.

Harmony,<sup>1</sup> describing a fox-hunt by the Duke of Buckingham's hounds. This ballad was published by Mr. W. Ouley, who carried on business as ballad publisher from 1650 to 1702, and presumably was issued before the year 1687, the date of the Duke's death. It relates how most of the hounds were held in leash, as in stag-hunting, until a fox had been found.

Mr. Tybbals cries, ' Away,  
Heark away ! heark away ! '  
With that our foot huntsmen did hear him ;  
Tom Mossman cries, ' Codsounds,  
Uncouple all your hounds,  
Or else we shall never come near him.'

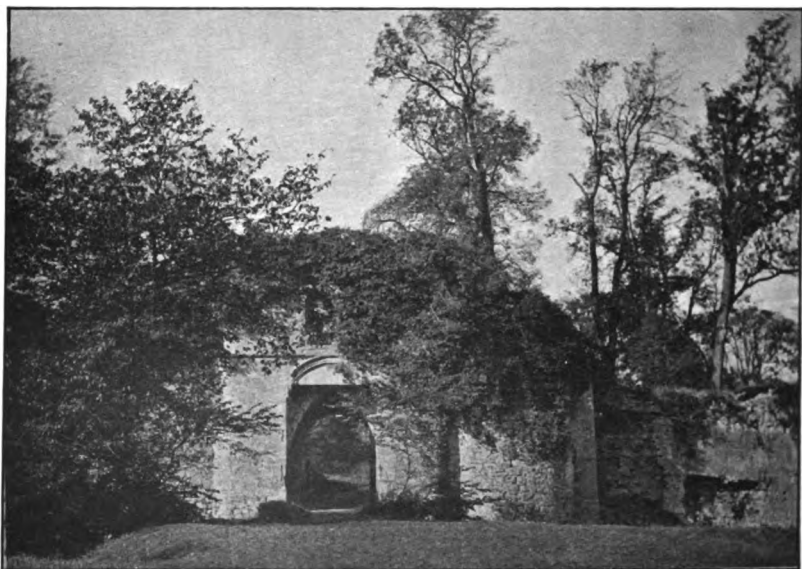
It also mentions two coverts drawn to this day by the Sinnington hounds, and would be interesting if only from the fact that it is probably the oldest fox-hunting song in existence. Snatches of this ballad were still sung in Ryedale and in the town of Whitby a very few years ago, the surviving fragments of a song that had been handed down by word of mouth for generations. Curiously enough an abridged version of it exists in Devon and Cornwall, and has been rescued from oblivion by Mr. Baring Gould. He copied it down, together with the spirited tune to which it goes, and has published both in his 'Ballads and Songs of the West.' It is called 'The Duke's Hunt,' and the first verse runs as follows :

'Twas on a bright and shining morn  
I heard the merry hunting horn  
At earliest hour of the morning.  
There rode the Duke of Buckingham,  
And many a squire and yeoman came,  
Dull care and phantom shadows scorning,  
There was Dido, Spendigo,  
Gentry, too, and Hero,  
And Traveller, that never looks behind him ;  
Countess and Towler,  
Bonny Lass and Jowler,  
Were some of the hounds that did find him.

Any one who cares to penetrate into the picturesque moorland valley of Bilsdale, on the eastern side of the dale half way down a steep hill, will come across a large block of granite.

<sup>1</sup> To be found in the 'Roxburgh Ballads,' Hindley's edition, and in 'A Collection of Forty Early Ballads and Song Books,' 20th book, in the British Museum.

This is known in the district as the Buckingham Stone, for here it was, tradition says, that the Duke of Buckingham's hounds killed their fox after an unusually severe run. The Duke's horse died on the spot, while that of Forster, his huntsman, succumbed about two miles off on the road home. One day, in April of the year 1687, the Duke of Buckingham rode out of Helmsley Castle with his hounds on what was destined to be his last day's fox-hunting. He caught a severe chill by sitting on the damp ground while a fox was being dug out.



THE OUTER GATEWAY, HELMSLEY CASTLE

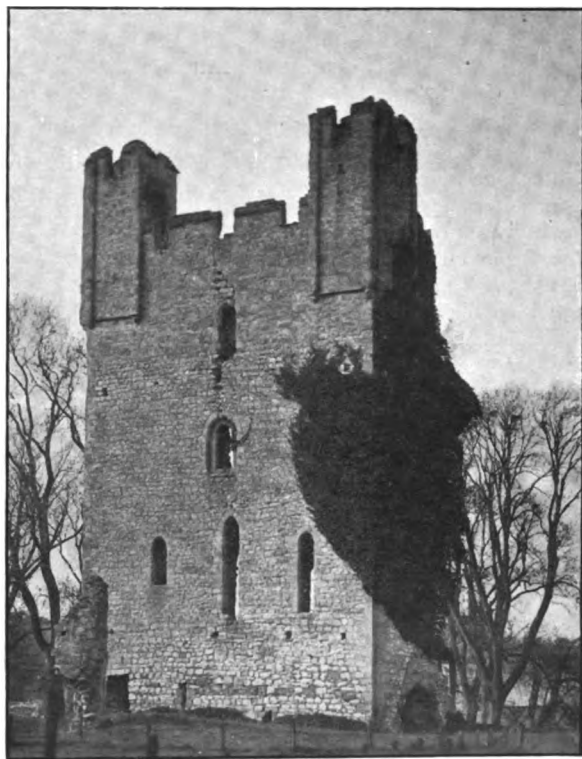
Taken suddenly ill, he repaired to a tenant's house in the town of Kirbymoorside, and there died a few days later of an attack of internal inflammation. Thus ended one of the keenest sportsmen, one of the greatest wits, and, according to Lord Macaulay, one of the most unprincipled men of his day.

The Duke of Buckingham's country is, at the present day, hunted by three different packs, viz. the Bilsdale, Sinnington and Farndale Hounds, the two first mentioned having been in existence ever since the Duke's death.

The Bilsdale men, once having tasted of the delights of fox-hunting, doubtless felt that they could not abandon them without a struggle, and got together a trencher-fed pack, which

hunted and still hunts the valley of Bilsdale, as also a small strip of open country near Thirsk, and remains trencher-fed to this day. It has survived all difficulties, though it has suffered frequently both from an insufficiency of funds and a scarcity of foxes, and at one time was reduced to hunting the hare on alternate days.

An anecdote told in the hunt is worth relating. It was, at



THE KEEP, HELMSLEY CASTLE

the time, under the management of two men called Tate and Leng. One Saturday afternoon, after a good run, these two worthies found themselves in the vicinity of the market town of Stokesley. It happened to be market-day, and here the two remained for some hours, to rest and bait their horses and refresh the inner man. After drinking a stirrup-cup they started home about midnight. It was a bright moonlight night, and as they passed a covert called Hoggarth Wood the

hounds got on to the line of a fox. The two men joined in the hunt, nothing loth, and eventually the fox was run into and killed between two and three o'clock on Sunday morning, the men having galloped by moonlight for over two hours across some of the roughest country in England.

The Sinnington hounds were also trencher-fed till 1891. They met with more substantial pecuniary support than the Bilsdale and were comparatively rich, though when used in this connection this is a purely relative term.

The following is a copy of part of the hunt balance-sheet during some of its days of greatest affluence :

## PAYMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
Jack Parker, one year's salary as huntsman . . . . .	170	0	0
Tom Horsman, one year's salary as whip . . . . .	40	0	0
Taxes on servants . . . . .	1	10	0
Meal, &c., for hounds . . . . .	8	10	0
Expenses at the kennels . . . . .	4	1	10
Printing and advertising . . . . .	0	16	6
Clothing for hunt servants . . . . .	12	12	6
Gratuities for gamekeepers . . . . .	7	0	0
Poultry damage . . . . .	6	10	0
	251	0	10
Balance carried to next account . . . . .	15	6	8
Subscriptions, £266 7s. 6d. . . . .	Total	266	7 6

It should be added that the whip was expected to find his own horses. At an early period in the history of the hunt—the precise date is uncertain—a hunt club was formed. Some of its rules are sufficiently original.<sup>1</sup> 'The subscription was the small one of 10s. per annum, but fines played an important part in the receipts of the club. Every member of the hunt not up at the death was fined 5s. Then it was customary to repair to the nearest house of entertainment after a fox had been killed, and having done justice to a good dinner, to spend the evening with jest and song ; and every member not attending the said dinner was fined 2s. 6d. A bonus of 5s. was also paid by the churchwardens of each parish in which a fox chanced to be killed.'

Trencher-fed packs were, it appears, common enough in the provinces in the eighteenth century, a couple of hounds or so being kept by each squire of the neighbourhood in which

<sup>1</sup> 'The North Countree.' W. Scarth Dixon.



the pack hunted, but the Sinnington hounds can claim the distinction of having been the last trencher-fed pack, by a good many years, hunting to any considerable extent in a vale or 'low country,' and boasting the possession of three good gorse coverts.

The supporters of the hunt were mostly farmers. Each hound was kept at a different farm, and it was the duty of the huntsman to go round and collect them on the eve of a hunting-day. They were then lodged near his house for the night. The following evening, the day's sport over, the pack would gradually disperse, the hounds trotting off alone to their respective homes.



JACK PARKER

Various anecdotes are told of the examples of instinct they displayed. After hunting had been stopped by a frost for a few days, they would often assemble at the kennels of their own accord, wait about until it dawned upon them that their services were not required, and then go their several ways. The pack was, it must be owned, rough-looking and uneven, but it often showed excellent sport, as many people can testify.

In looking down a list of Sinnington huntsmen, two names stand out from the rest—those of Jimmy Gowland and Jack Parker. The former, of whom a quaint old oil-painting exists in the district, was huntsman for forty-six years—during the close of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth—and died in 1822, aged eighty-one. He was a phenomenally light weight and a hard and jealous rider, and was

always especially determined to eclipse any stranger who happened to come out with the hounds. He had a great predilection for thoroughbreds, and for some unknown reason would only ride mares. His wages were £50 a year, and he provided his own horses.

Jack Parker became huntsman in 1853 under the same conditions, though his wages were afterwards gradually increased, and he was occasionally given a horse. In a few years his name became known to sportsmen throughout his native county, and even further afield.

The reputation he enjoyed of being a 'character' has never been more well-deserved. He could neither read nor write; yet, in spite, or perhaps because, of his want of education, possessed an excellent memory. He was besides quick-witted and gifted with a keen sense of humour. Many of his quaint sayings are still remembered by those who knew him.

'Gentlefoalk,' he said, once talking regretfully of 'the good old days'—'gentlefoalk doan't drink nooadays. Ah think they must ha' takken to lappin oop tooth watter i' their bedrooms.'

Jack himself could not be accused of excessive indulgence in beverages of this innocent description, but his potations seldom had any visible effect on him. He rode hard and drank hard for the greater part of his life, and lived beyond the scriptural limit, having hunted the hounds to within a year of his death. He had once paid a visit to London, and at the question, 'What did you think of London, Jack?' his shrewd weather-beaten face would assume an expression of intense disgust. 'London!' he would say; 'Ah niver seed sike a spot.' And then would follow a stricture on the great metropolis, delivered in Yorkshire of the broadest, raciest, and most idiomatic description: Yorkshire of a type that is rapidly becoming extinct, and which to the uninitiated was completely incomprehensible.

Besides the 'low country' alluded to above, the Sinnington country also includes many thousand acres of wood and moorland. Jack Parker was a hard rider in his youth, but his strong point had always been the way he kept with or near his hounds amongst the wooded banks and steep heather-clad gills of the 'high country,' and in this he excelled to the last. The way he rode at full gallop and in perfect safety over a rough and boggy moor was little short of marvellous. His system was simple enough, *i.e.* to keep a perfectly loose rein and trust entirely to his horse; but to carry this out so completely, and

therefore so successfully, would have taxed the nerve of many a 'good man across country.'

Jack Parker's wife, Nancy, who predeceased him by a good many years, was little less remarkable than her husband. It is said that she frequently groomed his horse after a hard day's hunting, occasionally mounting on a stool or bucket the better



JACK PARKER ON JUMBO WITH HIS FAVOURITE HOUND FAIRPLAY

to accomplish her task. She also sometimes assisted him in 'gathering' the hounds.

A resident in the neighbourhood, meeting her one day in a lane, followed by one or two couple of them, asked her how it happened that she was thus engaged.

'And d'ye think Ah'm sike a woman as should sit at hoam and look pritty?' she replied almost indignantly. Nancy Parker's appearance did not, I believe, justify this supposition.

I will conclude with the mention of two runs which occurred during Jack Parker's lifetime. The first, a 'high country' run, of which he often spoke with rapture, was from Skiplam Wood (a

covert mentioned in the 'Buckingham Ballad') to Roseberry Topping in Cleveland. For a long time Jack was the only man left with the hounds. He left them still running, and did not reach his house in Kirbymoorside till one o'clock in the morning, accompanied by one solitary hound.

The second, a run in the 'low country' which took place in 1877, was from Muscoates Whin to Yedingham, in Lord Middleton's country, where the fox was killed—to quote a sportsman who took part in it—just three hours and twenty minutes from find to kill, twenty miles as the crow flies and not a yard less than thirty miles as the hounds ran.

There were one or two 'distinguished strangers' out with the Sinnington hounds on that occasion, and it is probable that they have not forgotten the run, and equally probable that they have never seen a better one.





## PAGES FROM A COUNTRY DIARY

*November 1.*—This is the day on which, according to my almanac, the pursuit of the fox becomes legitimate, and consequently Belinda insisted on driving me to the meet in her pony-cart : a form of diversion I heartily detest. Nowadays, when I am compelled to forego the pleasures of the chase, except on the rare occasions when I snatch a fearful joy by bringing up the tail of the hunt on Peter, our venerable slave of all work, I have a fine natural jealousy of such of my fellow-creatures as are more fortunately situated, and it affords me no gratification to be driven to the meet to be a passive spectator of their pleasure. I am aware that this is a most unchristian spirit of which I ought to be most thoroughly ashamed ; but it requires a person of more philosophical temperament than myself to see, as I did to-day, hounds and horsemen streaming away over a beautiful line of country, while I was left holding the pony's head in a narrow muddy lane in company with half-a-dozen other carriages full of ladies ; a butcher, whose customers I trust did not require their joints for an early dinner ; a small girl on a Shetland pony, attached by a leading rein to a very fat coachman on a carriage horse, and a curate on a bicycle. It made me 'feel tired,' to use a most expressive Americanism, and repudiating Belinda's hint that we should follow on the line of the hounds, we drove five miles home, when I ate a great deal more lunch than was good for me, and fell asleep over the smoking-room fire afterwards—*une journée manquée.*

*November 4.*—The General Election is over, and at no time a very ardent politician, I confess to having failed to arouse myself to any great pitch of enthusiasm over it, once it became clear that the Unionist majority was assured. But to many of our neighbours the contest in our division appeared to afford a most admirable vent for their superfluous energy, and I should be afraid to hazard a guess at the number of miles Mrs. S——, the rector's wife, a most ardent Primrose Dame, must have travelled on her bicycle to add fuel to the flame of her fellow-leaguer's ardour ; while on the day of the election she borrowed Belinda's pony-cart and with her own hands drove the recalcitrant voter to the polling booth. Nay more, she even claims to have effected the conversion to Conservative principles of that Radical firebrand, Mr. Tiplady, because she induced him to accept a seat in the conveyance, and was much offended with me when I hinted that this by no means proved that the Machiavellian Tiplady affixed his cross to the name of the Unionist candidate. However, all's well that ends well ; the pony came back with unchipped knees and the trap with only a reasonable amount of scratches on its panels ; the Conservative was returned, and good Mrs. S——, exultant in the safety of Church and State, has resumed her labours in the parochial vineyard.

None the less, this whipping-up of stray voters is a most thankless office, which I have only essayed once in my life, at the General Election of 1895, when I went down to the north, to help Jack, who was standing for his division of Northumberland. One afternoon I was asked to ride to a far distant moorland farm, to spur the flagging energy of one Armstrong, the tenant thereof. They are all Armstrongs, or Liddells, or Riddells, in that sparsely populated district, and I missed my way a dozen times before I finally reached what I took to be my destination— a stone-built, stone-roofed cottage standing square and grim among the rolling moors. A stray shepherd had pointed it out to me as 'Jock Armstrong's hoose,' and dismounting I tapped with confidence at its green-painted door, which was presently opened by a middle-aged, smiling woman, who civilly bade me good day. 'Is Mr. Armstrong in ?' I asked, plunging at once in *medias res*. The smile promptly faded from the woman's face, and was replaced by an expression of the most intense concern. 'He's deid,' she replied in so dolorous a tone that I concluded his demise had taken place that very day. I, of course, expressed my regret

at intruding at so inopportune a time, but just as I was preparing to mount and depart, I thought it only seemly on my part to ask 'When did he die?' To my inexpressible relief and astonishment, his widow—for it was she—replied quite cheerfully, '*Fourteen year coom Martinmas !*'

*November 15.*—Now is the time of year marked out for the slaughter of that pampered product of modern times, the hand-reared pheasant; and every county house of any pretensions is filled for covert shooting. To my mind few things are more remarkable, and serve to mark the luxurious tendencies of the age more, than the growth of this branch of sport; for I am old enough to remember when it was styled 'battue shooting,' and as such was persistently held up to contempt in the columns of the Press—when it was the exclusive prerogative of the rich, and when to kill a couple of hundred pheasants in one day would have been stigmatised by a number of doubtless well-meaning people, as 'mere butchery.' Nowadays a bag of thrice that amount hardly excites comment, and great land-owner and small squire alike deem it incumbent on them to rear pheasants.

Whether covert shooting be sport in the highest sense of the word is no doubt open to question; indeed, under modern conditions very little shooting in our overcrowded islands can properly be described as such; but it is without dispute an admirable and enjoyable form of amusement; it promotes the circulation of an immense amount of money, and paradoxical as such a statement may seem, the enormous stock of pheasants it has called into existence has tended more than anything else to put down poaching. Formerly when it was considered—heaven knows why—derogatory for a land-owner to sell his surplus game, poaching was a lucrative profession, and those were the days of bloody affrays between keepers and organised gangs of ruffians: but nowadays when all game, but especially pheasants, is almost a drug in the market, poaching for profit has lost its *raison d'être*.

There is another feature of country-house visits which seems to me to have increased in much the same proportion as the pheasant, and that is the question of vails to servants. Belinda and I have just returned from spending a couple of days with the M——s, and after a stay of about sixty hours in a friend's house, it behoved me to fee no less than six servants: butler, footman, coachman, housemaid, keeper, and loader—a social tax that I venture to think rather excessive, and which in my

opinion is becoming more and more oppressive every day. True, there exist, I know, great houses, the owners of which are wealthy enough to pay their servants such wages, as to enable them to offer unadulterated hospitality to their friends, but such establishments are naturally few and far between, and there are few hosts who can expect their servants entirely to dispense with tips, nor on the other hand, many guests who would care to entail extra trouble on a friend's establishment without some form of recognition on their own part. It is a vexed question, and perhaps the best solution of it is in the system of having a 'money box,' into which guests can put as much as they think fit, or can afford, and the contents of which are subsequently divided among the servants. But this system, too, may be open to abuse, as the following anecdote, which was told to me as perfectly true, will show. A gentleman, who had been staying in a country-house, travelled back to London at the conclusion of his visit, in company with a fellow-guest, a young gentleman of Semitic extraction, who remarked as he lit a cigar and settled himself into his corner of the railway carriage, 'Well, I thoroughly enjoyed my visit. I've had a capital ball, and two rippin' days shootin' ; I won £7 10s. at Bridge, *and it's only cost me my railway fare, and a Swiss franc I put in the servants' box !*'

Despite my grumble about tips I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to M——'s, and had two excellent days' shooting. By the way, our host told us rather a good story while we were smoking after lunch yesterday. Last week he had been shooting at B—— Castle, where the party consisted of a few country neighbours like himself, and a sprinkling of London dandies, each of whom took the field attended by a servant bearing his master's second gun and waterproof. M—— had only one gun, but requiring some one to carry his cartridges, selected, from purely charitable motives, old Tommy Bates, who was out beating. Tommy is one of those individuals to be found in every country village, who never seem to do a complete day's work, nor have a full meal, nor wear a decent suit of clothes, but who none the less always appear perfectly contented with their lot in life. It would appear, however, that old Bates, whom I know well, and who is certainly the dirtiest as well as the laziest of his class, is not without that straining after display from which I am afraid no man is entirely exempt, for having girded on M——'s cartridge bag, he at once abandoned his place in the line of beaters, and stalked solemnly behind him,



imitating, to the best of his ability, the bored expression and languid gait of the gentlemen's gentlemen from London. However, his defection from his proper business of beating soon attracted the notice of the head keeper, who called out to him 'to coom oop in laine and beat they bushes.' No response from Mr. Bates, who walked on with his nose in the air as though he had heard nothing, but in answer to a louder and more imperative summons, he deprecatingly remarked, 'Ar's not beating tee-day.' 'Then what are you 'ere for, I'd like to know?' roared the indignant keeper, to which old Tommy, with great dignity, replied, 'Ar's Mr. M——'s *valet* !'

Fired by the success of M——'s anecdote, I contributed a personal experience of my own, but although it was perfectly true, my audience absolutely refused to accept it as such : a humiliating state of affairs, but too often the lot of the narrator of the truth. Two or three years ago I had been shooting on the other side of the country, and, coming home by train, entered into conversation with a fellow-traveller, who, noticing my gun-case, asked if I had had good sport? 'Very good indeed,' I replied. 'We got 200 head to four guns.' 'You don't say so,' ejaculated the stranger, apparently lost in astonishment at the magnitude of the bag, 'that is indeed magnificent sport.' He paused a moment, and then insinuatingly added, '*Double-barrelled* guns, I presume ?'

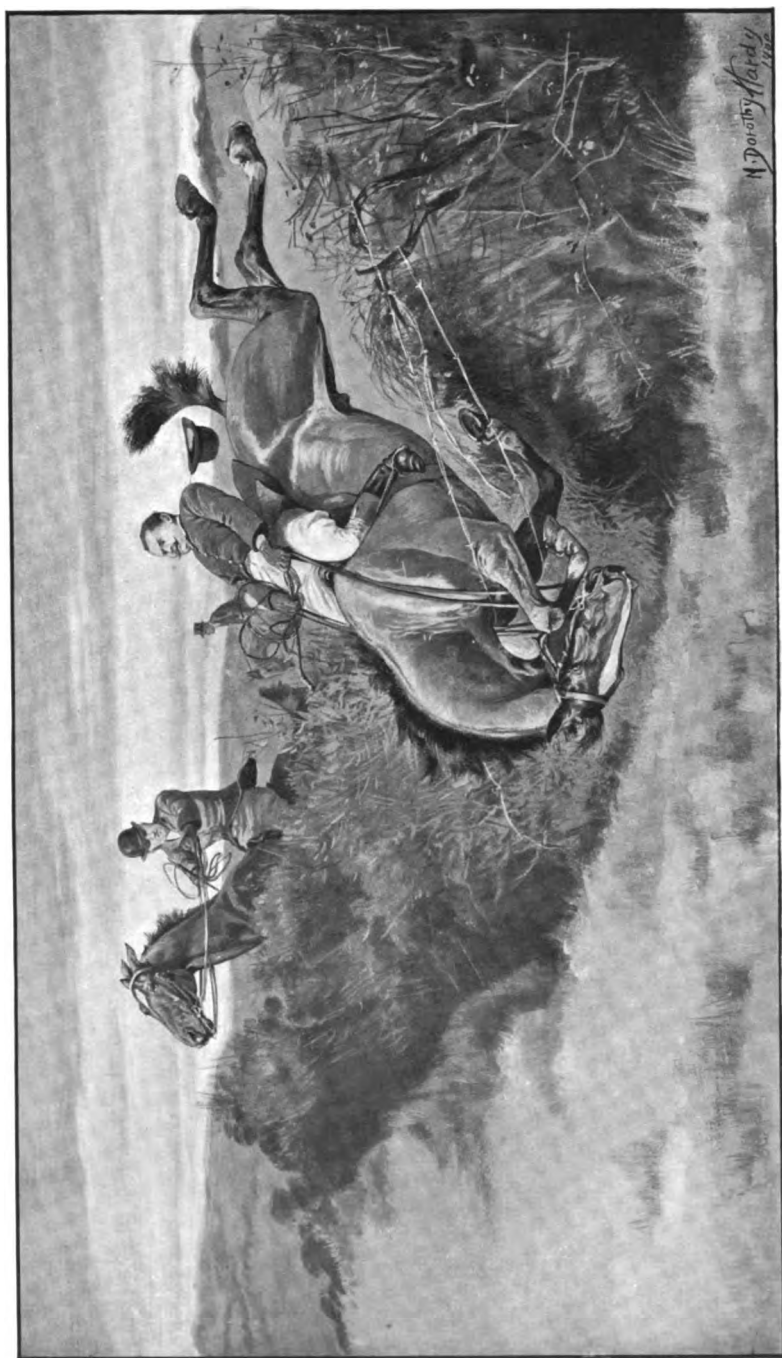
I have since occasionally wondered whether this gentleman was quite as innocent of sporting phraseology as he professed to be, or whether he was not, in the slang of the day, 'pulling my leg.'

*November 17.*—This afternoon to the meeting at X——, mutually convened by our local Agricultural Society and the Hunt Club, to try and arrive at a *modus vivendi* as to wire fencing, which has lately assumed rather formidable proportions in our country, not, I am thankful to say, from any animosity towards hunting on the part of the farmers, but from the present *res angusta* of agriculture. Twenty years ago I do not think that such a thing as a wire fence existed in the length and breadth of our Hunt ; now there is scarcely a farm on which wire is not found in some more or less modified form. Still hideous as a strained wire fence is, and inimical as it may be to sport, it cannot reasonably be held to be dangerous, for its unlovely nakedness is in itself sufficient warning of its unjumpable nature. Such fences are no doubt apt to tear hounds, and, as all farmers readily admit, are more or less

harmful to stock, but they offer no special danger to horse or rider, and have to be tolerated like a great many other objectionable things in this world. But it is the single strand of wire run through a thin quick-set hedge, or the short length—but too often barbed—put in to mend a gap, that are the real sources of danger to hunting people, and cause the horrible accidents we deplore every season. As often as not this has been done as a temporary measure, and then overlooked: a tenant or his shepherd finds his stock getting through a weak place in a hedge on to a neighbour's wheat or turnips: a state of things that naturally requires to be immediately remedied. So he casts about in his mind for some means of doing so, and having no other material available, bethinks him of that bit of wire that is lying about in the barn, and this being moreover easily manipulated he twists it across the gap, with the result that next time hounds run across his land, some wretched horse is perhaps cut to bits, and a fellow-creature—perhaps a woman!—fatally injured, or crippled and maimed for life.

This was the evil we tried to cope with to-day, and I am glad to say the farmers met us in the fair spirit they always show when properly approached. Finally, after a long sitting, it was agreed to issue 'Danger' flags free to all occupiers of land who would apply for them; and a committee, consisting partly of farmers and partly of members of the Hunt, was elected to inquire generally into complaints as to damage to fences. Where it is conclusively proved to their satisfaction that such is the result of hunting, the necessary material for repairs will be given by the Hunt, while with a view to generally discourage the use of wire in any form, it was determined to supply posts and rails at a trifle below cost price to all farmers who require them for legitimate fencing purposes, and who cannot obtain them from their landlords; the deficit on this item being met from the Hunt funds. The meeting broke up in high good humour, and I earnestly hope the scheme may prove a success, but I feel sincerely thankful that I was not asked to serve on the joint committee.

There was, however, one feature of our conference to-day that was painful to me, and that was the ill-concealed attitude of one or two 'irreconcilables' among the hunting men, who seemed to think that the use of his land for hunting is a matter in which a tenant-farmer should have no voice whatever, and that everything should be subordinated to the sentimental notion that fox-hunting is a national sport outside the pale of



WIRE I



criticism. It is useless to attempt argument with such people, who do far more harm to the cause of hunting than the ignorant or cantankerous farmer who wires his fences and forbids hounds to cross his land ; but I would ask them to imagine a somewhat parallel state of things. Presuming a gentleman in their own class of life to invite them to shoot over his estate, or fish his river, whenever they felt inclined to do so, would they not do all in their power to mark their appreciation of the privilege, and carefully refrain from abusing it in any way ? How much higher then should they rate the courtesy of the man who, their inferior in position, allows them to amuse themselves at his expense over land for which he pays rent and to which he looks for his livelihood ?

*November 21.*—A long letter from Tom, who has just returned from Norway, where he annually spends several months somewhere within the Arctic circle ; and where this year he appears to have experienced the most terrible forms of bad weather. His river was in constant flood, so that fishing was impossible, and he only got two bull-elk ; consequently he has returned rather depressed in spirits. As usual, however, he has brought back a good story. He came home by way of Sweden, and at Stockholm fell in with a Swedish gentleman who invited him to participate in a day's shooting near the capital. Tom accepted, nothing loath, and next morning he and his new friend took the field, accompanied by a huge black and white German pointer, rejoicing in the name of Figaro. Ere long they came to a dense patch of fir and willow scrub, and the kindly Swede, having posted Tom at one end of it, boldly plunged into the other with his dog, to drive it up to him. Soon a warning yell from the Swede, and a bark from Figaro, proclaimed that game was astir, and a splendid old blackcock came rocketing high over Tom's head, who brought it down some distance behind him : a most satisfactory shot. But hardly had the bird touched the ground ere Figaro burst from the thicket, and, heedless of Tom's shouts and menaces, snatched up the bird, and retiring into some bushes proceeded to eat it ! ('How the devil I refrained from shooting the brute I can't make out,' writes Tom.) Presently its master also emerged hot and panting from the undergrowth, and asked Tom if he had shot anything ? Tom explained matters, and pointed to Figaro licking his blood-stained chops over what was left of the blackcock, naturally expecting to see him receive a well-merited chastisement. All his master did

however was to pat him on the head, and say apologetically, 'Ach ! poor fellow ; he vos hungry !'

I don't think we shall ever understand the ways of foreign sportsmen, nor they ours. Some years ago, being at Geneva, I described fox-hunting as well as I could to an amiable Swiss gentleman who had heard of the sport, and was much interested about it. Finally he wanted to know what costume was *de rigueur*. I explained the dress to the best of my ability : '*habit rouge, culotte blanche en peau de daim, bottes à revers,*' and paused for breath. '*Et avec ça,*' broke in my friend, his eye kindling with enthusiasm, '*un beau chapeau empanaché ?*'

November 25.—Coming in late this afternoon I found Belinda in the unaccustomed fit of low spirits which experience has taught me to associate with some domestic tragedy, and indeed the magnitude of the present one has produced a corresponding depression of mind on myself. It sounds a very small matter, yet only those who live in the country can fully appreciate its importance. Mary, the cook, a most excellent servant, has given notice of her intention to leave, nor can Belinda's entreaties, nor my offer of increased wages, induce her to reconsider her decision. She is kind enough to express her perfect good opinion of our unworthy selves—which I suppose ought to be some little balm in our Gilead—and repudiates with scorn the suggestion that her departure is in any way connected with the butcher, an eligible widower whose cart I have noticed of late stands considerably longer at the back door than is essential either to the receipt of orders or the delivery of joints. No ; she cannot 'put up any longer with the dulness of the country,' so go she must, and I shall always think regretfully of her and a certain *soufflé* with mushrooms in it, that is her masterpiece. This present dearth of servants, but especially of cooks, is, I believe a momentous question everywhere, but nowhere so much as in the country, where no amount of wages will induce them to engage themselves. I suppose it is the spread of so-called 'education' which disinclines the women of the working-classes—men-servants I find easily obtainable—from entering domestic service. Yet they cannot *all* become type-writers, or shop-assistants, or even burlesque actresses ; they cannot all marry as soon as they grow up, and they cannot all live at home on their parents.

What has become of the servants of my youth, the strong, country-bred women, who desired—and with reason—no better lot than to enter a gentleman's service, and who would

often spend a lifetime in the same family, sharing its troubles and its joys, until they almost came to be regarded as one of its members, who guarded their master's reputation and property as if they were their own, and who watched his children grow up and go forth into the world with almost the feelings of a parent? Where are they, I repeat? As well ask, 'Où sont les neiges d'antan?' They have vanished; improved off the face of creation by higher education and a cheap press, and one can only be thankful to have lived in a generation which knew them.

There is probably no art so universally neglected in England as that of cooking, and yet—I say this in all seriousness—there is hardly any other of such national importance. I am firmly convinced that, next to our unhappy climate, the chief cause of the drunkenness among our working men is the abominably cooked and served food they are called on to eat in their own homes. It is not that the food in itself is bad: far from it. But give any ordinary working-man's wife the 'juiciest' beef-steak, or the 'primest' piece of mutton to prepare for her husband's dinner, and she inevitably transforms it into a lump of unpalatable, indigestible matter, while words fail me when I think of the vegetables, the flabby, noisome cabbage, and the watery potatoes, I have occasionally seen on poor people's tables. Small wonder then that a man who works hard all day, and whose frame requires palatable food, cannot assimilate such nauseating fare, and repairs to the nearest public house to drown the cravings of indigestion in strong drink which, but too often drugged and adulterated, only serves to accentuate the evil.

Nor are the middle classes who cannot afford to pay high wages to their cooks in any better plight, and in these days of county councils, when the masses receive technical education at the expense of the classes, it is extraordinary that no effort has been made to cope with an evil which affects the poor and the well-to-do alike. Permanent schools of cookery should be established in every county town, and no pains should be spared to induce the working classes to attend them. They would be the means of bringing happiness to many a hitherto comfortless home, and a relief to many disorganised digestions, while a diploma of efficiency in the higher branches of the culinary art would assure to its fortunate recipient an income far exceeding that of the mere governess or curate.

*November 28.*—The Rector and I went for a walk this afternoon, when he told me an anecdote, curiously illustrative

of the respect in which even nowadays the Church is held by the lower orders. Last week he was summoned to the sick-bed of old Jem Hall, shoemaker, ranter, and Radical, and on leaving expressed his gratification to Mrs. Hall, that he, and not a Dissenting minister, should have been sent for. 'Well, sir,' she answered, 'my poor 'usband is very bad, and you see we allus sends for Pa-a-son *at t' finish!*'







## MORE ABOUT THE CRICKET PROBLEM

BY THE HON. AND REV. E. LYTTELTON

SUPPOSING, in the year 1875, an opulent friend of cricket, after seeing some shooters at Lord's in Gents *v.* Players, had come before the public with a proposal to lay down a peculiar coconut matting on all county grounds, such as would prevent the ball from ever shooting or bumping or curling again, he would have been flouted as the silliest man, without a single exception, in England—a harmless but unquestionable lunatic. And yet from that year to this we have gravely and deliberately carried out his proposal ourselves, and every single disastrous result that could then have been foretold has come to pass, and many more also, the only difference being that we have spent a long time over it, a great deal of labour, and a great deal of money. We have sacrificed much in order to ruin the greatest game ever invented by man.

I wish first to point out some evils which have resulted from billiard-table wickets, and which are not generally noticed, and then to indicate the limits between which any profitable discussion of the subject must proceed. Only it will be well for us to bear in mind that for twenty-five years we have been treating cricket as madmen—doing gradually what we should have shuddered at if it had been proposed abruptly—and that now we are so much the victims of our own folly that we are far more likely to deride any adequate suggestions as dangerous or fanciful than to give them serious attention.

We all know that scoring is enormous, bowlers out of heart, and matches frequently unfinished. Look at these figures, sent to me by a friend as they were given in a newspaper: 'The scores of last Saturday, published to-day, yield the following results: Bi-centuries, 2; centuries, 14; nineties, 4; eighties, 7; seventies, 7; sixties, 12; fifties, 18; total scores of fifty and upwards, 64.' I suppose this means in important matches only; anyhow, there is no reason to think otherwise. But those are, to my mind, merely the surface of the mischief. Let us consider bowling and batting separately. It is commonly said that boys are not taught to bowl, and that there is no wonder that gentlemen bowlers are easy to play. Truly there is no wonder; but the reason is not that they don't take as much trouble as ever they did. The reason is that they have to bowl on surfaces where no one who has not a very extraordinary native gift and immense perseverance can do anything whatever with the ball. The professionals have always been better than gentlemen in bowling, simply because their livelihood depends on it. But how many of them can bowl a really difficult ball on a wicket like that of the Oval or Sussex ground? I suppose hardly half a dozen in the whole country. But whatever the number may be, cricket has always laboured to some extent under the difficulty that gentlemen will not take the same trouble to bowl as they do to bat. This is human nature. And so in our wisdom we have enormously increased the toilsomeness of that which was already distasteful, and the delights of that which was already too attractive. Instead of talking nonsense about the bowling of schoolboys and University men being inferior to what it was, we should do better if we spent our time in wondering why in this free country there are any bowlers at all. Schoolboys still do sometimes what they are told, and in house matches bowlers can have some fun. But after a sane human being has reached twenty years of age, and is condemned to bowl on 'perfect' wickets, I find it very difficult to explain why he does not elect by preference to break stones by the roadside.

And now for the batting. In their struggles to keep runs down, bowlers are taught to send all their balls steadily to one side of the wicket. They do so, and the result is that batsmen, having lost the most beautiful thing in cricket next to the cut—viz. the leg hit—try to compensate themselves by the pull stroke. Now no one who has not to do with boys knows what a nuisance this is in school cricket. The attempt to

imitate the big-scoring batsmen vitiates all the middle- and leg-stump play. And if haply a half-volley on the legs is given to them, the boys think it right to feebly coax the ball towards long-leg, instead of lifting it mightily over the boundary. They don't know what they have lost ; but in truth this is the miserable relic of that gorgeous blow which I once saw a schoolboy (F. Marchant) make in the Eton playing-fields—the first ball of his innings, a clean six to long-leg, though the fieldsman was standing deep ! Something like a hit, and no mistake. And it is not only the leg hit that has vanished, and with it the leg fielding (certainly a very noble department of the game), but the long-on hit from a half-volley, just missing the leg stump, is gone also. Why ? Because the ball is no longer bowled in first-class cricket ; and elsewhere, if it is, the player has learnt that he should snick, glance, slide, push, or pull it, or whatever other name this ill-omened stroke may be called. Besides all this, the shooter is no more. This simply means that a man need not have what used to be called a sound defence to make century after century. But this is not the principal evil. It is that batting is a desperately monotonous job, compared to what it used to be. No doubt, getting a hundred runs mostly by off-play is pleasanter in a sense than getting thirty by all-round play, stopping shooters and all. But it does not call out the higher faculties of the player, and it is lacking in the grand characteristic of every first-rate pastime—variety. Thirty years ago it would have seemed impossible to make cricket dull ; but we have already won a brilliant success in this sinister endeavour. Of course, this kind of talk is stigmatised as antiquated. But I should like to ask what over, or twenty overs, could show such cricket as that we used to see at Lords in the course of a few balls, when perhaps two dead shooters were played, followed by a cut for four and a square-leg hit for six ? The difference between then and now is not to be described ; it is due to decadence, and decadence means dulness.

There is one more grave evil to be mentioned, which also is apt to escape notice, and is due directly to billiard-table wickets. One of the prominent features of modern cricket is its publicity, and the feverish element of competition which enters into it. Formerly county played county or the North the South, without any feeling as to championship, records of averages, and so forth. To-day the cricket *rank* of a county is affected by every match it plays, so that it is more than ever incumbent on us to get rid of the element of chance, and to

let the result be determined by skill, that is by play under conditions even for the two sides. Now it is most unfortunate that the effect of 'perfect' wickets is exactly the reverse. It cannot be a very uncommon experience for one side to get about 400 runs on a Monday or a Thursday, and for the other side to go in the next day after a heavy thunderstorm. The result is that for the latter winning is all but out of the question, and frequently a heavy defeat is the result, due entirely to the weather. Look, for instance, at Middlesex *v.* Yorkshire, finished on August 15 this year. Of course, in our climate cricket will always be exposed to the danger of uncertain skies. But it should be noticed that the modern wicket, which it is permissible to roll every morning, is very often in a 'perfect' condition for part of any match, so that the side batting then has a most undue advantage. Secondly, it is often said, and I can well believe it, that the more heavily a wicket is rolled in preparation for a match, the more unspeakable is its condition after heavy rain, since the water is retained near the top of the closely compacted soil. If this is so, the very thing that makes the ground artificially easy for one day's play makes it abnormally difficult for the next, apart from the fact that more first-class bowlers are, when they get a fair chance, irresistible now than thirty years ago. In other words, just when there is an increased need for fair and even conditions, we have done our best to make them uneven and unfair.

A good deal more might be said as to the dangers which nowadays beset cricket. The game is threatened from more quarters than one. But it is not my object to deal with more than those already enumerated, which are due to the smooth wickets, and for those we must now seek a remedy.

First let us release ourselves from bondage to a word. We have no right to speak of a pitch as good or perfect unless we mean for the interests of the game, not only those of the batsmen. The healthiness of the great game depends on the due balance being maintained between batting and bowling. In our transcendent folly we call a wicket that is bad for batting vile and awful; if it is hopeless for bowling we call it perfect. This is childish and wholly unworthy of rational men. We must recognise clearly that a wicket smooth beyond a certain point of smoothness is a bad wicket, fraught with mischief, and certain to spoil the game, unless we come to our senses rapidly.

Or put it in another way. Supposing some cranky squire, with a love of lawn tennis in him, instituted a tournament, but

being cranky, spent many hundreds of pounds on providing peculiar courts, such that while one side of each net was beautifully smooth, the other was as rough as he could make it. We can fancy this worthy man defending himself against criticisms by explaining that the players changed courts after each set, and that his work was very perfectly carried out. Still, the impression would remain among the onlookers that he had contrived to spoil a good game.

So the plain fact should be clearly seen that we have given the ground-men a certain job to do. It has taken time and a great deal of care, and they have done what they were told to do, with creditable thoroughness. And they have called their work good. But with regard to the welfare of the game it is simply pernicious.

Now people who only see the inconveniences caused by unfinished matches, are content to demand some such remedy as the narrowing of the bat or the enlarging of the wicket. It will be seen at once that these changes leave untouched the big questions as to the quality of the play. The play would still be artificially restricted, as it now is, to one side of the wicket. Besides which, as has often been remarked, the scores, already minute, made on a real sticky wicket would become absurd. And what would be the effect on the gate-money?

But I do not regard these objections as nearly so serious as the effect which the narrow bat would have on all unskilled cricket, the lower games in schools, village cricket of various sorts, and indeed wherever the game is being fostered slowly into life. Among unskilled players cricket is a game with one very dark side to it; its pleasures for the batsman are tempered by severe blows on his person. A boy will endure these if he can look forward to scoring a fair lot of runs now and then. But what for him would the narrow bat mean? or for the yokel on the squire's park ground, perhaps none too smooth? It would mean for all of these and many others more contusions and fewer runs. And that would mean fewer players. Then why not restrict the narrow bat to first-class matches? Impossible. Fancy a promising young bat from Hampstead being invited, for his *début* at Lord's, to face Richardson, with a narrower bat than he has ever used before!

What then would be an adequate remedy? One which would restore the balance between batting and bowling and naturally encourage variety of balls bowled. It is perfectly obvious that this can only be done by preparing turf of such a

kind that the balls can bite on it, so that bowlers very soon would find it pay them to re-introduce the curl from leg. All that is necessary would be attained by the use of the scythe instead of the mowing machine. The ground could be well rolled, not over-rolled as at present, and the bowlers would then begin to learn once more the break or the curl as a matter of course. That would restore the half-volley to leg and the on-hitting, and, of course, the shooter would re-appear. It might be advisable to deal equitably in the matter of l.b.w., viz. to penalise the stopping by the leg of any curling ball which would take the wicket; but perhaps it would be needless.

But how can you go back in this way? You can't change the course of development. And what would be the feelings of a man with a wife and family having to face Mr. Kortright on a scythe-mown pitch?

I dislike arguments about development and retrogression when things are in a very serious condition. Our treatment of cricket ground surfaces is a matter entirely within our own control; it is not one that is pre-determined for us by any law of development. If we find that harm ensues when the surface is too smooth, it is for us to make them less smooth when and how we please. And the wicket I have in my mind is not one which would make the ball bump, but turn and shoot. I apprehend that a few experiments would soon show how this is to be secured.

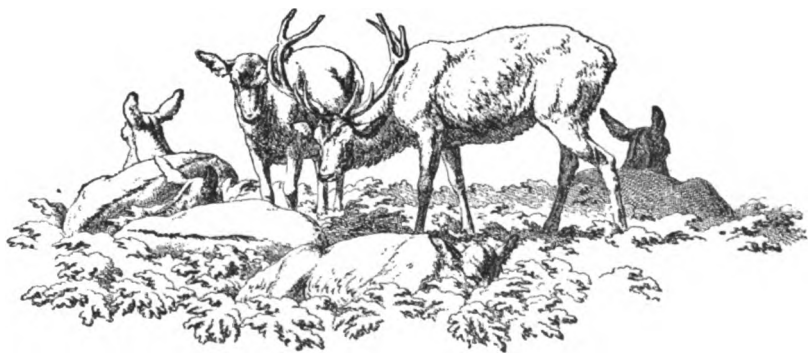
An old 'Varsity match antagonist of mine suggests that a regulation mowing machine might be devised which would leave a certain amount of grass. Whether this be possible or not I cannot say; but at all events what we now want is *experiment*: a portion of any county cricket ground, one or two practice wickets, should be treated with a view to the objects here set forth. And if the effects of scythes or other treatment on different soils, and on grass, with or without clover mixed, were carefully watched, we should soon be in a position to say if cricket can be renovated, or if our blindness in the past has ruined the game for ever.

If this is not done, the only conceivable remedy would be in altering the make of the cricket-ball, so as to approximate it to the American base-ball, which can be bowled or thrown with a great curl in the air. The difference between the two now is, I believe, that the weight of the cricket-ball is near the circumference, that of the base-ball near the centre. This

would give young bowlers something to work at. At present, it should be known, in a school where the ground has been top-dressed in the approved fashion (*i.e.* spoilt) they have given up all attempt to learn a break. All the bowlers are easy and monotonously like each other, and the best for his side is the one who can go on longest.

In that terrible year of drenching rains, 1879, when the wickets were of the soaked order, Alfred Shaw—than whom no one knew better—is said to have advised slow bowlers like himself to abandon all attempts to break the ball, as the thing was impossible to do. So it is now. We are forbidding our best bowlers to learn scientific bowling; in other words, we are turning them into catapults. But they are not so strong nor so cheap.

In conclusion, I would remark that the best match seen at Lord's for many years past was the Eton *v.* Harrow of this year. Its excellence and supreme interest was entirely due to the very rare circumstance that the wicket crumbled slightly and allowed the break to act. That is the kind of wicket we must contrive to restore.





## CAPERCAILZIE-SHOOTING IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS

BY COUNT DOUGLAS THURN

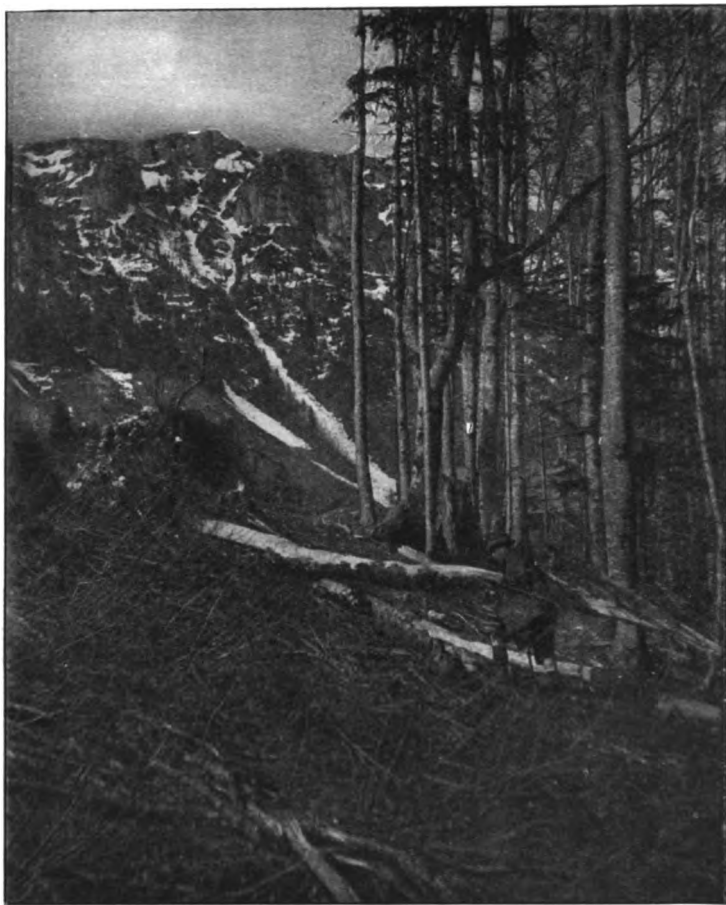
THOUGH, no doubt, most Englishmen know the capercailzie by name, probably few of them have ever seen one, and still fewer can have had the opportunity of killing a specimen of the tribe, or, if so, they have most likely found it rather poor sport. In Austria and Germany, on the contrary, capercailzie-shooting is considered among the finest of sports obtainable, and perhaps only equalled by deer or chamois stalking. It finds staunch supporters among the Austrian nobility, and even his Majesty the Emperor regards it as one of his favourite diversions.

This difference of opinion between Englishmen and their Austrian fellow-sportsmen considering capercailzie-shooting can easily be explained by the entirely different way in which it is conducted in the two countries. The method practised in Austria and Germany requires, on the part of the gunner, a great deal of skill and also of nerve and endurance, and is based on an accurate knowledge of the capercailzie's habits. It need not be said that the cock alone is shot.

During the breeding-season, which lasts about four weeks in early spring, the cock, a very shy and wily bird, who for the rest of the year is mute, indulges about dawn in a quaint sort of love-song, unlike any sound uttered by any other creature. He generally begins singing when the last stars on the sky are fading, and the first dim light is creeping over the eastern horizon. His melody consists of two alternating and entirely different parts. The first one has been—it is true, not very effectually—described as resembling the repeated knocking



against each other of two dry sticks. It is produced by a peculiar movement of the larynx, and is only the preliminary to the second part, a sort of sharp hissing sound produced with the tongue, and never lasting more than two or three seconds. This 'hissing' may be compared to the sharpening of a steel



AS SOON AS THE 'HISSING' CEASES HE MUST REMAIN PERFECTLY MOTIONLESS

blade on a grindstone. As has been remarked, these two parts of the cock's song alternate in more or less regular intervals, the 'hissing' forming, as may be said, the 'refrain.' Put into letters, the cock's song could be approximately written down as follows: 'Tluck, tluck-tluck, tluck-tluck, tluck-*tlück*—sss, sss, sss, ssss,' and so on, beginning again with 'tluck, tluck,' &c.

During the first part of his song the cock is carefully examining the neighbourhood, and his eyesight, as also his hearing, being exceedingly sharp, the least suspicious sound or movement during this part of his song would betray the presence of danger and cause the bird's immediate departure. During the second part—the 'hissing'—the cock is, on the contrary, almost deaf, and his eyesight also seems to be greatly affected. The reason for this curious phenomenon is that, whilst 'hissing,' the cock opens his beak to such an extent that an inner continuation of his lower jaw closes the opening of his ears. Here lies the sportsman's chance. He may approach the cock in all security during the few seconds of the 'hissing,' but as soon as it ceases he must remain perfectly motionless until the bird has finished his 'knocking' and has again reached the second part of his song, when the next move can be made.

Before asking my reader to accompany me on a shooting expedition in the Carinthian Alps, I should mention that the cocks have the habit of selecting for the uttering of their love-song particular spots, whither they return regularly every evening towards dusk, passing the night generally on the tree where they intend to begin their song next morning. Such a spot is called here a 'Balzplatz,' and is sometimes very distant from the capercaillie's haunts during daytime. This makes it possible for the keepers in a well-preserved forest to know almost exactly the place where they have to take the sportsman in order to procure game.

After this preliminary explanation, which, if perhaps somewhat tiring, seemed to me necessary in order to make clear what follows, I may be allowed to describe a few of the many days' capercaillie-shooting in which it has been my luck to participate.

On April 15 I left the town, where my calling as a diplomatist detains me, in order to enjoy a fortnight's capercaillie-shooting at our old home in Carinthia, accompanied by my cousin who is furnishing the illustrations for this article. We met at Klagenfurt, the nearest country town to our place, where the railway lines from north and south meet. Thence we had to proceed in a slow train, which brought us, towards dusk, to Bleiburg Castle. After dinner we heard the reports that had come in from the different forests. On the whole, prospects did not seem very good, as the winter had been extremely severe, and enormous masses of snow were still reported to lie

on the higher grounds, rendering some of the best spots as yet inaccessible. Under these circumstances, we decided to try our luck next morning on the lower hills rising immediately behind the castle, and, having given orders for the ponies to be ready at 2.30 A.M. we retired to bed, taking a last glance at the starlit sky, which augured well for the morrow.

At 2 A.M. we were awakened by sleepy servants, and having hurriedly swallowed a cup of tea, we started on our ponies; each of us provided with a lantern, fastened to the near stirrup. After half an hour's rather steep ascent we met the two foresters waiting for us, and, sending the ponies back, we proceeded each to a different 'Balzplatz.' About twenty minutes later the forester who was accompanying me blew out the lantern, telling me that we were now quite close to the spot where he had found the cock on the previous mornings. Having accustomed our eyes to the darkness we walked slowly on, listening attentively and expecting every moment to hear the welcome melody; but, as yet, no sound was audible in the absolute stillness of the night. It was getting more and more difficult to move noiselessly, for we had reached the region where snow was still covering the ground, as yet only in patches, which, however, grew larger and more frequent the farther we advanced.

I began to feel rather anxious, and so did the forester, who assured me over and over again that he had constantly heard the cock on this particular spot; in fact, every time he had been here in order to convince himself that the bird had not shifted his quarters.

It was now beginning to get alarmingly light; the small birds were already uttering their first morning melodies, and still there was no sound of the cock. All at once we heard



HIS NEXT 'HISSING' GAVE ME THE  
OPPORTUNITY TO RAISE MY GUN

the report of a shot in my cousin's direction, telling me that he had been luckier than myself. I must confess that it struck me with rather mixed feelings, when, moving on a few yards farther, I heard a faint sound which I recognised at once as the love-song of my quarry. Bidding my forester to stay



HE PICKED UP THE BIRD

behind I stalked carefully on, avoiding as much as possible the cracking snow, until I could plainly distinguish the two parts of the song as described above. From that moment, when the last louder knock, which always immediately precedes the 'hissing' was well distinguishable, I had to stop stalking, and proceed henceforward in a series of leaps, three or four at a time, taking the utmost care to stand each time in a com-

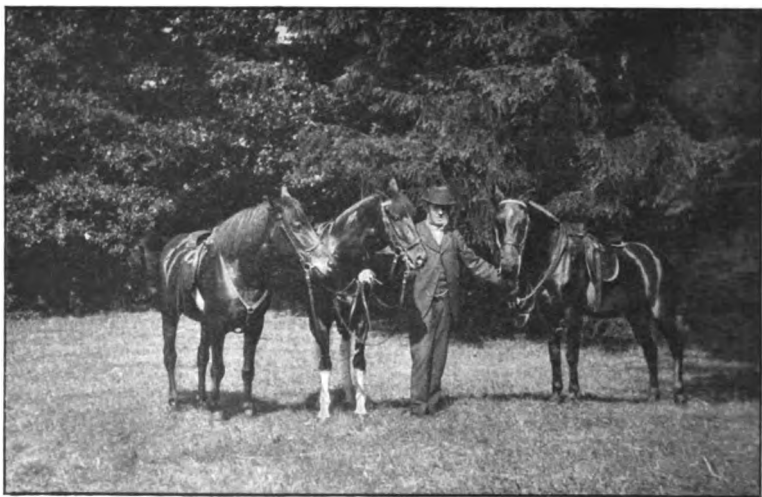
fortable position before the 'hissing' was quite over. This precaution proved very useful, as periodically the cock stopped singing for several minutes, during which I had to remain as I was, standing as motionless as a statue. After a while, which seemed to me endless, the bird began again—at first only cautiously 'knocking,' until by-and-by he worked himself into a passion, and verse followed upon verse; my approach growing, in consequence, more rapid.

I was by this time not more than about thirty or forty yards from the tree where I supposed my quarry to be sitting, but it being a very thick fir, I was not yet able to make him out. At this moment the cock luckily changed his position, flying on to the top of a neighbouring larch, where he at once continued his song. He was now plainly visible against the sky. His next 'hissing' gave me the opportunity to raise my gun, and down came the stately bird, touching the ground with a heavy bump.

It was now nearly five o'clock. On hearing my shot the forester had joined me, and picking up the bird we walked merrily down to the spot where I had parted from my companion in the morning. There I found him quietly smoking his pipe, his capercailzie lying beside him. On arriving at his 'Balzplatz' he had, as he told me, immediately heard the cock, and the ground being lower and therefore free from snow, had found no difficulty in bagging his quarry. Both the cocks were fine specimens, weighing from 11lb. to 12lb. While we were exchanging our experiences the sun had risen, and illuminated the hitherto grey landscape with glowing colours. It was a grand sight; the snow-clad tops of the Carawanks (South Carinthian Alps) rising crimson above the plain, which was still covered with shadowy mist, out of which the castle, situated on a hill, stood out majestically. The view of the latter, however, reminded us of the agreeable prospect awaiting us there in the shape of breakfast; so we turned our backs on the lovely scenery and began the descent.

The next few days were devoted to the capercailzies in the neighbouring lower grounds. By that time, the weather having been very fine and warm, we could expect that the sun had melted enough of the snow on the higher mountains to make these also accessible. We therefore decided to try our luck there. It is of course much more difficult to be successful in those parts of the forest where the slopes are often exceedingly steep and rocks abound; but even these difficulties add a great deal to the excitement and charm of the sport.

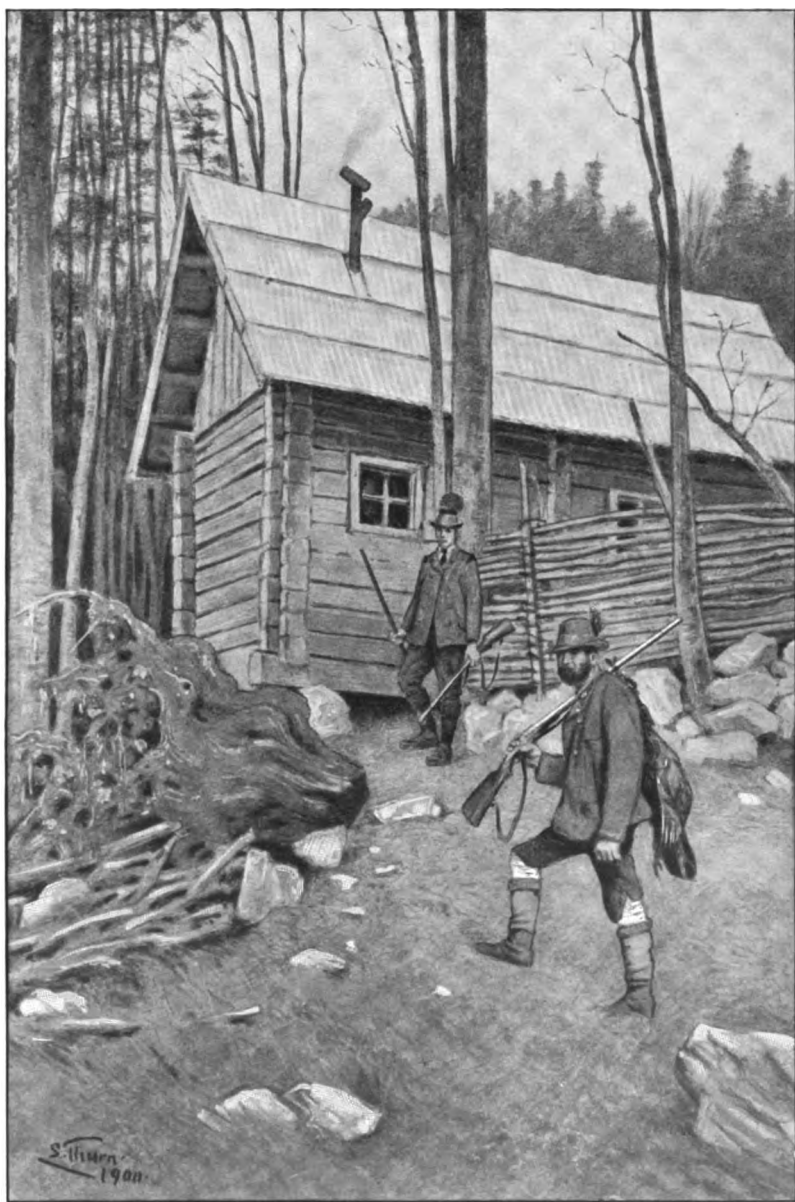
In order to make it easier to be on the spot at dawn, log huts have been constructed in the neighbourhood of the different chief 'Balzplaetze.' One of those we selected for our starting point on the morrow. To reach our destination before dusk we had to leave the castle early in the afternoon. Our drive took us first through the picturesque plain, where the fruit-trees were already in full blossom on the beautifully green meadows. The road led then, rising steadily, to a valley which grew more and more narrow the farther we advanced, the slopes on either side rising steeper and higher, leaving just room for the foaming



THESE STURDY AND SURE-FOOTED ANIMALS

torrent and the road, which in many places had been hewn out of the rock. It was indeed an exquisite scene, equal to many of the most admired spots in Switzerland.

After passing a last narrow gorge we found ourselves before the head forester's house, where we mounted our ponies. These sturdy and surefooted animals, who are bred in one of the eastern provinces of Austria, carried us on a narrow and steep bridle-path towards our hut. The higher we rose, the more we left spring behind us; we were even beginning to fear that our further ascent on horseback might be stopped by the snow, for even a small quantity of it would make riding on that narrow path very perilous if not quite impossible. Luckily our way led us along the southern slope, where the snow had already almost entirely disappeared, so that we reached the hut without difficulty.



OUR SHOOTING-HUTS ARE ALL BUILT MORE OR LESS ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE





Our shooting-huts are all built more or less on the same principle, containing one room with sleeping accommodation for two gentlemen, and another smaller one for the foresters, the latter room doing also duty as a kitchen. The huts that are accessible on horseback are also provided with a small stable for the ponies.

Having looked after our mounts, our next thoughts turned towards providing dinner, which we preferred cooking ourselves, feeling more confidence in our own limited accomplishments than in the culinary talents of our excellent but rather rough keepers. As the 'Balzplatz' that fell to my lot was quite close by, I could indulge that night in a comparatively long sleep, viz. till 3 A.M., my cousin having to start half an hour earlier.

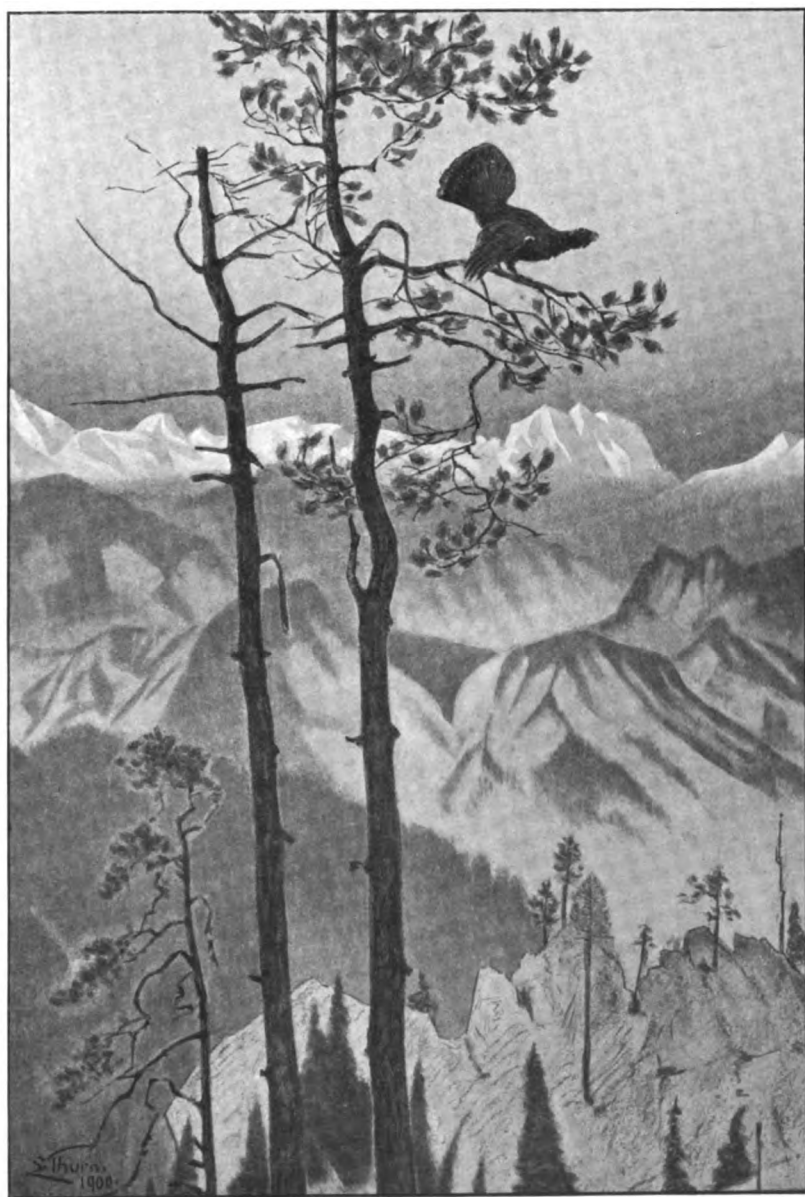
I had not quite finished dressing when my forester, who had gone a few hundred yards from the hut to listen, rushed in telling me that a cock was already singing. It may easily be believed that I did not bestow much care on the rest of my toilet. Things went very smoothly at first, it was still rather dark when I caught sight of the bird, the result of it being that my aim was not very sure; and he, only wounded, had still strength enough left to spread his wings, and coming down the almost perpendicular slope at lightning speed disappeared behind the tops of the trees. It was still too dark to look after him so the search had to be left for a later hour. I may as well say at once that it eventually proved unsuccessful, as it very often does on similar occasions.

At this moment of deep depression my keeper gave me the welcome news that he knew of another capercailzie, who used to sing not far off, but on ground so bad that it was very doubtful whether we should be able to approach him, that being the reason why he had not mentioned this particular cock before. It was indeed no easy piece of work to reach the indicated spot, as the wily bird had chosen a low and crumpled fir-tree growing out of an overhanging rock on the verge of a precipice. The greatest difficulty lay in the necessity of making the advance only during the few favourable seconds of the song, and to find at once a sure foothold enabling us to remain motionless and noiseless until the beginning of the next 'hissing.' A single stone rolling down while the cock was silent would doubtless have scared him away. However, we were favoured by luck, and owing to the skill of the forester and his accurate knowledge of the ground, we succeeded at last in approaching the cock near enough to allow a shot with the rifle. Taking a steady and

careful aim I fired, and had the gratification of bringing the bird down. But even now we had not overcome all difficulties as it was very hard to get on to the spot below the rock where we had seen him disappear, and where we expected to find him. Arrived there at last we found only a handful of feathers, and I was already beginning to fear that our previous experience of the same morning might repeat itself. But on closer inspection we soon saw some more feathers leading us like a track down the steep slope. Following them we soon came upon the bird, who had been stopped by the roots of a fallen tree. He had come down stone-dead, but owing to the steepness of the slope he had rolled on like a ball for at least two hundred yards. I need not say that the cock was in a rather pitiful condition looking as if he had already passed through the hands of a kitchenmaid. I did not, however, allow my high spirits to be lowered by so small a matter. While resting to regain my breath I had ample leisure to admire the overwhelming beauty of the landscape, the surrounding peaks clad in crimson by the rising sun making a beautiful contrast to the light violet colour of the snowfields, which were as yet lying in the shadow.

Having at last climbed back to the hut I looked for my cousin, who, however, had not yet returned. I had not to wait long, and during breakfast he told me his tale. 'When I heard the cock,' he began, 'I found myself above him on a very steep heath-covered slope, on which some very small fir-trees grew. I tried at first to approach my bird, leaning with all my weight on my long stick. As I could not avoid slipping at every step, I tried to proceed on all fours, creeping like a cat, but even this did not answer, and at last I tried a third way. Sitting down with outstretched legs and arms I slid down like a sleigh during the "hissing" and used my hands as a brake, catching hold of tufts of heather and so being enabled to stop instantaneously as soon as the cock was silent.' Necessity is the mother of invention, and capercailzie-shooting is rich in changing situations! The beautiful old cock my cousin had bagged showed me that his ingenuity had been rewarded.

Changing, indeed, are the situations brought about by the pursuit of capercailzies in the Alps, and though not every morning, still almost every season brings some new experience or curious event. To my cousin, for instance, it happened twice in the spring of 1899 that he was literally blocked in his hut by the capercailzie, who had seated himself in the immediate neighbourhood. The first time he had tried, in the



THE WILY BIRD HAD CHOSEN A LOW AND CRUMPLED FIR-TREE GROWING OUT OF  
AN OVERHANGING ROCK

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evening, to approach a cock who had been singing after sunset, as they sometimes do. The cock had changed his tree several times and had been followed by my cousin, who, however, had not been able to get on terms with him. When at last it was so dark that the chase had to be given up, the pursuer, who had not been heeding where he was going, was greatly astonished to find himself within sixty yards of the hut, the cock apparently sitting in a clump of trees just opposite the entrance door. For fear of scaring him away my cousin, after having noiselessly crept back to the hut, went to bed at once, not even daring to make a fire in order to cook his supper. The first thing he heard from his bed next morning was the cock's melodious voice. Dressing was performed as noiselessly as possible, then one 'hissing' gave the opportunity of opening the door, and during the next the eager sportsman jumped out of the hut. What followed was as usual, eventually leading to the bird's death.

Another time my cousin, in a different hut, heard the capercaillie when it was already quite dark and supper—fortunately—already prepared. He enjoyed the melody, sitting quietly by the door, with the agreeable certainty in view that he would not have to go far next morning. During the night some inches of snow fell, and it was still snowing at dawn, but notwithstanding the cock sang well and was duly killed.

Such a curious incident happened in the season of 1886, that I should scarcely dare to relate it had I not several witnesses who can vouchsafe for my veracity: One of our foresters, Ph. Ianschek, had gone one morning to watch the capercaillies on a 'Balzplatz' where I intended to come in a day or two. He was sitting half hidden under the upturned roots of a fallen tree, when a capercaillie-hen alighted on that very same trunk, a few inches over the man's head. Ianschek remaining perfectly motionless she did not notice him. A few minutes later a cock joined her. He did not, however, seat himself on the trunk, but stalked majestically round it on the ground, with outspread fan, singing excitedly all the time. So absorbed was he by the presence of his mate that he did not see the forester, half buried as he was in the high heather. At one moment the cock came as near as half a yard to the spot where Ianschek was hidden. With a sudden grasp the forester seized the cock by his long neck. A short but fierce struggle ensued, during which the man had to do all he knew to avoid

the powerful beak of the frightened bird. At last Ianschek's superior strength prevailed, and, tying his handkerchief round the bird's wings, he carried him safely down to the valley. Arriving at the head forester's house the same evening in company with a friend we both saw the captured bird, who, after having been kept prisoner for twenty-four hours, was ultimately restored to freedom.

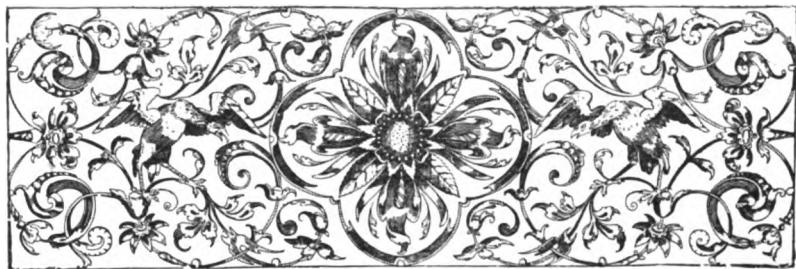
There would be many more interesting details to be told about capercailzie-shooting, but I am afraid I have already too long trespassed on the reader's patience.

Should anybody who peruses my article find an opportunity of trying this kind of sport, he will do well to avail himself of the chance, and I am sure he will not be disappointed.



A CAPERCAILZIE FAN





## APIS INDICA

BY A. P. BERESFORD

A GOOD many years have passed now since I went out to join my regiment in India. We were quartered at Jubbulpore, a town situated on the Nerbudda, in the Central Provinces. I was very fond of fishing and most anxious to make the acquaintance of the lordly 'Mahseer' about whom I had heard so much, but none of my brother-officers were fishermen ; they preferred the more exciting sports of shooting and polo, and it was not till after some inquiry that I got hold of a native 'shikarry' named Abdul Rahman, who initiated me into the art of fishing. I abbreviated his name into 'Abram,' and together we had some very fair sport.

He used constantly to talk about a place some eight miles off, where he said the fishing was very good, but when I suggested going there he used to refer to some drawback, and my knowledge of the language was not sufficient to make out what the difficulty was. He branched off into some subject other than fishing, and seemed to talk about flies. My curiosity being aroused, I got one of my brother-subalterns to interpret for me, and found out that the place was the 'Marble Rocks' and the drawback was '*The Bees.*'

A spice of danger gives zest to an adventure, so I determined to go up there, have a day's fishing, and see these bees of whom all the world stood in awe.

The following Sunday we set out. I persuaded my interpreter, Percy by name, to come with me. We took our lunch with us, and went to make a day of it.

The Marble Rocks are about eight miles above the town,

and up-stream this takes some time to travel. 'Abram' spent the time in telling us tales of what the bees had done to those who, wittingly or unwittingly, had interfered with them. A party of natives had been fishing there, and one of them thoughtlessly lit a pipe. The smoke from it had infuriated the bees, and in a few minutes they were set upon. The men kept their heads, cut their boat adrift to float down with the stream, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and let the boat take its own course. They must have had a miraculous journey, as the river is by no means easy; but eventually, more dead than alive, and more than half frightened out of what life was left, they reached the town. The fate of another party was more tragic. Four soldiers who had rowed up the river, shooting as they went, found their way into the Marble Rocks; when there they fired at a passing pigeon. Instantly the bees were on them; with mighty swarms round them they tried to save themselves by jumping into the river. But they found death instead of safety. Every time they showed their heads above water thousands of bees set upon them: they were drowned, and four disfigured corpses floated down the lordly 'Nerbudda,' a warning to all. Animals, too, had met with a similar fate; deer, pigs, and even—so Abram assured us—the lordly tiger had paid the penalty of indiscretion. They had accidentally roused the bees, and when set upon had sought refuge in the water and had been drowned. Thus Abram droned on with his terrible tales till gradually we reached our destination. The country round Jubbulpore is flat, but as you ascend the river the banks get hilly, and at the Marble Rocks these hills close in and form a sort of rocky gorge through which the river rushes. The rocks vary from one to two hundred feet in height, and in some places almost touch overhead. As we forced our way up the gorge we noticed that the sides were full of deep cracks and fissures. In these fissures we could see great dark masses hanging. They were the bees.

I fished that day and had fair sport, but my heart was not in it, and my eyes kept wandering away from the water to where the bees were: I pictured to myself what they would be like when they were roused, and felt almost awe-struck to think that these small people were able to defy the powers of man and beast. After our day's sport was over we drifted back. On the way I kept thinking and thinking, gradually my thoughts took a definite shape: I would rush in where man and beast had feared to tread. I would beard the lion

in his den ; I would attack the dreaded bees of the Marble Rocks.

This was my resolution, there remains to tell how I carried it out.

Now I had hived a swarm in the garden at home ; I knew a little about bees and what they will do under given circumstances, and had therefore a fair idea of how to set about my job. I began by designing a suit of defensive armour. It was constructed by the local dirzee, or Indian tailor, and consisted of a sort of overall suit, which was tied round the neck with tape. I had a good bee veil made which I was going to tuck into the garment ; the legs I stuffed into riding boots, and a pair of gauntlets and two pair of gloves were to protect my hands. Such was the armour, but before entering into the great encounter I thought it best to test it, so, knowing of a colony of bees in a place down the river, I set out alone to tackle it. The place was near the river, and I went down to it in a boat. Besides the armour I took with me a sulphur smoker (half measures are no good with the 'Apis Indica') and a pail to bring the honey away in. The bees were in a little temple about two hundred yards from the river. I went quite close to it and armed myself.

There was a large stone in front of the door on which the faithful used to put their offerings ; it was covered with marigolds and little odds and ends of food, and pushing past this altar, I entered the temple. Opposite me I saw a figure of the elephant-headed, 'Ganesh' which nearly filled up the low room.

The bees had started building from the roof, and the combs now reached down so low that they were fixed to the head of the benevolent god. The insects had begun to be attentive directly I entered, so I thought it was no good delaying matters, but made my attack at once.

After the first sulphur puff the enemy came at me in earnest, and the fun began. I could protect myself very well on one side, thanks to my sulphur-smoker, but I was attacked on four.

I will not describe a skirmish, with a battle to recount ahead of me ; suffice it to say that I filled my bucket and got back to my boat. I did not escape scatheless, two stings in the hands showed me my gauntlets were not sufficient ; a prod in the foot taught me that a determined bee can force his way into a tight boot, and when I took off my garment a loud buzzing in my coat told me that it was not sufficient to tie a

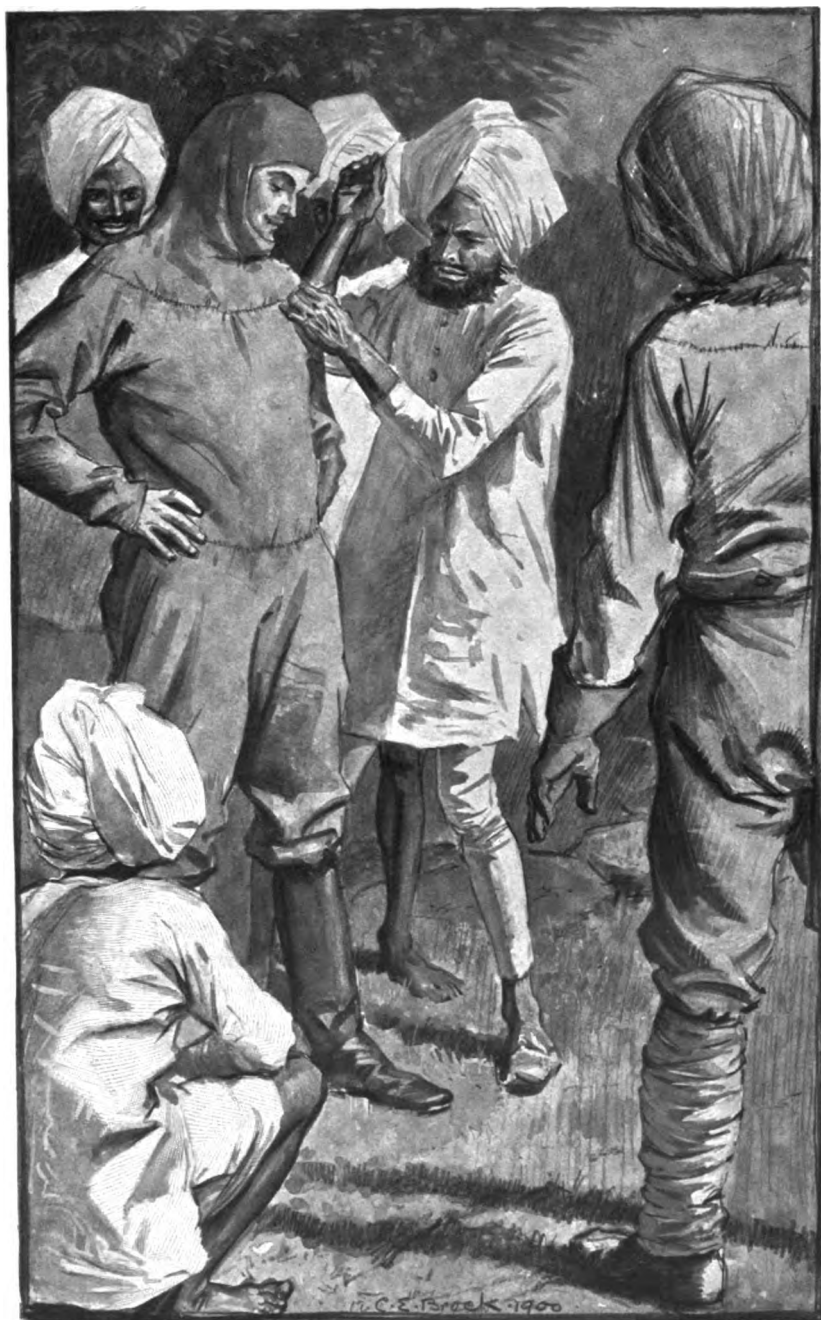
tape round my veil. On the other side I should say the casualties were heavy. I often wonder what happened to the next devotee who went to lay his offering on the shrine of 'Ganesh.' I expect he found the god angry.

Having thus got ten pounds of honey and some not very dearly bought experience, I decided that when the fatal day came the joints of my harness should be sewn, and hoped that this would make them bee-tight. I divulged my scheme to Abram, and, though he was very much frightened, faith in the 'Sahib' and promises of large 'backsheesh' turned the scale. Percy did not know or care anything about bees, but an appeal to him to back me up, a promise that there would be plenty of excitement, and an offer to do his turn of church settled the matter; so two more suits of bee-armour were ordered and made.

The army was mobilised and equipped, the enemy was located, and his dispositions and probable tactics only too well known. We were ready to start.

Sunday is the day of leave in India, but two days were required for this campaign, so, getting leave for Saturday as well, we started early and made our way quietly up the river. Our army consisted of two boat loads; it included ourselves, Abram, some boatmen, and a tailor. That night we reconnoitred the position and were to start operations the next day. I had a well thought out plan of campaign which will reveal itself as my story is told. We camped just below the Marble Rocks, and I went to bed that night with the feelings that Wellington must have had on the eve of Waterloo. I woke up at daybreak and marshalled my forces. We donned our armour and were sewn into it by the tailor, every joint and cranny was closed, and we put on our trousers over our riding boots, and bandages over them. Abram and I, armed with a bucket and two coils of rope, were to climb up to the back of the hills, so as to get above the bees, and Percy, with the two boats, ascended the rocks. He went to the edge of the river which was under the part we intended to attack, and made his boat fast; all the natives then got into the second boat and returned to cantonments.

Abram and I climbed up till we thought we had got opposite the place, when I left him and crawled cautiously forward. As I got to the edge I could hear a sort of all-pervading hum which sounded plainly above the roar of the water beneath, and my nostrils were filled with that sweet smell with which all who



WE DONNED OUR ARMOUR AND WERE SEWN INTO IT



have opened a hive are familiar, partly honey, partly wax, and partly bee.

I found that I had judged the distance pretty accurately, and that the place fixed on was only about a hundred yards further on. I returned to Abram and together we made our way out to the appointed spot. The cliff was sheer, in fact, if anything, overhanging. Leaning over I could see the dense masses of bees and comb about fifty feet below me, and another fifty feet below that I could see the boat and my faithful ally. There was a tree growing at the edge of the cliff ; round this I put the rope, gave one end to Abram, and went over.

When I first showed at the top the bees began to be attentive, and, as I was lowered, they began to buzz round me. I sank down until I was opposite the place where I meant to alight, and found that I should have to get a swing on to reach the ledge on which I wished to stand. Hanging down on to this ledge from above was about ten or fifteen feet of comb. I could just reach the rock with my hand, gave a vigorous push, swung out, then back again scrunch into the middle of the comb, and gained my feet with a scramble. Now when I was hanging opposite the ledge I was beset by as many bees as there seemed to be room in the air for, but all that had gone before was as child's play to what happened now. The whole air reeked with that curious acrid smell which is familiar to all who have been stung ; the noise of the water rushing below was drowned by the screaming hiss of the angry bees, well known to all who have been mobbed by them. I was completely blinded as they swarmed over my veil, blocking out the light. When I touched my body with my hand to make sure I had got one, it seemed to me, through my glove, as if I was covered by thick soft fur—all bees ! For a few moments I was completely stupefied. As Daniel felt when cast into the lion's den, as a man feels who has been treed by a furious man-eating tiger, as one feels who finds a shark has come to bathe with him, so I felt—except that with them death was an appreciable distance off, with me it was screaming and hissing within an inch of my face.

After a minute or two I realised that my armour was trustworthy and that I was safe. I gave two tugs to the rope as a signal to Abram, and he lowered the bucket to me. My vision was completely blocked by bees and I could see nothing, but I felt about for the comb, and, as well as I could, filled the bucket. I should think it was about half full of bees and half of honey ;

I did my best, but had no control over the circumstances under which I was working, and they were, to say the least of it, unfavourable.

I lowered the bucket down to Percy ; my original scheme had been to haul the bucket up again as soon as he had emptied it into a jar we had brought, but I saw that if we could get off with a trophy we should have done very well and that any idea of making a big bag of honey was out of the question. A muffled shout came from below to let me know the bucket had arrived, and I in my turn shouted to Abram to lower me. He told me afterwards that he could see nothing of me and that all that was visible was a brown whirling mass round the place he had last made me out. I really don't know how I accomplished that descent. To be lowered a hundred feet under the most advantageous conditions is no child's-play : I suppose the good genius that presides over drunkards and adventurous subalterns had me in his charge. I swung out in the dark and felt myself being gradually lowered, bumping hither and thither as I went. At last, after what seemed an age to me, I felt an arm clutch me, and knew that I was at the bottom. I brushed away the bees from my veil, and there opposite me, through a driving mist of bees, I saw a cluster of bees in the shape of a man. It was my companion.

We shouted at each other to say that the sooner we could get off the better ; and we tried to shout to Abram but he could not hear. There was, indeed, a sound of rushing wings, and though they were not mighty, they made up for it by being innumerable and intensely earnest. We cut the rope and let ourselves drift.

There were so many bees attacking us when we started that it is hard to say that their numbers increased, but still as we drifted through their stronghold I think a few more countless thousands, roused by the smell which a stinging bee emits, and which seems to act as a battle cry to all his fellows, came and joined in. Again I think a special deity protected us. The river is not easy to navigate and we had a good many millions of other things to think about. At last, however, we reached the place where we put up the night before and made for shore. With a great deal of trouble we got the sulphur smoker alight and tried to clear ourselves of bees. After a bit we were joined by Abram. He was much as we were only less so, and he was thoroughly frightened to boot.

We worked away for some time, and what with the bees



that appeared to be following us up, we managed to keep the numbers about the same. We moved down another mile and again landed, and this time got rather the better of our enemies ; twice more we landed, on each occasion improving our position, and the fourth time, having come down five miles, we really collared them. The bees had left off following us, and the powerful fumes of my sulphur-smoker finished off those that remained. All praise be to the dirzee ; our dresses had held out, none of us were stung. We struggled out of them, and cleared up the boat, finally getting back to our quarters late for dinner. When we strained off the honey we found we had got just 15lb.

To obtain this three of us had held our lives in our hands for about six hours. I do not think that it can be considered as cheaply bought. We sent a message to the cantonment magistrate to tell him that we had been up the river, that something seemed to have annoyed the bees at the Marble Rocks, and that we thought that it would be dangerous for any one to go up there for a day or two.

This closed the incident as far as I was concerned, but the story went round the bazaar, and I do not think untold gold would persuade Abram, or any one to whom he has related his story, to try again. I went up to the place about a month afterwards. The bees were quite settled then and I shall never disturb them more. I still keep bees, and now whenever I get the smell of the stinging bee into my nostrils (they say that memory is more easily awakened by the sense of smell than by any other) my mind flies back to the day when the Indian bees came at me in their millions, and I picture to myself the mighty rushing river, the gloomy rocks over head, lit up where the sun breaks through the trees that crown them, and the masses of the 'little people' who hold their store against all the wide world.



## EGYPTIAN MEMORIES

BY C. HILL WILSON

NO doubt the ideal time to have been in Egypt was immediately after the English occupation, when not only were a great many fortunes made by people bold enough to buy up land, at prices which would seem ridiculous if compared to its present value, but what is almost as important, large bags of snipe could be got close to Cairo itself in places which, since the enormous increase of English visitors, have become too much overshot to be of any use.

My own acquaintance with it, unfortunately, did not begin till '89, when I arrived there with a friend, more or less by mistake, for we had not been two days in Egypt before we discovered that each of us had really wished to go to Spain, but thinking the other bent on going to Cairo, had come out of consideration for his feelings! Politeness is said to cost nothing (though those who have had experience of the politeness of railway guards know better), but in this case it must have cost both of us a good deal, for Egypt was at that time a most expensive place to travel in. Being there, however, we determined to make the best of it; and for my part I have never regretted my original mistake in going. Of course, being without introductions, and absolutely ignorant of the language, we suffered many things at the hands of many Shikaris. Certainly one buys experience dearer in Egypt than in most places, and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that every word of

Arabic one knows should reduce one's expenses one shilling per day. I know we began by giving five shillings a day for the donkeys, for which we subsequently only paid one shilling, and everything else was in the same proportion. Talking of donkeys, which everybody uses as a matter of course, the more one has to do with them the more one realises how utterly unfounded is the common belief in their stupidity, and I left Egypt with a respectful admiration for their intellectual attainments bordering on veneration. There is, however, another allusion about this most useful of animals, which, alas, will not stand the test of experience—the idea that he is surefooted. This belief, acquired early in life from 'The Child's Guide to Knowledge,' I clung to with a bigotry almost fanatical; it survived many practical experiences to the contrary, but in the end I was forced to conclude, either that the Egyptian ass was an exception to the rule, or else that 'The Child's Guide' never allowed his donkey to go out of a walk. But even at this gentle pace, if the ground were at all wet, I have often had my thoughts literally 'brought back to earth' by the unpleasant sensation of feeling my mount crumble away beneath me, and been startled from a reverie to find myself standing on my feet with a prostrate donkey between my legs, an almost human expression of reproach overspreading its mild and thoughtful features! 'There! I told you what it would be.' Let us hope the unfortunate donkey may derive the same consolation from having foretold the disaster, which so many of my friends seem to experience from this form of prophecy. His lot is a hard one and we need not grudge him anything which may alleviate it.

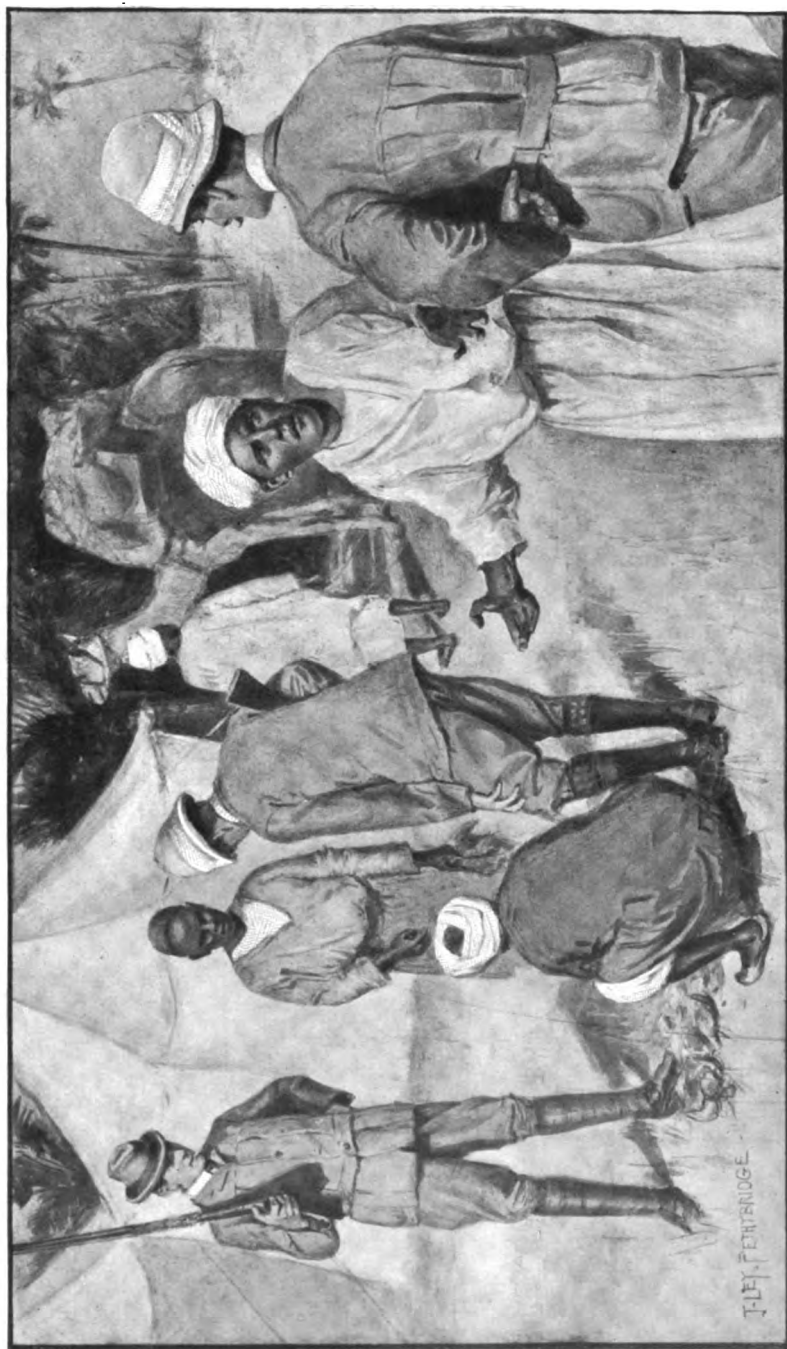
On the whole, considering our want of experience, and allowing for bad shooting, we did fairly well, and although some of our expeditions were certainly failures, we got a good deal of amusement out of them. Camping out at a place called Forgust Edisa in the Fayoum, we were told that it was absolutely necessary our tent should be protected by guards at night, on account of brigands who were supposed to be about. After some demur we at length yielded to the entreaties of our Shikari, who with great eloquence explained how unpleasant would be his position if he had to return to Cairo and admit that we had both been foully murdered while under his charge. That he might himself share our fate never seemed to occur to him. And so two of the smallest and most miserable-looking specimens of humanity it has ever been my lot to behold, armed with obsolete guns (which it would have required an act of

heroism to fire), turned up to protect us. My companion, who was of enormous size and very proud of his strength, chafed at the position as humiliating from the first, and when we found that sleep was impossible, as our guards talked very loudly during the first half of the night and snored yet more loudly during the second half, we decided to dispense with them and chance the brigands. The entirely undeserved reputation, as a man of desperate courage, courting danger for its own sake, which I ever afterwards enjoyed among the natives, dates, I believe, from this incident. Our bags for the three days we were there were certainly very poor, being fifty-one, forty-one, and twenty-nine snipe.

In '91, however, I had much better luck, as camping out with another friend we killed 741 snipe in six days' shooting.

By the time the snipe shooting is over the quail begin to appear, at first in driblets, the advance guard, as it were, of the enormous host which does not arrive in real earnest till about the second week in March ; though many is the fruitless expedition I have made in February to look for them, on the solemn assurance of my Shikari, 'The quail him arrive last night,' only to find a few stragglers, as the result of many hours' walking.

It is very much the fashion to despise the quail and speak lightly of the humble efforts he makes to show sport. Now this is hardly kind, nor, in fact, quite fair. Of course, in Egypt he suffers from being more or less forced into competition with the snipe, the king of sporting-birds ; but one must remember that he comes at a time when there is nothing else to shoot, that he is, in fact, a pure 'extra,' and, like all 'extras,' has a tendency to mount up, which for once we may regard with some complacency. The actual bags one makes depend, to a great extent, on how hard one is prepared to work for them, as when once the quail are fairly in there is no difficulty in finding them. I see that my best day in 1891 was 170 for two guns, but I also got 121 and 102 alone, and on a good many other days about the same number. There is one peculiarity about the quail not mentioned by naturalists, which is, that no one likes to admit that by any chance he has ever missed one. It used to amuse me to compare the accounts given by the guns, with the stories told me (in strict confidence) by the Shikaris of the same day's sport. Having lent my Shikari to two friends, at a time when there were lots of quail about, it was somewhat depressing to see them return at the end of a



HE REPLIED ANGRILY, 'BELIEVE NOT THE TONGUE OF AN INFIDEL.'



long day with only twenty-five birds. Pressed on the subject, they admitted they might have killed twenty-seven if they had shot all they saw. Now, as this seemed a very poor day, I took the Shikari aside, and remonstrated with him for not taking the trouble to show my friends better sport, telling him what they had said. He replied angrily, 'Believe not the tongue of an infidel'—in his excitement he forgot that I was, from his point of view, an infidel also—'there were so many quail, and your friends fire so much, that the people in the villages thought a battle was taking place, and got ready to fly.' No doubt this was an exaggeration, but one quail missed per day is, as a general rule, about the most people will own up to, unless, indeed, you happen to have been out with them yourself.

One hears a great deal about the enormous agricultural rental that the land between the Nile and Pyramids would fetch if it were in England, but what would not be given for, say, five thousand acres of shooting which, when you had practically killed every bird on the ground on Saturday, would, if the wind was favourable, be as well stocked as ever again by Monday! Why, even that most ingenious individual the Scotch shooting-agent would find his imagination taxed to its utmost to exaggerate the merits of such a shoot. One pictures him lying awake at night, debating with his conscience whether, under the circumstance, he is justified in taking his commission on 'the let.' It must be remembered that the ground one shoots near Cairo is not only shot every day but netted every night. The wonder is that there are any quail left to continue their migration towards Italy and Southern Europe.

During the winter I spent up the Nile, being unable to shoot, the only thing I did which at all partook of the nature of sport was sailing about in an open boat among the smaller cataracts above Assouan. Our crew consisted of three boys, the eldest of whom, who acted as *reis* or captain, could not have been more than about thirteen, and the youngest was a mere child of five or six, who, as he was too small to be of much use moving the sails, &c., generally steered. When we got into rapid water, it often happened that he was not strong enough to hold the tiller alone, and would call out excitedly in Arabic to me to help him. Now my knowledge of Arabic being very limited, and my knowledge of navigation absolutely *nil*, misunderstandings were frequent, and sometimes led to perilous experiences. Why we were never upset passes my comprehension. Perhaps we owed our safety to the fact that, with true

Arab forethought, the masts were decorated with bells to 'frighten away the devil!'

On my first landing at Assouan the steamer was met by a small boy of about eight, dressed after the fashion of a prosperous Syrian merchant, and with a weight and dignity of manner which seemed incongruous in one so young. He addressed me in perfect English, with scarcely the suspicion of an accent: 'Sir, my name is Tommy; if you require a guide I offer my services at one piastre the day.' I made haste to close with what seemed such a very advantageous offer, fearing that some one else might snap up such a paragon. Next day, however, going over to some ruins on an island near Assouan, I said to him, 'Now, Tommy, tell us what these are.' Without a moment's hesitation he began, 'Sir, my name is Tommy; if you require a guide,' &c. It was, alas, his only English sentence, and whoever taught it him must have had a perfect genius for education, as, without exception, he was the dullest, stupidest boy I ever came across.

Emboldened by the patronage of the English visitors, which his one sentence obtained him, and wrapt in the sense of superiority which fine clothes never fail to give their wearer, Tommy became very insolent to the other boys and guides who hung about the hotel. Nemesis, however, overtook him in the end; for, stung past endurance by the airs he gave himself, the crowd one day set upon him, tore his much-prized clothes from his back, and chased him with hoots and yells. The last I saw of him was a little naked figure, all his swagger and affectation stripped from him with his rich garments, flying for his life, an angry mob, led by three Birhereens, whose savage aspect and long matted hair might well have struck terror into a much stouter heart than Tommy's, close at his heels. As he passed under the hotel verandah, where I was standing, I thought I heard him murmur, 'Sir, my name is Tommy,' &c., as if in this crisis of his life the sentence by which he had so long got his living, and to which, no doubt, he attached a superstitious importance, might save him from his fate. But, seeing how fast his pursuers were gaining on him, with an inarticulate cry he continued his flight, and so, as they say in the three-volume novels, he passed out of my life for ever.

One of the chief drawbacks of Egypt is the number of beggars who infest all parts of it. Everybody seems to beg, and nobody thinks any the worse of themselves or any one else



for doing so. There may be among the higher Egyptian nobility individuals who would not beg. I can only say that, moving in a comparatively humble sphere, I never met them. The pleasure of walking in Cairo was constantly spoilt by having horrible deformities thrust under one's face for inspection.

Coming home towards Luxor one evening, just as the sun, sinking below the horizon, was tinging everything with the thousand colours of an Egyptian sunset, I encountered two little children riding on a water-buffalo; the eldest might, perhaps, have been about five, the younger a mere baby, who in England would certainly have been in a perambulator. As I passed they raised the inevitable cry of 'Backsheesh.' 'What,' said I, smiling at the idea of two such juvenile recruits to the national industry, 'Backsheesh, indeed; why should I give you backsheesh?' In a moment, assuming the whine of the professional beggar, and twisting their tiny arms, so as to make them look as if they were deformed, they began again. 'We are poor, and old, and blind. Backsheesh, backsheesh!'

Such an appeal, coming as it did from baby lips, with eyes that sparkled the while, was irresistible. If any one says that, by encouraging them, I made these two innocents liars for life, I must take refuge in the old sophism that they would have been that anyhow.





## A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph sent in representing any sporting subject. Ten other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Good clear pictures are of course necessary, and when possible the negative should be sent as well as the print. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each negative. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright on all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

## THE OCTOBER COMPETITION

The First Prize in the October competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mrs. Wilkinson, Burleigh Mansions, London; Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb; Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford; Mr. Sydney G. Dudley, Kinver, Stourbridge; Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. W. J. Maxwell, Aigburth; Miss Mary C. Fair, Freemantle, Southampton; and Miss W. Stansfeld, Queen's Gate, S.W. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



THE PADDOCK OF THE KHEDIVAL SPORTING CLUB, CAIRO  
*Photograph taken by Mrs. Wilkinson, Burleigh Mansions, London*



BANG!

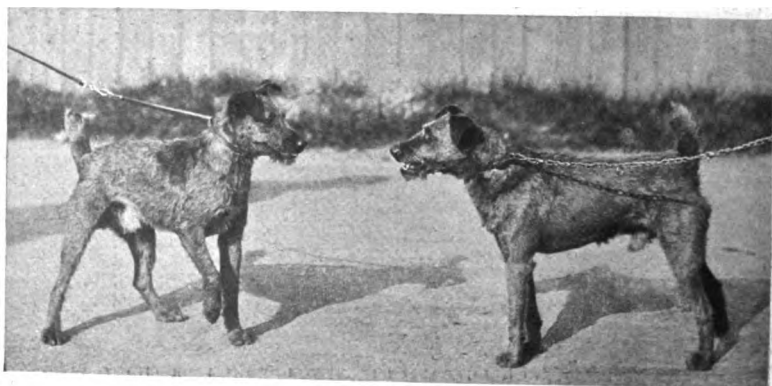
*Photograph taken by Mr. E. Griffiths, St. Columb*

NOVEMBER 1900



ROOK SHOOTING

*Photograph taken by Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford*



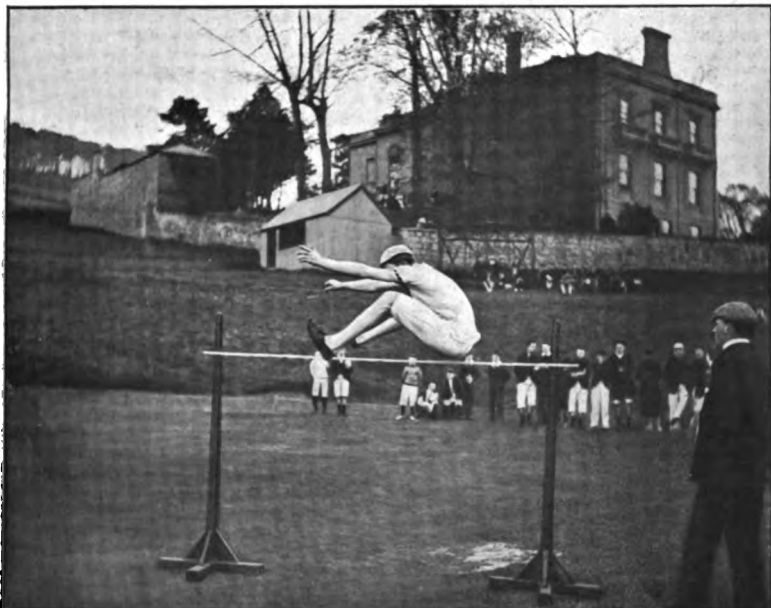
IRISH TERRIERS—BREDA MUDDLER AND SON

*Photograph taken by Mr. Herbert Allison, Belfast*



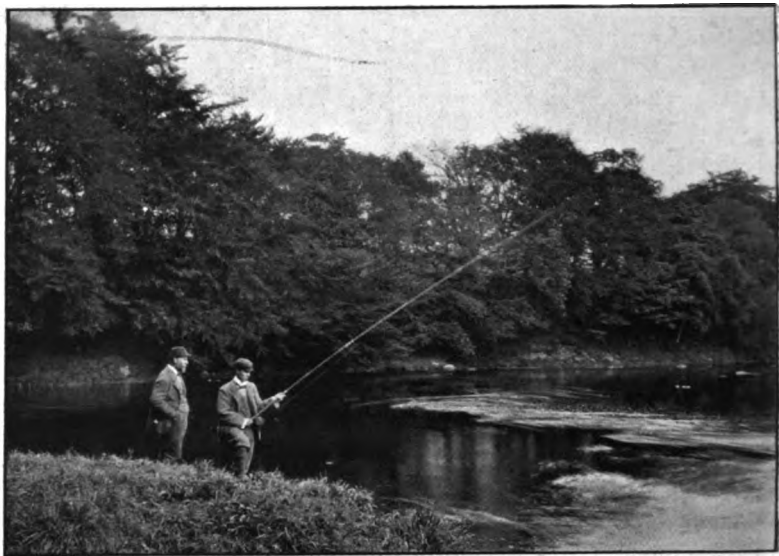
'EXERCISING A JUMPER'

*Photograph taken by Mr. Sydney G. Dudley, Kinver, Stourbridge*



'WELL CLEARED.' WINNING THE HIGH JUMP AT THE BATH COLLEGE SPORTS

*Photograph taken by Mr. Cranstons, Bath*



**SALMON FISHING ON THE DON, ABERDEENSHIRE**

*Photograph taken by Mr. W. J. Maxwell, Aigburth, Liverpool*



**YACHT RACING OFF COWES. ISLAND SAILING CLUB MATCH**

*Photograph taken by Miss Mary C. Fair, Freemantle, Southampton*



DEERHOUND PUPPIES

*Photograph taken by Miss W. Stansfeld, Queen's Gate, S.W.*



AT THE TOP OF HIS DRIVE

*Photograph taken by Miss Ethel M. Barrows, Edgbaston*

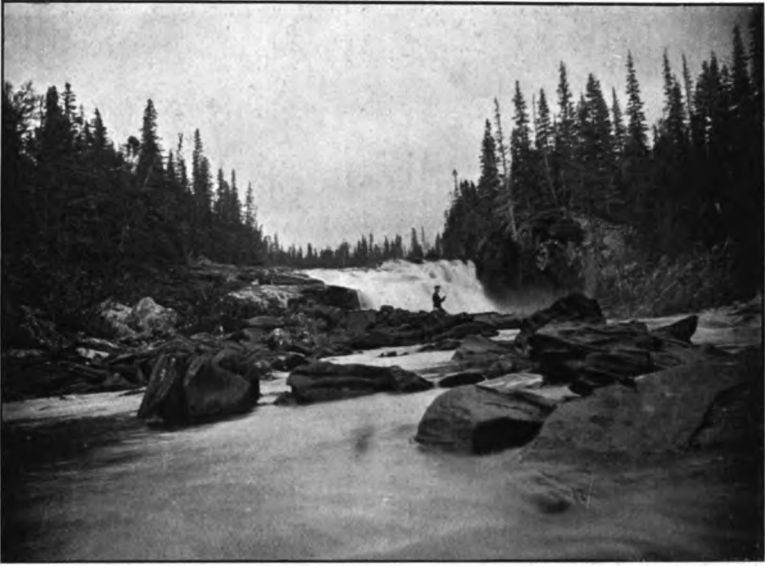


MUZZLING THE FERRETS. RABBIT SHOOTING AMONG THE DUNNET SAND HILLS  
*Photograph taken by Miss C. M. Bacon, Castlehill, Thurso*



CURLING ON DALZIEL POND  
*Photograph taken by Mr. Charles R. Tervendale, Motherwell*





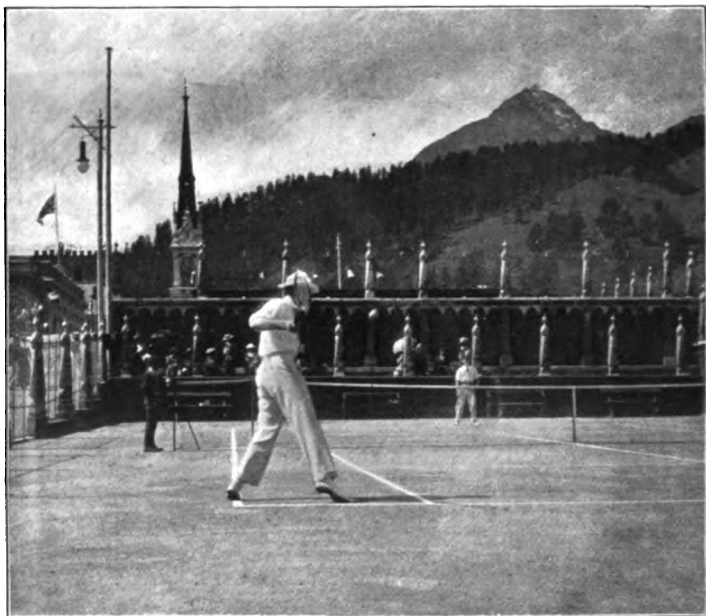
SALMON FISHING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

*Photograph taken by Mr. Oswald Labdon, H.M.S. 'Buzzard'*



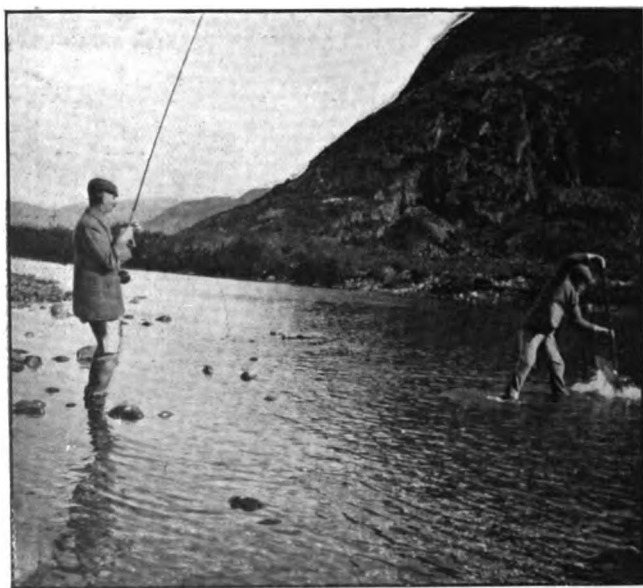
AN INDIAN, OR SLOTH, BEAR

*Photograph taken by Mrs. E. M. Ainslie, Kotagni, S. India*



PLAYING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE ENGADINE AT ST. MORITZ, 1900

*Photograph taken by Mr. F. C. Stern, Eton College*



FISHING IN NORWAY—GAFFING A SALMON

*Photograph taken by Mrs. Sladen Wing, Chelsea*



## NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

I HAVE had numerous answers to the question suggested last month as to the proportionate number of the principal kinds of game killed annually in the British Isles. Most of the replies take the form of game-cards containing the results of various days' sport, but I am afraid they are not particularly instructive, at least it is difficult to deduce much from them towards the solution needed ; for one reason, amongst others, because no account is taken of the fact that on innumerable properties the annual bag consists of a good many or a great many rabbits, a certain number of partridges, with a few stray pheasants and possibly a hare or two. I have had no records from little manors like these, where, indeed, so far as I know, records are rarely kept. On the bigger shoots it is surprising to find what a very small number of rabbits nowadays appears—the originator of the discussion had agreed with his friends that the rabbits would total up to ten times the number of all the game birds and hares. Here, for instance, is a typical card from an estate in Herefordshire where I shot last year on November 15, 16, and 17—it will serve as well as any of those correspondents have sent me and it closely resembles several I have received :

Guns	Pheasants	Partridges	Hares	Wild Duck	Rabbits	Various	Total
8	603	5	26	4	4	1	643
8	401	0	28	0	2	9	440
8	753	1	43	29	15	2	843
	1757	6	97	33	21	12	1926

Here is another day the previous year, but it is only up to luncheon time—I had to leave early and my host kindly gave me the record :

Guns	Pheasants	Partridges	Hares	Wild Duck	Rabbits	Various	Total
8	530	1	22	2	1	2	558

I know several—at least five or six—estates where one does not get more rabbits, though pheasants, of course, are not often so plentiful, and wild ducks are exceptional. The rabbits, it must not be forgotten, are killed off to a great extent before the shoots ; still if there are as many as my original correspondent suggested—ten times more than all the birds and hares put together—some places have to make up enormously for deficiencies elsewhere.

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It is curious how widely the estimates of experienced men vary as to what has been shot. At lunch on the day of which I have just given the figures we had a sweepstakes about guessing the total. We were eight guns, we had all seen a considerable amount of sport in many directions, and, moreover, had previously shot over this particular estate. Our host is one of the best directors of a shoot that I know, and invariably has an extremely shrewd notion of how things are going. My guess was 580—the highest, and nearest to the 558 ; and with the pick-up I must have been singularly near the exact figures. But one of the party said 400, another 415, and I think only one besides myself said over 500. The best method of arriving at a conclusion is obvious. If one has had the luck of average good stands and has shot moderately well (if one has shot badly or had poor stands allowances can be made) the thing to do is to reckon one's own bag and multiply it by the number of guns. But, of course, many men do not make any attempt to keep count of what they shoot. Not a few appear to scorn the idea of doing such a thing, but it always strikes me as a point of interest.

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‘Dear Rapier,’ a correspondent writes, ‘When I started shooting this season my most fervent resolution was never to be *behind* a bird or a rabbit, for I was much struck with

the manner in which you have on more than one occasion summed up the necessity of shooting at the spot where the bird would be when the shot reached it and not at the bird itself. Many of my friends are more or less eloquent on the subject of swing, and tell me that they always swing after their object and get it that way ; but I find this doesn't come off with me, and also it strikes me that if you are intent on watching a bird and swing after it you are likely to be heedless of other guns or of beaters or something else in the line of fire. I resolved that *in front* should be my motto ; but when the partridges flash past me, or a pheasant comes clattering over the trees, that is just the moment when I forget my excellent resolution and cannot help blazing at the bird ! Have you a remedy for this complaint ? One friend to whom I submitted the difficulty advised me always to count three before shooting. That sounded well at first ; but in practice I find that if I count deliberately, as a rule the chance is gone, so that I hurry up my "one, two, three !" with the result that I am rather more flustered than usual. One doesn't enjoy shooting if the result is a large heap of empty cartridge cases at every stand, or at every one where you are lucky enough to get much shooting, and a painfully small proportion of birds down. I can persuade myself on occasions that I have got something in the wood behind me, that I *could* not have missed that rabbit, and that a hen fell just the other side of the hedge ; but a careful search for these creatures usually results in disappointment, to say nothing of delay. Have you any advice to give ? I am afraid I cannot prescribe for this sufferer. Apparently he wants a new set of nerves, and I do not know where they are to be obtained. I can, however, advise him *not* to count three when driven partridges are coming over, especially down wind ! I should judge my correspondent to be rather young at the game, and possibly when he has had more practice he will be better able to keep his head.

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The Jockey Club could scarcely have a more difficult subject to deal with than what is called 'doping'—the administration of stimulants to horses. It is quite obvious that if on certain occasions animals are subjected to this treatment, and so rendered capable of special exertion, their form will be very different from that which they show when nothing is administered to them ; and there is, of course, the further suspicion that if they are doctored to run well in some races, drugs which

would have the opposite effect might be given to them by dishonest men in others. One or two prominent jockeys have expressed the belief that horses never are dosed, but I think there can be no doubt something of the sort does at times take place. The American Jockey Club, indeed, have introduced special rules against the practice ; they would surely not have done so without reason, and it is admitted that some men on this side have made experiments—whether on race-courses or elsewhere is not quite clear. The difficulty is where to draw the line ? One of the most familiar racing stories is of George Fordham and the trainer of the late Mr. Bowes' Taraban, discussing whether port wine really had a beneficial effect, a bottle of that beverage always having been provided for the animal in question. Whilst they debated they took alternate pulls at the bottle, and on that particular occasion the matter was solved by there being nothing left for the horse. Not a few animals certainly run better after a judicious supply of whiskey. Would it be advisable to prohibit this, and furthermore could it be prevented ? Horses are usually, or at any rate very frequently, saddled in boxes, to which only those connected with them have admission. It would be practically impossible for Stewards to start a body of race-course police who could be everywhere at the same time, seeing that when a horse's mouth is washed out before a race nothing but pure water was used. Effectual supervision is, in fact, impossible. It has never been regarded as improper to give horses of a certain temperament a little whiskey or port, and there seems no harm in it ; but if this is permitted where, I repeat, is the line to be drawn, and how can it be ascertained that the rule is observed ?

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It is always unsatisfactory to end the racing season with a bad lot of two-year-olds, but there is no disguising the truth that this is the case at present. Princess Melton's form is the most consistently good. She has only been beaten twice in nine races, and one of these at Chester should scarcely count, as she was left at the post. Her other failure at Newmarket in the First July Meeting was a very narrow one. Volodyovski beat her a neck, and it was said at the time that Sloan rode a bad race—I was some distance down the course on that occasion and did not see the finish. Volodyovski has failed four times, having been beaten in his first three races ; but he only missed the Coventry Stakes by a head, and at Kempton, when second to

the Queen Adelaide filly, he was trying to give her 10 lbs. I suppose he must be set down as the best of the colts, so far as can be ascertained, for, of course, the son of Florizel II. and Red Enamel, who did not get off on the occasion of his only public appearance, may turn out to be a really good animal, and it will not be surprising to find him as good a favourite as anything when the Derby comes to be talked about. It is probably fortunate for English owners that Eryx is not entered for the Epsom race, but it may be noted that he is in the St. Leger. Orchid will have friends next year, in spite of an impression that he does not stay. I suppose he has been rather unlucky in just failing to give the weight to animals that met him without penalties. Veles has not run since the First October Meeting, and no doubt a wise course has been pursued in giving him a rest after eight severe races—in five of which he was successful. Still, Orchid beat him in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster; Doricles divided the July with him; Lord Melton ran him to a head at Ascot, and the best that can be said of him is that he is heads and tails with some half-dozen others. With regard to next year's three-year-old races, in fact, a vast deal seems to depend upon which of them do well and make rather more than average improvement during the winter and spring.

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The year ends without a distinct solution of the question, which is the best of the three-year-olds? Admitting that the form was wrong—when Chevening ran Diamond Jubilee to a head in the Newmarket Stakes, the Prince of Wales' lucky colt cannot really be said ever to have done anything remarkable. He only just beat Simon Dale in the Derby; Elopement pressed him hard in the Leger; Merry Gal beat him so very easily in the Princess of Wales' Stakes that it was generally thought she could not be more than about 7 lbs. behind him, and for some reason or another he was hopelessly out of it in the Jockey Club Stakes. La Roche has not sustained the reputation she made after cantering home for the Oaks, and carrying off the Manchester Cup with a 10 lb. penalty. When an animal is beaten, *prestige* at once diminishes, but it would be easy to underrate La Roche's performance in the Doncaster Cup, when she only failed by a length to give King's Courier 10 lbs. He is said to be a really good animal, and if so, she is a better; for it must not be forgotten that she made all her own running over the two miles on the Town Moor with her heavy penalty. In the Cambridge-

shire La Roche was surely not herself. At one time it looked as if Forfarshire were regaining his form, and he ran so well in the Jockey Club Stakes that many persons greatly respected his chance for the Liverpool Cup, in which, however, he failed to get into the first nine. The three-year-olds must be, in fact, a moderate lot, with, I suppose, King's Courier at the head of the colts. I fancy he would beat Diamond Jubilee, and then there is always the latter's fantastic temper to bear in mind. La Roche, better than King's Courier on the Doncaster running, is, I suppose, the best of all, for something must have been wrong with her in the Cambridgeshire.

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I was reading a story the other day, in an old number of *Blackwood*, by Charles Lever, whose vivid descriptions of hunting still delight multitudes of readers, and who would certainly be set down as one of the best all-round sportsmen who ever wrote fiction. The hero of his story was a soldier, who begins by saying that early in the spring he 'had a most unfortunate book on the Oaks.' Nowadays that would be impossible, for it is seldom that a bet is made on the race until the eve of the contest. Formerly, however, the odds on the Oaks were quoted long before the day, and I am not criticising that statement. He goes on to say, however, that every one told him 'Glamour was sure to win.' Three weeks before the race 'Glamour was at sevens, Rig the Market,' he heard, 'was bled yesterday, and Highlander's leg was thicker than ever.' The race was run, and 'a mare, Mrs. Malaprop, won, the horse nowhere.' Does it not seem strange that such a writer as Charles Lever should have imagined that colts ran for the Oaks? Everybody is not expected to know that some races—like the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood and the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster—are confined to fillies, but it might have been supposed that everybody, and especially such a man as Charles Lever, knew how an Oaks field was composed.













